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REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA

MAY-1901 PRICE-9D

[Registered as a Newspaper for transmission through the Post.]

SUPPLIED TO HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

SchweppesSoda.

AND HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

CARLTON ALE

The VICTORIA INSURANCE CO.
Fire, Marine, Guarantee.
OFFICES—83 PITT ST., SYDNEY.
FRED. J. JACKSON, RESIDENT SECRETARY
ADMINISTRATORS' AND LIQUIDATORS' BONDS AS REQUIRED BY THE SUPREME COURT.

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TEA

"IS THE LEAF OF THE TRUE TEA PLANT,"

GREAT CARE being bestowed
By Experts
Upon
Its Cultivation,
Its Plucking,
Its Drying, and
Its Packing.

PACKED ONLY BY THE OWNERS, IN PACKETS and TINS.

THERE ARE FOUR GRADES, viz.,

SPECIAL.—Specially Fine Quality. Used by Connoisseurs and Tea Tasters.

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THERE IS NO COMMON GRADE OF ROBUR.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND STOREKEEPERS.

Their Profit being a very small one, it will be necessary to

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Hostess: "NOW, WHICH DO YOU PREFER, FRIENDS, DARK MEAT OR LIGHT?"

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For Hot Air, Vapor, or Medicated Baths at Home.

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QUAKER OATS WORD CONTEST.

LIST OF AWARDS.

			Total Words.	Rejected.	Admitted
1st Prize,	Lady's Gold Watch,	WALTER THOMAS, 57 Colombo Street, Christchurch, N.Z.	5,894	1,443	4,451
2nd „	£5,	KATIE L. WILSON, "Gowan Brae," Burke Rd., Camberwell, Melbourne, Vic.	4,860	1,043	3,817
3rd „	£3,	ALEX. DON, 58 Walker Street, Dunedin, N.Z.	4,137	401	3,736
4th „	£2,	MARY SCOBIE, "The Gardens," Oakhampton Road, West Maitland, N.S.W.	3,675	75	3,600
5th „	£1,	MRS. A. ROBERTS, Kiama, N.S.W.	3,677	163	3,514
6th „	10s.,	ISABELLA R. DUNCAN, 51 St. John's Road, Forest Lodge, Sydney, N.S.W.	5,682	2,278	3,404
7th „	5s.,	THOMAS J. A FITZPATRICK, Erin Vale, Junee, N.S.W.	3,540	193	3,347

£50 FREE

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Cut this panel from the front of the packet.

Save it and read the conditions below

THE WORLD'S PORRIDGE!

A GOLD WALTHAM CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH has been fully wound at 12 noon by the **Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Alliance, 90 King Street, Sydney,** placed in a case, locked and sealed. The key and seal have been deposited with the Sydney Safe Deposit. **An Award of £50** will be made to the person who tells the exact, or nearest to the exact, time the watch will stop. To each of the next nearest 100 competitors a tested keyless watch will be presented.

CONDITIONS: No money or stamps required. **You can have as many tries as you like,** but each try must be accompanied by **Six Trade Marks like the above,** cut from the front of **Six Quaker Oats Packets.** On the back of each trade mark name and address must be written, and on each trade mark a different time may be stated. In the event of a tie the £50 will be equally divided. Send your replies in at any time addressed QUAKER OATS, BOX 199, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W. All replies must reach us on or before September 28, 1901. The seal will be broken on September 30, 1901, and the time the watch stopped certified to by representatives of the "Review of Reviews," "Star," "News," and "Town and Country Journal." Names and addresses of successful competitors will be advertised in this paper as soon after September 30 as possible.

Wind Your Watch and see how long it runs!

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„ Victoria.—GOLLIN & CO., 562 Bourke Street, Melbourne.
„ South Australia.—GOLLIN & CO., Adelaide.
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„ New Zealand.—GOLLIN & CO., Wellington.
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Office Boy. "JUST TAKE A SEAT, SIR, THERE ARE THREE OTHERS AHEAD OF YOU."

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VALUE OF GOODS ..	£5 0 0	£10 0 0	£15 0 0
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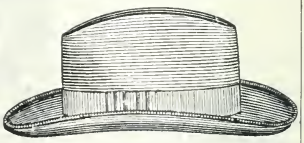

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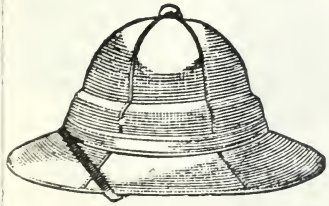
10/6 and 12/6.



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Sun and Rain Proof,
By Post, 11/- and 13/6.

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HYDROTHERAPEUTIC SERVICE.

Hydropathy has made great advances from the time when cold water alone was used, and Medical Electricity almost unknown. We have not only the Pack, Dripping Sheets, Sitz, but, in addition, Hot Air, Steam, Russian, Hot and Cold Spray, Ascending Spray, and Douche, Shower Rain, Needle, Wave, Electric and Hydro-Electric, with Chemical, Medicated, Oxygen, Massage and Electric Massage, with others as required.

The climate of Brisbane as a winter health resort is attracting the attention of the faculty in the Southern States, whilst the superiority of the treatment is now too well known to require further comment for all such diseases as Indigestion, Stomach and Liver Troubles, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Constipation, Piles, Skin Diseases, Kidney and Bladder troubles, etc. "The treatment," writes an old patient in 1898, "so far from being repugnant to patients, is pleasant in the extreme, so much so that I and other patients used to long for the hour of treatment, as a heavy smoker longs for his pipe. One of the best features of the treatment is the cheerfulness and airiness of the surroundings. There is no laying-up in state; on the contrary, the patients are encouraged to keep as much in the open air as possible, and indulge in bagatelle and other indoor amusements."

Reference kindly permitted to former patients.
Terms from £3 3s., according to position of room.

Prospectus on application
Manager, Wickham House Hydro, Brisbane.

THE TRUTH WILL ALWAYS PREVAIL.

Names and Addresses of Grateful Persons residing in and around Melbourne who have been Cured by

VITADATIO.

THE HISTORY OF A GREAT REMEDY IN VICTORIA.

Ladies and Gentlemen.

In March, 1897, I arrived in Melbourne to introduce WEBBER'S VITADATIO to the people of Victoria. I started business in premises in 45 and 47 Bourke-street, where the Head Victorian Institute is still situated. At first the public looked on VITADATIO as an every-day get-up of medicine, but it was not long before they saw that the remedy was proving itself to be a miracle-worker, as those who tried it were eventually cured of their complaints, and some of them sent me testimonials to that effect.

Mrs. Burk, living at Yarraville, now of Bloomfield-road, Ascot Vale, suffered for nine years with GALL STONES, and at times endured agonising pain. She was cured by VITADATIO, and sent me a testimonial in July, 1897. Mrs. Burk has not had any return of her complaint.

Mr. W. H. Bath, of 102 Lygon-street, Carlton, office-bearer in Wesley Church for twenty years, sent me a testimonial in 1898, stating that he had been cured of LIVER COMPLAINT and CONSTIPATION by VITADATIO, after having suffered for TWENTY YEARS. He is still well.

On the 20th January, 1899, Mr. H. W. Skinner, professional Highland dancer, of M'Ilwraith-street, North Carlton, sent me a testimonial to the effect that he had been cured of LUMBAGO; his cure has been permanent.

On the 23rd March, 1899, the Rev. J. Chenall, of Cunes, Bible Christian Minister, sent me a testimonial stating that VITADATIO had cured him of CHRONIC LUMBAGO. Mr. Chenall called on me in February of this year, and informed me that he has never had any returns of his old trouble. He is now living at Grand View Grove, Armadale, and enjoys perfect health.

On the 6th May, 1899, Mr. Wm. Simmonds, of Warrein-road, Caulfield, sent me a testimonial for a cure of RHEUMATISM, and is still free from pain.

On the 10th May, 1899, Mrs. H. Webster, of 76 Dorcas-street, South Melbourne, sent a testimonial to the effect that she had been cured by VITADATIO of GALL STONES and HYDATIDS. The cure had been effected twelve months previous, and now, after three years, she had no return of the complaint.

On the 7th July, 1899, Miss Emma Spear, of Castlemaine-street, Yarraville, sent a testimonial for a cure of INTERNAL COMPLAINT. She is still in the best of health.

On the 26th July, 1899, Mrs. Johnson, of 362 Burwood-road, Auburn, sent a testimonial stating that VITADATIO had miraculously cured her of INTERNAL ULCERATION. There is still no return of her trouble.

THE CURES OF HYDATIDS ARE LEGION.

On the 26th July, 1899, Mr. Stephens Parker sent me a testimonial from Bairnsdale, certified to by the Rev. Edward Veal, of that district. Mr. Parker is now living in High-street, Kew, and is now enjoying good health.

On September 10, 1899, Miss Carrie Hocking, of 29 Packington-street, St. Kilda, sent a testimonial for a cure of HYDATIDS, and is still in good health.

On October 6th, 1899, Mr. W. J. Pascoe, at present living in Footscray, sent a testimonial, certified by the Rev. H. E. Merriman. He was cured of HYDATIDS ON THE LIVER, and still enjoys the best of health.

On the 7th February, 1900, Mrs. Coxhead, of 5 White-street, Footscray, sent a testimonial for a cure of HYDATIDS. She is still in good health.

On the 7th March, 1900, Mr. Joseph Evans, of Cobden-street, South Melbourne, sent me a testimonial to the effect that VITADATIO had cured his daughter, aged fifteen, of TUBERCULOSIS IN THE SPINE. She is now enjoying good health, after having been given up by two leading doctors as incurable.

The cure of Mr. J. Atkinson, of 381 Swan-street, Richmond, is nothing short of a miracle. HE SUFFERED FOR FIVE YEARS WITH CONSUMPTION, and had been given up as incurable by various leading doctors. Four members of the Foresters' Lodge have added their names to a testimonial sent to me from Mr. Atkinson, on October 21, 1900, certifying to its correctness, and to his wonderful recovery by the use of VITADATIO.

On the 14th November, 1900, Mr. Alfred Jackson, of North Melbourne, sent me a testimonial, stating that he had been cured by VITADATIO of HEMORRHAGE OF THE LUNGS. The last hemorrhage had occurred over three years ago, and he is now enjoying good health.

Mrs. Spencer, of 5 Wicklow-street, South Yarra, has been cured of GRAVEL, and sent me a testimonial to that effect on December 24, 1900.

Mr. Lennon Byrneton, of 88 Chatham-street, Kew, at the age of seventy-two years, was cured of LIVER and KIDNEY COMPLAINT, and has had no return of the trouble.

These are only a few of the many testimonials that have been received; and if any person desirous of investigating the genuineness of the statements will call on the addresses given, they can prove for themselves that what is printed is true.

My own remarkable cure from HYDATIDS has been certified to by four leading gentlemen in Invercargill, New Zealand. Mr. Howard W. Berry, of the firm of Henry Berry, merchants, of Collins-street, Melbourne, knew me and saw me when I was ill in Invercargill, N.Z., and when I called on him in Melbourne later on, after I had been cured by the use of VITADATIO, he did not recognise me, and when I explained who I was he grasped me by the hand, saying—"Why, Mr. Palmer, I never expected to see you alive again, after saying good-bye to you at Invercargill."

Since I have been cured by VITADATIO the Citizens' Life Assurance Company has accepted a risk on my life as a first-class life, and that should be sufficient proof that VITADATIO does all that is claimed for it.

Yours truly,

S. A. PALMER,
Sole Distributor for Australasia.

Head Institute for Victoria, 45 and 47 Bourke-street, Melbourne.

AN AGNOSTIC.

THE GRASSHOPPER: "*Ha, ha! my laughing friend, I never did put much faith in the smoke-killing yarn of yours!*"

FRETWORK, CARVING.

Highest Awards. Gold Medals.

Brass, Bent Iron, Burnt-wood, Bamboo, Leather Work, and Picture Framing.

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GIVEN AWAY to each purchaser of this Edition of our Catalogue, a **Full-sized Design** of the Bracket illustrated.

HARGER BROS.,

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now-a-days have notoriously BAD TEETH, because the White Bread they live on lacks the Wheaten Phosphates (rejected with the Bran) which go to make good, sound Teeth, as well as Bone, Brain, and Nerve substance.

CEREBOS SALT, used like common salt, supplies these necessary Phosphates, and is, therefore, invaluable in the daily food of mothers and children.

Wholesale Agents—
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SUCCESS AT EXAMS,—MIND WANDERING CURED,—SPEAKING WITHOUT NOTES,—BOOKS MASTERED IN ONE READING, by the

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Scientific Development of the Natural Memory.

THE PELMAN SYSTEM is easy and interesting, the youngest and oldest can learn it, and it is of special value to

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The British Weekly says:—"Excellent work is being done by the School of Memory Training. For public speakers, writers, preachers, students and business men, such a system is invaluable."

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CORRESPONDENCE TUITION.—Pelman's System is taught as thoroughly by Postal Lessons as by voice. Pupils in the Colonies experience no difficulty in taking the course. The Lessons are conducted in English, French, German, Italian, or Dutch at the option of the Pupil

Prospectus, Testimonials, etc., post-free from the Secretary,

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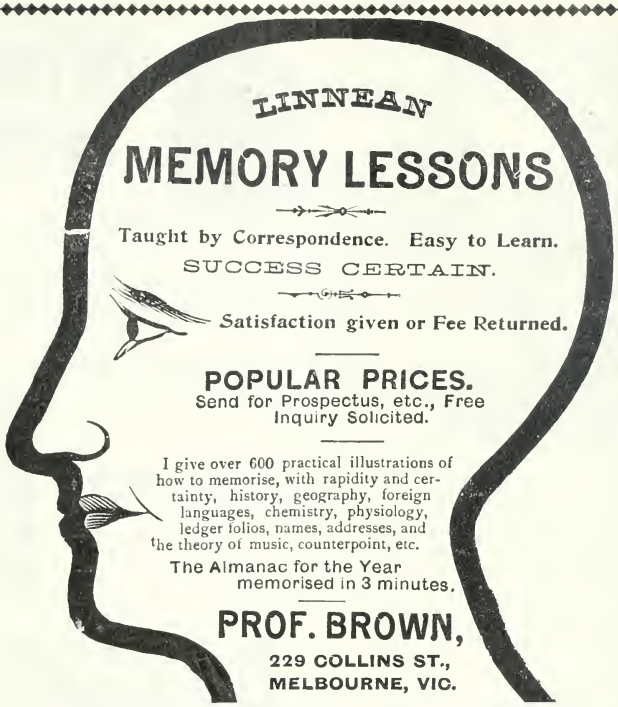

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EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS:

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"Your common sense Memory System does you, as its author, infinite credit. I have just been applying it to the learning of Latin roots, and their English synonyms, and am surprised and delighted with the results. What would have been a task, because slow drudgery, is now an exhilarating pleasure—a simple delight. I can already see that the principles of your system can be used and applied in every field of study with gratifying success."

MR. E. J. W. CALDECOAT,
Princetown, Victoria.

"I am glad to say that I have not wasted my money or time on your Memory Lessons. Indeed, as far as Memory is concerned, I am already a different man. To preachers, speakers, and students in all branches it is simply invaluable. I shall certainly recommend your system wherever I can.

MISS E. M. DAVIES,
Teacher, Kyamba, N.S.W.

"I have already found your system to be a great help in my studies, in fact it imparts a new interest to every branch of learning. By its rules a list of disconnected facts can be easily fixed in the mind, so that it seems impossible ever to forget them," etc., etc.

MR. J. J. BLACKMORE,
Teacher, Balranald, N.S.W.

"I learnt the Memory system from you THIRTEEN years ago. Ever since then I have applied it to my scholastic work and am quite satisfied. . . . I have strongly advised my assistant, who is studying for a higher classification, to acquire a knowledge of the system."

"Review of Reviews,"
October, 1900.

"Professor Brown HAS COMBINED THE GOOD POINTS OF THE BEST SYSTEMS WHICH HAVE BEEN TRIED IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND."

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THE TROUBLESOME CHINEE.

The many-headed headsman finds some difficulty in bringing his victim to the block.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS'

THE ONLY

ELECTRIC MASSAGE ROLLER.

(Patented United States, Europe, Canada).

WILL DEVELOP OR REDUCE ANY PART OF THE BODY.

A PERFECT COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER

AND

Remover of Wrinkles.

"Its work is not confined to the face alone, but will do good to any part of the body to which it is applied, developing or reducing as desired. It is a very pretty addition to the toilet table."—CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

"This delicate Electric Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. It is the only positive remover of wrinkles and crow's feet. It never fails to perform all that is expected."
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An Electric Roller is all the term implies. The invention of a physician and electrician known throughout America and Europe. A perfect complexion beautifier. Will remove wrinkles, "crow's feet" (premature or from age), and all facial blemishes. Whenever electricity is to be used for massaging or curative purposes, it has no equal. No charging. Always ready for use ON ALL PARTS OF THE BODY, for all diseases. For Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous and Circulatory Diseases, a specific.

Price—Gold, **21s.**; Silver, **16s.** PAMPHLETS FREE.

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His new treatment of Cancer, Cancerous Growths, Epithelioma, Rodent Ulcers, etc., eradicates these dreadful complaints in an absolutely safe and permanent way, without operation. See certificate, Miss Sampson, State School teacher, Warragul, "Argus" or "Age," 8th December last.

A POSITIVE CURE.

RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER

Is curing thousands who **at last** find they can receive no real permanent relief from nauseous herbal boilings doctored up with crude gin or alcohol, aloes, purging or coarse iron pills, and old school doctors. It cures **ALL** diseases and is a household remedy **all over the world.**

There is no mystery in all this, **Radam's Microbe Killer** just **cures every disease because it goes to the root of your illness** "Microbes." Illness is simply disease or Microbes in your blood and Radam's Microbe Killer **kills these Microbes,** your blood is then pure and you are well.

Price in Victoria, 40oz. bottles, 4s. 6d., gallon jars, 15s.

Agents in QUEENSLAND: 311 Queen Street, Brisbane. SOUTH AUSTRALIA: J. M. Cocking, Topham Street, Adelaide. NEW ZEALAND: Malcolm and Grigg, 131 Princes Street, Dunedin; Kempthorne and Prosser, Wellington. VICTORIA: Every retail and wholesale Chemist, and at the head office for Australasia, 594 Collins Street (near Spencer Street), Melbourne.

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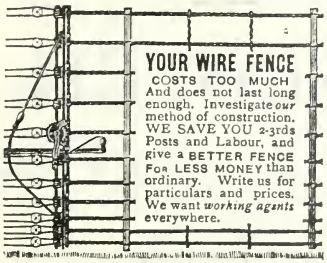
SAFE, STRONG, CHEAP.



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VEGETABLE CURE FOR

DRUNKENNESS

A TESTED AND INFALLIBLE REMEDY,
Within the reach of all, can be given **SECRETLY. NO FAILURES. CURES GUARANTEED.**
A genuine Home Treatment without dangerous hypodermic injections. Call or write for treatise, posted, two stamps. Prepared only at the Laboratory of

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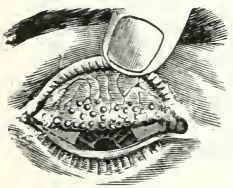

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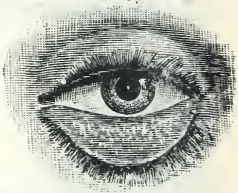

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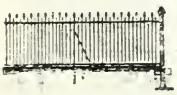

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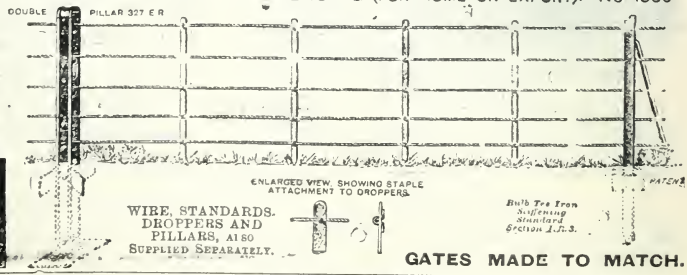
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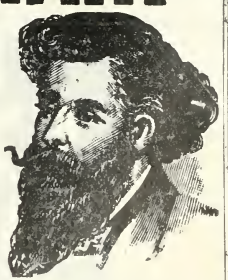

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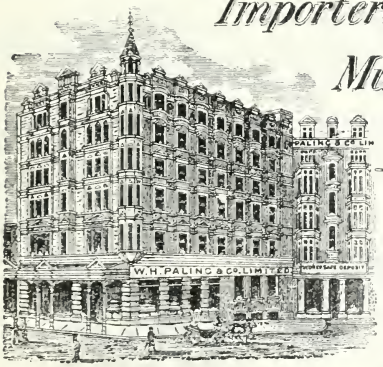

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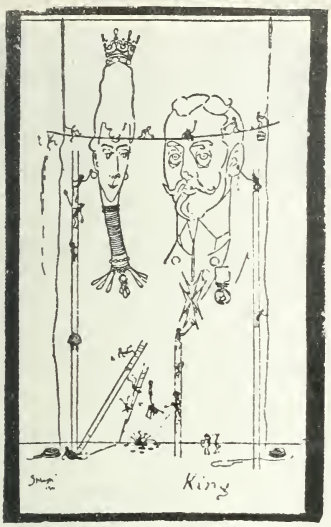

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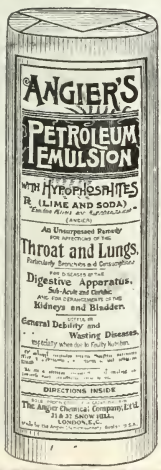

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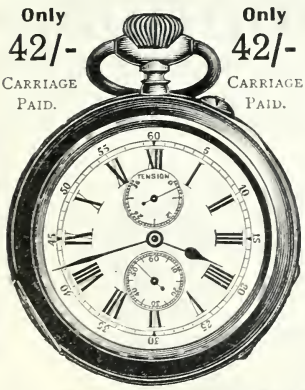

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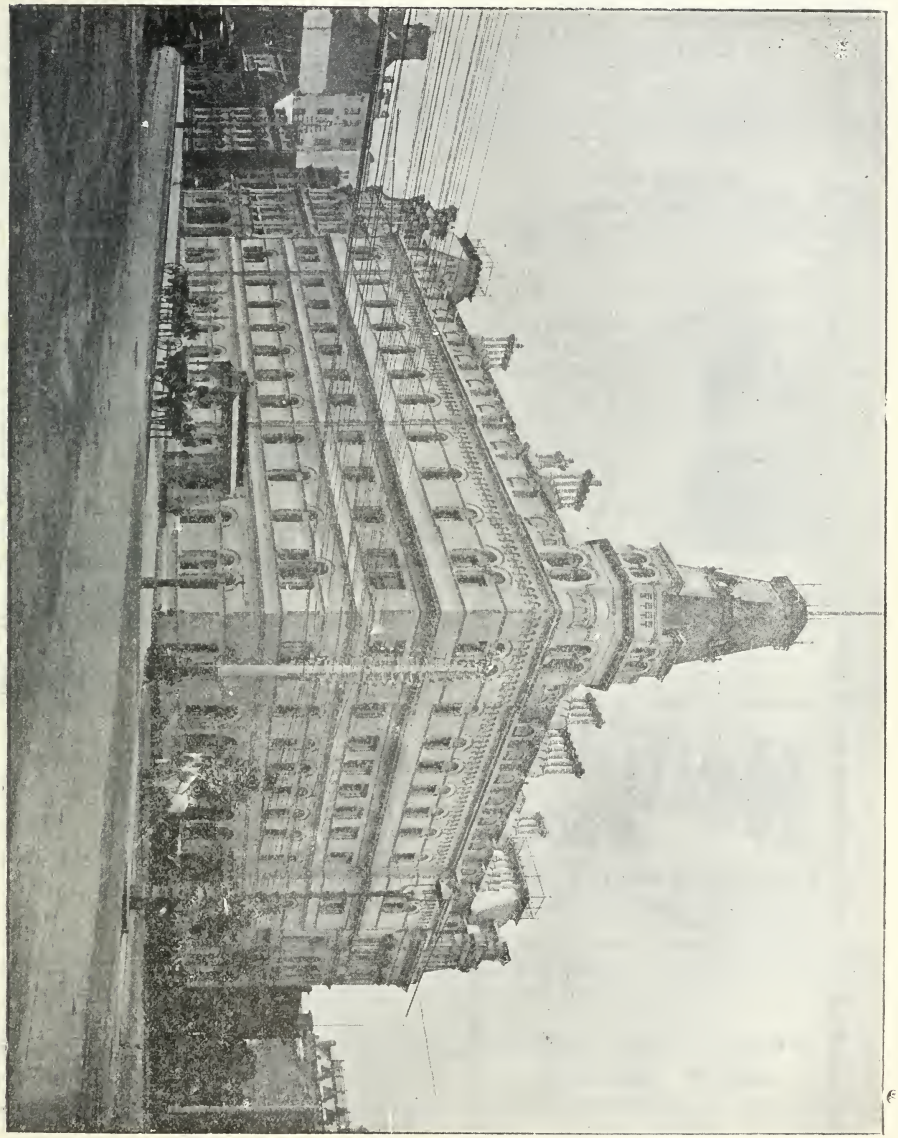

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effectually stops Lung Hemorrhage, imparts strength to resist Influenza, Colds, Headaches, Backaches and Fevers Swollen Tonsils and Loss of Voice are remedied with one dose. Try it. 1s. and 2s. If not obtained locally send stamps, 2s. 6d.

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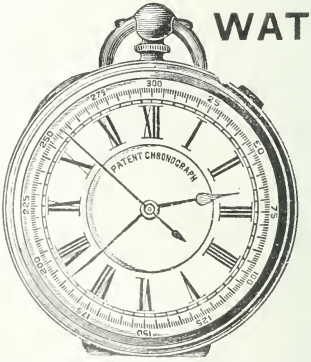

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THE GOOD IT DOES IS PERMANENT.

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Of all Chemists, 1/1½ and 1/9

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SIXTY FAMOUS PICTURES FOR ONE POUND

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Address all communications to T. SHAW FITCHETT, "Review of Reviews" Office, 167-9 Queen Street, Melbourne.

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12 Plates measuring 12½ x 9½ each, with Presentation Plate in Collotype measuring 19 x 10 inches.

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"BLOSSOMS," by Albert Moore, R.A.
Original Collotype of this picture forms a part of the Masterpiece Art Series, and is 30 times the size of the reproduction given above.

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Portfolio No. 1 contains pictures by such men as Sir E. J. Poynter, Leighton, Millais, Leader, Gilbert, Constable, Tissot and Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

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6 Plates measuring 13 x 16 each, with Presentation Plate in Collotype measuring 12½ x 10 inches.

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As these pictures are produced on a large scale than those in the first Portfolio, we are only able to issue six of them, together with the presentation plate of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," that perfect embodiment of womanly beauty, of maternal love, and of childlike grace and glory.

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The third Portfolio differs in character from either of those which have preceded it. Instead of using six or twelve pictures, with the presentation plate,

we have published eighteen pictures. We thought it well to try the experiment as to whether the six extra pictures would not be preferred to one presentation plate.

The pictures in No. 3 Portfolio consist exclusively of animal subjects. The Portfolio contains several of the best-known specimens of Landseer, and three of Mme. Ronner's inimitable cats and kittens, the right to reproduce which was graciously conveyed to us by the artist herself. Besides the Landseers and the Ronners, the Portfolio contains pictures by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., H. W. B. Davis, R.A., R. W. Macbeth, R.A., Paul Potter, J. H. Herring, and F. R. Lee.

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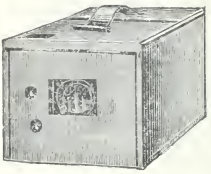

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W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.,
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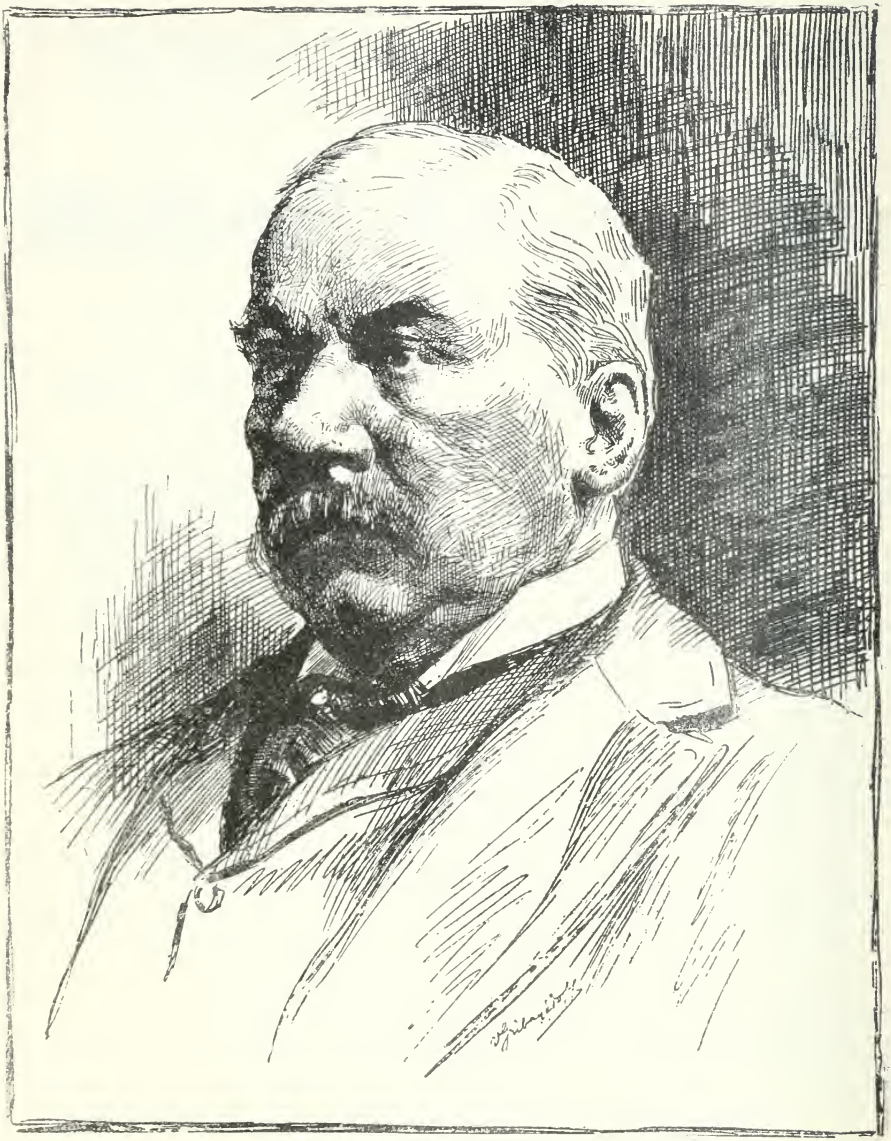

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VOL. XVIII. No. 5. MAY 20, 1901. PRICE, NINEPENCE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

An Enchanted Week.

We give elsewhere an account of the cycle of festivities at Melbourne, and need only add here that it was an "enchanted" week; a week of splendours; of stately functions following hard on each other; of hurrying excitements without pause or break. No element of success or of interest was missing. The weather was fine, the crowds vast beyond all Australian precedent; the order—except at a single point—perfect. And Melbourne must possess some artist of hitherto unsuspected genius; for the decorations and illuminations were of quite unexpected scale and beauty.

An Illuminated City.

This was the case more particularly with the illuminations. Melbourne was simply scribbled over with electric fires. Here is a picture of "the radius of crimson fire" taken from the columns of one of the Melbourne dailies:—

> The zone of light was bounded on the east by a blood red pinnacle of crimson fire on Eastern Hill. That was the Fire Brigade tower. On the west the extremity was marked by a dome of living gold and crimson. That was the Law Courts. On the north 10,000 electric lamps studded the great dome of the Exhibition to a dizzy height of nearly 200 feet with pure white glistening jewels. On the south the snow-white, marble-like towers on Prince's Bridge pierced the sky like two immense spear-heads, heated in some fabulous furnace. Between these four points and almost in the centre of the square, the Post Office tower arose as an unexampled spire of light. The illumination of the Exhibition comprised the most gigantic scheme of pyrotechnics ever attempted in the Southern Hemisphere. The immense cupola, to a height of 175 feet from the ground, and yards further up still—to the top of the flagpole—bristled with incandescent bulbs set fifteen inches apart. The rays of light converted these fifteen-inch intervals to a dazzling sheen.

As this account is written by a Melbourne pen, it may perhaps be generously discounted; yet it may be doubted whether any city has ever seen more beautiful colour-effects than were supplied by the Melbourne illuminations. Whether the twin pagodas that guarded the entrance to Prince's Bridge were a happy artistic accident cannot perhaps be decided; but their many-coloured and luminous beauty might have intoxicated an Oriental imagination. They seemed, when set against the velvet blackness of the night sky, like two vast spires of burning jewels. Every city the Duke visits will, in turn, blossom into splendours of the same sort; and one incidental result of the royal visit will be to kindle quite a new conception of what may be called civic beauty in the popular imagination.

The New Parliament

Some account of the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament is given elsewhere. The message from the King read by the Duke of York is happily phrased, and expresses with great felicity the feelings not only of Edward VII., but of the motherland as a whole towards the new Commonwealth. Mr. Holder was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Sir Richard Baker President of the Senate; and the latter appointment, at least, was something of the nature of a surprise. Mr Holder was in every way the fittest candidate for the great office of Speaker. He is a man of exceptional ability and character, of large political experience, and he showed during the negotiations for the construction of the Federal Cabinet a high degree of magnanimity and unselfishness. But when South Australia, in the person of Mr. Holder, had carried off the Speakership it was naturally expected that the Presidency of the Senate would fall to the representative of some other

State. Sir Frederick Sargood was the Victorian candidate, and there is no abler or more diligent man in the public life of Australia. But the Labour party in the Senate had already crystallised into a caucus, agreed to support Sir Frederick, and announced that decision in something like Papal accents. This was fatal to Sir Frederick himself! The ideal of the Labour party in both Chambers is to join neither party, but to "boss" both. That ideal is reflected with somewhat simple candour in the cartoon we reproduce from the Queensland "Worker." But the Senate was determined from the very outset not to be "bossed" by its Labour members, and a majority voted promptly in favour of Sir Richard Baker. Sir Richard is, of course, a capable and experienced man; but it is part of the unconscious humour of politics that he owes his Presidency to the fact that the Labour members decided to oppose him.

Queensland "Worker."

THE FEDERAL POSITION AS LABOUR SEES IT.

Mr. Barton's Programme.

The speech from the Throne is a lengthy document, congested with promises of many kinds. A Parliament with an absolutely clean sheet must naturally undertake many tasks, and must take them in hand all at once. But Mr. Barton's programme ranges from a new tariff to an old age pensions Bill; from a railway to Perth to a scheme for taking over the Northern Territory. There is work enough in the speech to occupy Parliament for the next three years. Ministers felt they were "pegging out their claim;" and they have pretty well "pegged out" the whole visible political horizon! The one burning measure of the session, however, is the tariff; and, curiously enough, this is the one measure that divides the Labour party. All the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed would be inadequate to express the feelings of the Melbourne Trades' Hall towards a representative who was not an ardent Protectionist. On the other hand, the Labour members from the northern States are usually convinced Free-traders of the Bright and Cobden school. And to save the party breaking up, the tariff has to be left out of its political creed.

Creating a Capital.

The "Architectural Review" solemnly warns us that Australian architects have just now an opportunity which fills with envy the whole artistic world. A new capital is to be created, "a city which is to be the expression of the political unity of a nation and race." Here is an opportunity for Australian architects to "produce a magnificent artistic creation such as the world has not yet seen." Any decent artist in the Old World, we are assured, would give ten years of his life for such a chance; while "for the inspiration of so grand a theme, for the power to grasp it strongly and realise it, and draw out of it all the expression of which it is capable, he would be tempted to sell his immortal soul"! Australian architects, it is to be feared—or hoped—are incapable of artistic enthusiasm which rises to a temperature so fervent. Still, the task of creating a Federal capital will, no doubt, kindle many imaginations when it arrives. But much water must flow under the bridge before that point is reached. Mr. Barton asked Mr. See to submit a list of the sites which New South Wales was prepared to offer, and this was done promptly. The Federal Parliament will, no doubt, be asked at an early stage to debate the matter; but the debate is sure to be prolonged and tedious. The site of a new capital cannot be settled in a breath.

Industrial Legislation.

Victoria has suddenly discovered that its Factories Act, if left isolated in the Commonwealth, must either itself break down or destroy the industries of the State. Industries in the sister States not blessed with the industrial legislation of Victoria will certainly prevail against them. A high tariff to keep off the competition of the rest of the world is the in-

dispensable complement of such industrial legislation as Victoria has adopted. But there can be no tariff against the sister States of the Commonwealth, and the industries in those States will compete against Victorian industries with destructive effect, unless all alike are provided with Wages Boards and compulsory holidays. The whole Commonwealth, in a word, must be brought under the Victorian Factories Act, or that much-debated measure will break down in Victoria itself. But the Commonwealth Parliament has no power to pass any such measure. Each State is responsible for its own industrial legislation, and will not lightly part with that luxury. Some of the Victorian Labour leaders are already anxiously demanding that the Commonwealth Parliament shall come to their aid. Others reflect with alarm on what might happen if the power to enact industrial laws were transferred to the Federal Parliament. That body might pass the wrong laws! In any case, to effect any enlargement of its powers is a difficult and tedious business. The Commonwealth Parliament can, indeed, on the invitation of the States, pass a measure which the States may, if they choose, adopt. But this does not give much prospect of securing common industrial conditions throughout Australia and Tasmania. The States will not give that invitation, nor perhaps the Commonwealth accept it if given.

The Logic of Facts.

The Victorian Factories Act itself is in force for only three years, and a Royal Commission is taking evidence to ascertain if its results justify its re-enactment. The evidence so far taken relates only to the provisions dealing with holidays and hours of labour, etc., and on this part of the Act there is not much debate. General opinion is in favour of a compulsory and general holiday, enforced by fines; the only question is whether it shall be on Saturday or say Wednesday. The sanitary clauses of the Act, too, are accepted as admirable. But evidence leaks out incidentally on the more controversial clauses of the Act, the Wages Board and the general interference with hours; and while it is too early to summarise it, yet the general drift on the side of the employers is hostile. Thus Mr. T. B. Way, a jeweller, and the first witness examined, declared that the Act "had affected his business to the extent of £3,000 in the first year. He knew scores of persons who had been ruined by it." Mr. Hearne, a pork butcher, said: "The Act had reduced his takings by £500 a year." Mr. Payne, a draper, said "the Act had created a little hell upon earth amongst the employes. An assistant," he added, "might be in the act of serving a customer when his legal hours of labour expired, and he could not finish taking the order." At least one halfpenny of the rise in the price of meat, the butchers declared, was due to the Act.

Employers and Employed.

That the Act subtly changes, and changes for the worse, the relations betwixt employer and employe was the burden of much of the evidence given. One master-butcher told the Commission: "My own men on one occasion refused to move twelve hindquarters of beef to the ice-house chamber because it was a quarter to five o'clock, and there was not time to complete the work before the hour fixed for closing." Mr. Harcourt, a leading draper, again, declared that the Wages Board "killed merit." The Commission has only begun its inquiry; the evidence taken deals with only one part of the Act; and, as we have said, there are witnesses on the other side; so that it is too soon to form a judgment on the whole case. But the evidence taken has a value far beyond the limits of Victoria. It will be a guide to the other States as to whether they ought to accept for themselves the principles of the Victorian Factories Act in its present form. Perhaps the most significant fact in this debate is the anxiety felt in Victoria that the rest of Australia shall adopt the Act. Unless this is done, it is realised, Victorian industries cannot meet the competition of the sister States.

Labour Politics.

The political ideals—perhaps it would be more accurate to say the political dreams—of the Labour party in New Zealand found expression in the annual conference of labour delegates held in Dunedin. The delegates, it is distressing to learn, entertain a very low opinion of the ability and honesty of the Government; yet, somewhat illogically, they are anxious to clothe it with all sorts of surprising functions, to turn it, in a word, into a sort of secular Providence, charged with the conduct of human affairs generally. All sorts of industries are to be "nationalised"—the coal mines, sea traffic, mineral wealth generally. The State is to turn tailor and saddler for the community; the "middleman" is to be abolished. There is to be a universal and compulsory eight hours' day, for farm and city alike. There is to be, after the Swiss pattern, the

referendum, with the initiative; so that Parliament, in common with the guilty "middleman," is practically to be abolished.

[N.Z. "Graphic."]

THE GULF BETWEEN.

"Not deep as a well nor wide as a church door, but 'tis enough."

Australia: "If either of us liked to swim across we could both shake hands."

New Zealand: "Yes, but I'm afraid the water is just a little too cold."

Words and Acts.

Many of these ideas belong, of course, to the realm of dreams, and Mr. Seddon, least of all men, is likely to undertake their translation into prosaic fact, though he will not openly quarrel with them. It is part, indeed, of his political genius—the secret of his political success—that he can borrow the language of socialism without attempting any very perilous socialistic experiments. He is, in politics, something like Bunyan's waterman, "who got his living by looking one way and going the other." So, while the legislation of New Zealand is sufficiently "advanced," it is not likely, while Mr. Seddon, at least, is at the head of affairs, to "cut the painter" with common sense, and to plunge into an uncharted realm of wild experiments.

Mr. See's Policy.

Mr. See, the New South Wales Premier, has issued a very able manifesto on the policy of his Cabinet. He recognises the fact that State politics are immensely simplified by the transfer of the fiscal question to the Commonwealth. This gives new space and leisure for a hundred much-needed reforms. He calls upon all parties in the State to resent the attempt to keep alive in State politics what is really an obsolete and irrelevant dispute. The State Parliament in New South Wales has no less than eighteen vacancies as the result of the Commonwealth elections. Mr. See does not propose to call the House together again; it will be dissolved in due course, and a Convention will be called on the basis of adult suffrage—thus giving the vote to women—for the purpose of framing a new State constitution to suit the new conditions created by federation. It is, Mr. See says, for the politicians to work a constitution, but for the people to construct it. It is plain that the Convention idea, as a means for re-shaping the State constitutions, is likely to prevail throughout Australia. In reality, this policy represents a distrust of the existing Parliaments. They cannot be relied upon to deal heroically with themselves, and cut down their own numbers and salaries with the courageous severity that is required. For the rest, Mr. See's programme is practical and liberal. It includes a more liberal land law, industrial arbitration, and a generous old age pensions scheme. These measures have now become the platitudes of State politics. Incidentally, Mr. See announces that the State spent £115,418 on the Commonwealth celebrations, but these celebrations gave an increased revenue to the railways of £61,900; so that the net cost of launching the Commonwealth was only £52,518. Seldom has a ship so great been launched for a cost so trifling!

The Kanaka Question.

The Federal elections have left Queensland in a very perplexed condition. Its representatives in the Federal Parliament reflect one set of ideas, the majority in its State Parliament reflects an exactly opposite set. Taking both the Federal Houses, there are 15 Queensland representatives, of whom 11 are against Kanaka labour, and 4 are for it. In the State Parliament those numbers are pretty well reversed; and Queensland, taken as a whole, is in a state of painful uncertainty as to what is likely to happen to it. That condition of doubt has already wrought disaster in the great sugar

industry. The Federal Parliament, however, is not in the least likely to act rashly, and without due enquiry and an anxious regard for all the interests concerned, in a matter of such moment to one of its constituent States. It will probably appoint a Royal Commission to take evidence on the whole matter, so that any legislation will be based on the amplest knowledge. A plain announcement that this step is to be taken would probably be worth some hundreds of thousands of pounds to the sugar industry.

Queensland Politics.

There is another odd feature in Queensland politics. No Act has been passed forbidding a member holding seats simultaneously in both the Federal and State Legislatures. Eight members of the local Parliament—seven of them sitting with the Opposition—have won seats in the Commonwealth Parliament, and no one knows, as yet, whether this means eight vacancies in the State Parliament. It is unlikely, however, that any attempt will be made to hold seats in both Houses, and thus there will be eight contested elections in Queensland. The Labour party, with the wine of victory running in its blood, is confident of success, and threatens to displace the present Government almost at once. But since, of the eight contested seats, only one is at present held by a Government supporter, Ministers can at worst only suffer the loss of that one seat. It is probable, indeed, that they will win some of the Labour seats. In that case the discord betwixt the representation of Queensland in the Federal and in the State Parliaments will become more acute than ever.

West Australian Elections.

At the moment we write, the final returns of the elections in Western Australia are not published; but it is clear that Ministers have emerged from the struggle in a very damaged condition. They must either resign or arrange a coalition; and either alternative is unpleasant. The failure of the Ministers to win is not in the least due to the Premier, Mr. Throssel. He is both trusted and liked. Even Sir John Forrest's strong personality might have failed

"Free Lance."] NEW ZEALAND'S OLIVER TWIST CRIES FOR "MORE."

Headmaster Seddon (State Boarding School): "Hang it, Joe, this here Trades Unionist kid will eat us out of house and home. Since we made him the white-haired boy of the school, he has insisted on being spoon-fed, and there's no satisfying his hunger. He has just had enough for a ploughman, and yet here he's yelling for more."

Assistant-master Ward: "Oh, he must be suffering from diabetes, Dick. Let him have a rest for a while now, so as to give him time to digest what he has got. Besides, the rest of the school are starving. If we don't pay them some attention there's bound to be a mutiny among them soon."

to make any change in the general situation. Our party system of Government exists under what may be called the law of the pendulum. There can be no monopoly of office by any one man or party. And very largely the ballot-boxes in Western Australia represent a mere desire for a change of some sort in the administration of the State.

The Rains.

In one sense, the event of the month has been the extraordinary rainfall which has swept over Australia, the richest, the most widespread, and the most beneficent which has visited these latitudes during this generation. The area and the volume of the rainfall are both remarkable. It was most persistent and general perhaps on the southern edge of the continent, where it was least needed. Some portions of Gippsland, in Victoria, were simply half-drowned, and Melbourne only escaped a worse flood than that of 1891, or that of 1863, by virtue of the improvements in the Yarra. That river of crooked bed and evil aromas has been straightened and deepened until it affords a sufficient escape for even a rainfall of 9 inches in three days along its watershed. The expenditure of something less than £10,000 has, in this way, prevented damage to property which might have amounted to hundreds of thousands of pounds. But even on the grassless and scorched plains of the Darling and of Western Queensland the rains have fallen generously; and, in some cases, with phenomenal violence. Thus, in the Camooweal district, in Queensland, where practically rain has been unknown for years, no less than 26 inches of rain have fallen, while 40 inches are reported on the Macarthur. This is a rainfall which might have alarmed Noah himself!

The Break-up of the Drought.

The great drought, in a word, has broken up; and what this means can hardly be realised. If, instead of the soft raindrops, yellow gold-dust had fallen out of the sky over two-thirds of Australia, the gift would hardly have been more golden. The case is reported of a single station near Cooper's Creek where out of 95,000 sheep only 300 were left, and out of 30,000 cattle only 500. And as sheep have perished, dingoes have multiplied till it seemed as if whole districts would go back to a worse and more barren solitude than before the foot of a white man had touched Australian soil. Here are vignettes of the drought country on the downs east of the Mitchell, at Charleville, Wyandra, etc., as given by a correspondent of the "Queenslander":

> At Charleville, there was one long panorama of desolation. Ground burnt and caked, without a blade of green to lighten the dead monotony. . . . From railway fence to horizon there was absolutely nothing. Take an ant-bed tennis court, and enlarge it indefinitely, and one may perhaps grasp what that aspect was like. The line of the horizon cut hard against the sky, with no softening of outline. Near by the ground was cracked and fissured, and in the middle distance were clumps of dejected trees, that told of a watercourse that fed them once. . . . At Wyandra, downs, broader and more extensive than ever before, stretched in hopeless barrenness to the limit of the view. There was not even a dead twig to break the level. There is no adjective in the English language to describe it. Awful, terrible, horrible—they are each inadequate. And, most pitiful of all, were the long lines of felled mulga, the only thing that kept the sheep alive until they died, and the dust came and mercifully hid their bones.

The Magic of the Rain.

But great is the soft magic of the falling rain! At its touch the grey heat-wasted, desolate landscape turns emerald. It is painted a tender deep green. It grows lush with grass. What was yesterday the floor of the Sahara becomes to-day a mass of herbage which moist English valleys, or canal-fed Dutch meadows in summer-time might envy. The break-up of the drought is to be welcomed not merely because it means wool for English markets, meat for Australian breakfast-tables, and credit balances for depleted bank accounts; but because it means deliverance for the settlers throughout the drought-wasted country; men who have shown an endurance and a pluck fighting against the evil forces of nature which their kindred fighting against the Boers in South Africa have not exceeded.

Stormy Seas.

The cyclone which brought the rain brought with it also furious gales, and the shipping fared badly. South of Australia stretches a waste of desolate sea running to the Antarctic zone; west is an unbroken stretch of waters extending to Madagascar itself. And on this stretch of almost measureless waters the fierce, persistent gales raise an extraordinary sea. While the cyclone lasted the ships on the Australian coast were in deadly peril, and they came straggling into port like broken-winged seagulls, with torn sails, shattered bulwarks, and, in the case of steamers, with their very funnels grey with sea salt. There was fortunately only one wreck, and that without loss of life.

The Census.

The earlier results of the census are already known. The first figures to emerge are naturally those of the great towns, and the figures are very striking. The population of Sydney, for example, has expanded from 386,859 in 1891 to 488,968 in 1901—an increase in ten years of no less than 102,109. Melbourne during the same period has been almost stationary, its increase being only 3,069. Its total, however, is sufficiently spacious, as it has a population of 493,956, nearly 5,000 still in excess of Sydney. Adelaide has grown fast in the same period, its population being 162,094, an increase of 28,842. Sydney has thus increased 27.6 per cent., Adelaide 21.7, Melbourne 0.6. The figures for the other great cities of Australia and New Zealand are not to hand as we write.

Great Cities.

These figures are very impressive. Where a hundred years ago the gum trees stood and the black-fellow built his mia-mia, now rise stately cities with populations of 500,000, and rich in the latest achievements of modern civilisation. In energy of growth the world has nothing to show to compare with the cities of Australasia. Either Sydney or Melbourne, for example, has a larger population than Edinburgh, Dublin, Leeds; than San Francisco or Boston. Each is twice as large as Montreal; is larger than any German town except Berlin. In a single century these Australian cities have outraced the many-centuried cities of the Old World. And it may be fairly claimed that the younger cities of Australia are happier in all the conditions of life than the cities of the Old World. They know no overcrowding. They have escaped that evil legacy of narrow, crooked, and drainless streets which the Middle Ages bequeathed to the great cities of Europe. They have space, sunshine, pure air—all in a degree which older cities may well envy.

City Life.

It seems, of course, a paradox that such great cities should spring up almost like exhalations on the edge of an almost empty continent. Not far short, for example, of one-half the whole population of the State of Victoria is found in Melbourne; and this concentration into the cities in a new land like Australia is declared to be "abnormal" and "unfortunate." There is, no doubt, some measure of truth and reality in that complaint. But it must be remembered that the proportion of city-dwelling people in modern times rises fast in every land; and this for a quite legitimate reason. Agriculture has grown scientific; it has armed itself with labour-saving machinery of every kind, and it takes a smaller amount of human labour to produce a bushel of wheat to-day than ever before in the world's history. So a larger proportion of the population is set free for city life, and for those city industries which do not, it is true, add to the food supplies of the nation, but which minister to its civilised enjoyments.

The Logic of City Growth.

The varying rates of growth in the population of Australasian cities have, of course, their controversial value. They illustrate the effects, good or bad, of the rival theories of Protection and of Free Trade. Sydney and Melbourne are the representatives of these opposing policies; and it is idle to deny that the census figures are a damaging blow to Protection. Melbourne has the advantage in point of climate over its great competitor; its population is unrivalled in energy. Yet this is the history of the two cities during the last ten years:

Growth of Sydney	102,100
Growth of Melbourne	3,069

These figures, indeed, hardly do justice to the case. If only the children born in Melbourne during the ten years had stopped there, the population would have expanded by natural growth at least 70,000. But Melbourne has lost 80 per cent. of its natural increase.

"Explanations."

Some more or less ingenious explanations of these figures are advanced by the Protectionist journals. It is urged, for example, that the superior energy of the inhabitants of Melbourne has taken them elsewhere. But this could only be because other localities offered a richer field for their energy than Melbourne did under its high tariff. It is claimed, again, that the generous land policy of the State has happily drawn the inhabitants of Melbourne to more profitable rural pursuits. But no one imagines that the 70,000 people missing from Melbourne will be found scattered on the country lands of the State. The logic of the relative growth of Sydney and Melbourne, it can hardly be denied, is very damaging to the high tariff theory; the one thing to be counted on the opposite side is the fact that Adelaide, which is also a Protectionist city, has added 28,842 people to its population during the ten years. But then Adelaide has not had quite so heroic a tariff as Melbourne!

A Surplus of Petticoats.

The incomplete census figures bring out, as far as Victoria is concerned, one half-humorous, half-tragical fact. That State is afflicted —or blest, according to the observer's point of view—with a startling excess of females. The incomplete returns to hand show only 89 males to every 100 females. If every bachelor in Victoria, that is, suddenly took to himself a wife, there would remain a petticoated army something like 120,000 strong—not all, it is true, of the marriageable age—seeking husbands without any possibility of finding them —except by importation. Here is a spectacle over which no humane person will refuse to drop a pensive tear. In Western Australia, on the other hand, the wifeless male offers himself as a candidate for feminine compassion. There are, roughly, only two women in that State to every three men: so that every third bachelor in Western Australia, much as he may want a wife, cannot procure one, except —again—by importation. Fortunately, Western Australia has not yet imposed an ad valorem duty on wives. On these figures, Victoria, if a feminine purgatory, ought to be a bachelor's paradise; whereas in the western State those conditions are reversed.

"Explaining" Australia.

One amusing result of the new interest the Old World feels in Australia and Australians is found in the many more or less unsuccessful attempts being made to "explain" the Australian—or the New Zealander—his history and his characteristics. Thus, the "British Realm" gravely undertakes to analyse the popular conception of Australia. It is due, it thinks, to three causes: the gold discoveries; the Tichborne Claimant; and the Australian Elevens. The palm is given to the fat butcher from Wagga Wagga as the chief force which helped to paint in the vision of Australia on the British imagination! The "Pall Mall Gazette" undertakes the analysis, not of Australian history, but of the Australian—or rather of the Australasian—character. Its chief feature, it seems, is a joy in fighting for its own sake, and a readiness to fight anyone, at any moment, and for any reason, good, bad, or indifferent. Here is a vignette of Australian life offered to English readers:

> The readiness with which quarrels arise in the cities and bush towns is simply marvellous, the slightest pretext being sufficient. Two complete strangers collide slightly and accidentally. "What's the matter with you?" "What's that to you?" "Do you want to fight?"—and there is an adjournment to the nearest quiet lane or paddock. Afterwards they shake hands and part, each with the satisfaction of not having let himself "be put upon." I have seen more fights in Bourke-street, Melbourne, in twelve months, than I have seen in the whole of London in the past five years.

Our extraordinary pugnacity, the world is assured, is due in part to our too liberal meat diet, and in part it is a legacy from the old bowie-knife and "six-shooter" days of the gold-fields. Is it necessary to say that this picture of ourselves will amuse Australian, even more than it will astonish English, readers?

War-Honours.

A tropical shower of War Office honours has fallen on Australia and New Zealand. A Melbourne surgeon, Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, who went to South Africa as a consulting surgeon, receives the K.C.B., sharing that honour with the five most distinguished generals in the whole war —French, Pole-Carew, Brabant, Hector Macdonald, Lord Methuen. It is the first time this honour has been bestowed on an Australian. Twenty-one Australians and New Zealanders are made Companions of the Bath, six are made Companions of St. Michael and St. George, and no less than forty are awarded the distinction of D.S.O. These awards have value as an expression of imperial gratitude to the colonies as a whole. They have a special value as being not merely "official" distinctions, but the reward of personal valour and devotion shown in actual warfare. The war in South Africa has, in brief, revolutionised the judgment of the world. It has created both for Australia and New Zealand a new reputation. It has made them forces to be reckoned with in the greater politics of the nations.

What Experts Say.

Dr. Conan Doyle, in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century," sums up the military reputation won by Australians and New Zealanders. Of these gallant contingents he says "nothing but praise has been heard. At the battle of Rhenoster Kop the New Zealanders were, in the presence of two veteran regular regiments, awarded the honours of the day. The Australians, with the Rhodesians, bore off the honours of Elands River, the best defence of the war. . . . Everywhere over the seat of the war the lesson has been the same. . . . The colonials may not be perfect at barrack-square tricks and their uniforms are occasionally rather weird; but they are keen, intelligent, and brave."

LONDON, April 1.

The Attack on the Kaiser.

The intensity of the popular feeling in Germany against England has naturally alarmed the German Emperor. When driving through the streets of Bremen recently, a man who is described as a more or less irresponsible epileptic flung a piece of iron at the Kaiser, which cut open his cheek and inflicted a severe injury which confined him for some time to his room. However unpremeditated his action may have been, it was ascribed in some quarters to the feeling aroused against the Kaiser by his ostentatious parade of sympathy with the English Government, and especially with Lord Roberts. The wound itself was fortunately not serious in its immediate effects; but considering the malady from which his father died, and that which is now torturing his mother to death, no one can be surprised that a profound uneasiness prevails as to the results which may follow so cruel a blow.

Imperial Alarm.

The meditations of the Emperor during his enforced confinement seem to have taken a gloomy turn, and on his recovery he made a series of speeches which indicate unmistakably that his mind is ill at ease as to the state of things which confronts him in Germany. In his first speech he referred in sombre terms to the demoralisation of the German Empire, and the decay of the respect shown by the German people to their Kaiser. His second speech was much more remarkable. Addressing the Emperor Alexander Grenadier Guards, he said, with a sinister reference to the bloody days of 1848:—

> You are, therefore, so to speak, the bodyguard of the Prussian King, and must be ready, day and night, to risk your lives in the trench, to spill your blood if need be for your King and his House. . . . If ever trying times should come again, like those which this regiment has gone through, if ever this town should rise, as in 1848, against its King in disobedience and insubordination, then the Alexander Grenadiers will hasten to the protection of their King and with their bayonets soon teach the insolent a lesson.

In his second speech the Kaiser again indulged in sinister allusion to the possibility of troubles:—

> This knowledge inspires me with the certainty that we shall always be the victors, even should we be surrounded by foes, and have to fight in a minority against superior numbers. For there is a mighty Ally, that is the eternal God in Heaven, who was already on our side in the times of the Great Elector and the Great King.

This reference to his Ally in the sky recalls the old story of the passengers in a storm, who, when they were told that they had better pray to God to save their lives, replied, "Good heavens! it's not so bad as all that, is it?"

The Anglo-German Agreement.

There is cause for the German Emperor's uneasiness. His policy in the Far East has not prospered. Events have, on the contrary, shown a tendency to develop in a direction which has already reduced the much-vaunted Anglo-German agreement to waste paper, and threatened to compel the Kaiser to make his choice between the English Government and Russia. There is no doubt as to what that choice will be. At his luncheon with the Emperor Alexander Grenadier Guards, the Kaiser indicated unmistakably where his choice would lie. Raising the cup beautifully decorated with medallion portraits, he pointed out to the Grenadiers the Prussian King and the Russian Emperor as chiefs of the Alexander regiment, and said that their proximity was a symbol of the intimate relations between the ruling

London "Punch."]

SOME "FETISHES" NOT WORSHIPPED BY KING JO-JO OF ASHANTI (AND ELSEWHERE).

Houses, which so far as in him lay would always be maintained. Nor is this the only indication of the way the wind is shifting in that direction. Lord Cranborne having stated in the House of Commons that the Anglo-German agreement to defend the integrity of China was without any qualifications whatever, Count von Bulow took occasion immediately afterwards to inform the Reichstag that when the Anglo-German agreement was being negotiated, Manchuria was expressly excluded from the scope of it. The Japanese Foreign Minister, questioned in the Japanese Parliament upon his interpretation of the Anglo-German agreement, which had been communicated to him, stated that he understood that the agreement meant what it said, and that Chinese territory meant Chinese territory—that is to say, that it included Manchuria.

The Future of Manchuria.

The negotiations between Russia and China concerning the future of Manchuria have been going on all the month, and at the moment of writing the Chinese had not signed the Treaty of Peace. Russia, as one of the Allied Powers, has her account to settle with China for the attack upon the legations, and her action thereanent appears to have been perfectly correct. But China made war upon Russia in Manchuria, and in order to defend the railway which she has her treaty right to make and to defend, Russia had to wage a war the magnitude of which has never been adequately realised in this country. It is this war which she wishes to terminate by the treaty, and with this treaty none of the other Powers have anything to do. The treaty which Russia has submitted to China, as first drafted, gave Russia exclusive rights over the whole of Northern China, including Mongolia and Kashgar, but this clause was subsequently abandoned. The Russians, who are now in the position of the conquering Power in Manchuria, propose to restore the provinces to China, under a Convention which will make them as supreme as we are in Egypt. If there is no Convention, the Russians will stay where they are, and Manchuria will become, contrary to the wishes of the Russian Government, Russian territory. But the Russians do not wish to annex Manchuria, for the same reason that we do not wish to annex Egypt. What they wish to do is to obtain all the advantages that would come from annexation without breaking any diplomatic crockery or undertaking direct responsibility for the government of a country which they do not wish—at all events at present—to add to their possessions. Japan is fidgeting about Korea—where the situation has been strained by the unfortunate expiry of Mr. Macleavy Browne's term of office as Director of the Korean Customs.

No Progress in China.

Meanwhile the negotiations between the Allies and the Chinese Government seem to make little progress. The Allies have executed two high Chinese officials whom they had as prisoners, but the toll of heads which the Western Powers have demanded from the Chinese Court has not been rendered. Neither the Emperor nor the Empress has returned to Peking. The proposal to convert the Legations into a great fortified camp does not tend to attract the fugitives from their security at Singan-fu. The whole question of the indemnity remains open. If a heavy indemnity is insisted upon, the necessary loan must be raised by increasing the duties levied upon imports, which is of course directly detrimental to the interests of foreign trade with China. Altogether it is a pretty kettle of fish. Even the Kaiser must begin to doubt whether his seizure of Kiau-tchau was quite such a brilliant stroke of statecraft as he imagined it to be in the days when he talked about the "mailed fist."

The Decadence of the House of Commons.

The House of Commons, an assembly in which are gathered together the elect of British democracy, is steadily losing in authority and prestige. Matters came to a climax on March 5, when it was proposed to closure a discussion on the supplementary estimates of £19,000,000 without allowing a single Irish member to be heard. The whole sitting was devoted to a discussion on education, a matter, no doubt, of pre-eminent importance, but one which did not raise any of the other questions involved in the supplementary estimates. When the division for the closure was called a certain number of Irish members refused to leave the House on the division. On being ordered to do so, they refused. The Chairman of Committee sent for the Speaker, and in the name of the Chair he insisted upon their leaving their seats. The Irish members still remaining obdurate, they were suspended by a vote of the House, and then, as they still refused to leave their seats, the Speaker summoned a posse of police, who, by sheer brute force, carried the recalcitrant members one after another out of the House into the lobby. The occasion was one of violence happily without parallel in English politics. Similar

scenes have unfortunately often occurred in Vienna, where the violence of racial animosities has repeatedly necessitated the introduction of force into an arena that should be sacred to free debate.

The Wrong Remedy.

On the following day, after a discovery that one innocent member had been confounded with the contumacious company in which he was sitting, the question of penalties to be imposed in case of future defiance of the Chair was raised by Mr. Balfour, who succeeded in securing the adoption of a rule that if any member specifically refuses to obey the Chair, he shall be suspended from further attendance in the House for the rest of the session. No one denies that it was necessary to arm the Chair with greater authority, but this was surely the wrong way of setting about it. To exclude a member from the House during the whole of the session is to disfranchise his constituency for that period. The proper course to have taken was to have vacated the seat. The objection that the only result would be that the recalcitrant member would be re-elected does not affect the matter. He would in any case have to go through the ordeal of an election. If he were again returned and should again defy the power of the Chair, the House would then be justified in suspending him for the remainder of the session. In that case his constituency could hardly complain of being disfranchised, seeing that they elected him with their eyes open, and persisted in re-electing a member who was determined to oppose the rule of the Speaker.

A Temperance John Brown.

The question of temperance legislation has been brought somewhat rudely to the front in America by the sudden apparition of a sort of female John Brown in the shape of Mrs. Carrie Nation, who, armed with the hatchet, has been administering a much-needed stimulus to the debilitated moral sense of the people of Kansas. She has been made the subject of a good deal of ridicule, and no doubt she has been tempted to go beyond her original clearly defined policy, and to launch out into enterprises in other States for which she had no justification. Kansas is a Prohibition State, and by the law of the State no public-house ought to exist for the sale of intoxicants; but as the burden of enforcing this law is thrown upon the local communities, cities and villages dominated by the drink-seller ignore the State law and keep their saloons running just as if the Legislature never decreed Prohibition. Against this the righteous soul of Mrs. Nation rose in revolt, and, arming herself with a hatchet, and followed by a band of women equally enthusiastic with herself, she has invaded saloon after saloon, and smashed up the property of the publicans. She has been arrested; but on trial has been acquitted, inasmuch as saloons, being contrary to the law of the State, were public nuisances which could be abated by any law-abiding citizen, hatchetwise or otherwise. It will be well if the foray of Mrs. Nation contributes to cure the American public of the inveterate superstition that the best way to deal with a great moral question is to pass a drastic law and then leave it unenforced.

Unrest in Russia.

Russia is suffering from a severe commercial crisis, and the suffering thereby occasioned predisposes to disturbance. On February 22 (old style) the Holy Synod published a curious document, which reads like a formal decree of excommunication pronounced by various bishops and high ecclesiastics upon Count Tolstoi. Why it should have appeared just now no one seems to understand, unless it was issued in the expectation of his death, for the purpose of depriving him of religious burial. Nothing from the Tolstoian point of view could be more innocuous and absurd than this document; but its appearance was the signal for a series of disturbances, the end of which is not yet. The Countess Tolstoi replied to the decree by a vigorous epistle, which showed that she at least did not intend to "take it lying down." The students of St. Petersburg University flocked in tumultuous crowds to Kazan Cathedral, clamouring that they also should be excommunicated. As this demand was emphasised by a riotous attack upon the sacred pictures and cathedral furnishings, the congregation flung the young men into the street, where they were roughly handled by the Cossacks. Several of the rioters were killed and wounded, multitudes were arrested, and the whole city seethed with excitement. Similar scenes took place in Moscow, in Kieff, and elsewhere, and it was noted as a new and ominous symptom that the workmen appear to have made common cause with the students. Several hundred of the students have been "sent down" to fulfil the period of military service, from which they would have been released if they had behaved themselves and stuck to their university studies; but the excitement is far from being at an end.

Assassination as an Argument.

More serious than the riots has been the reappearance of the old inveterate malady of political assassination. M. Bogolepoff, the reactionary Minister of Education, was killed by a student whose own personal grievance would probably not have led him to such extremities had it not been made the ready instrument of a group of discontented conspirators. The murderer has only been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude—the prejudice in Russia against capital punishment is very strong. M. Pobiedonostzeff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, was fired at as he sat in his house by an official from the provinces, but he fortunately escaped uninjured. The usual stories are rife about plots against the Tsar, but the best answer to all these romances is that Nicholas II. goes about everywhere and anywhere in St. Petersburg without escort. There is reason to hope that the utter failure of any result from the killing of Alexander II. has discredited assassination in the eyes of the assassins themselves. The situation, however, is an anxious one, and the perplexities attending upon the solution of strictly mundane problems make one wonder why the bishops should have complicated matters still further by introducing a new element of discord in the shape of the Decree of Excommunication. To quote Lord Melbourne's famous question, "Why could they not leave it alone?"

The Inauguration of President McKinley.

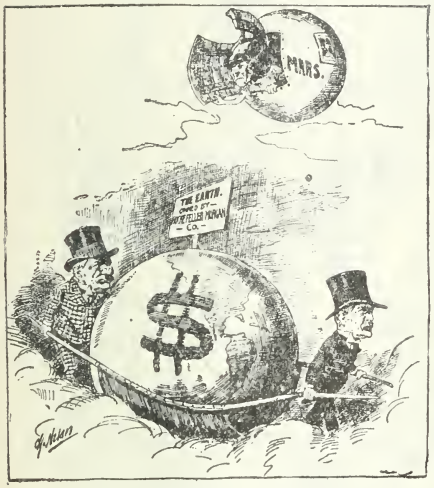
Dr. Albert Shaw, writing in the American "Review of Reviews," says:—

The second inauguration of President McKinley on March 4, was characterised as the greatest military and civic pageant our national capital has ever witnessed. There was a brilliant parade, with Gen. Francis V. Greene as grand marshal. There being no retiring President to ride with the President-elect, he was accompanied by Senators Hanno and Jones—chairmen, respectively, of the two great parties. The parade was reviewed by President McKinley, Vice-President Roosevelt, General Miles as head of the army, Admiral Dewey as head of the navy, and Adjutant-General Corbin. After the Vice-President's admirable five-minute inaugural address, adjournment was taken to the east portico of the Capitol, where President McKinley faced 80,000 people under umbrellas in a pouring rain, took the oath of office, and delivered his second inaugural address in a clear and resonant voice. It was an optimistic speech, but not vain-glorious nor extravagant. It justified American good faith and our present policies; and, like all of Mr. McKinley's recent documents and utterances, it was exceedingly well phrased. Mr. McKinley's second term of office was entered upon with no break in the group of his Cabinet advisers. Probably no administration has ever opened under more auspicious circumstances. There seems no cloud whatever on the fair sky of the nation's industrial prosperity; the public revenues are ample; we are at peace with all nations; our prudent policy in the Chinese troubles is making it certain that we shall have no more military work to do in that quarter; and the Government now makes known its confident belief that the troubled condition of the Philippines will improve quite rapidly.

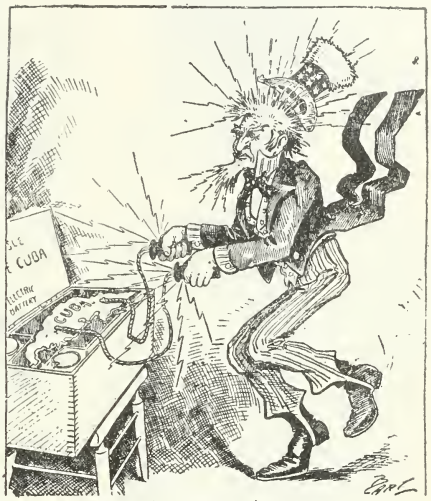
OUR FEDERAL FLAG COMPETITION.

We are happy to announce that the conditions of the Commonwealth flag competition coincide exactly with our own. We are able, therefore, to transfer all the flags sent to our competition to the Board of Commonwealth experts, and they will thus be entered as competitors for the Commonwealth prize of £75. To that prize the proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" will add a further sum of £75, instead of the £50 offered as the prize in our own competition. It is plain that in taking this step we are best serving the interests of our own competitors. Some 7,000 designs—many of them of great merit—have been sent in to us. If we had persisted in our own separate adjudication these could not have entered for the Commonwealth prize, and for the chance of becoming the Commonwealth flag. As our own competition was undertaken for the service of the Commonwealth, we have judged it best for all parties to transfer all the designs sent in to us to the Commonwealth Board. They will be properly addressed and carefully handled, and much trouble will thus be saved our competitors.

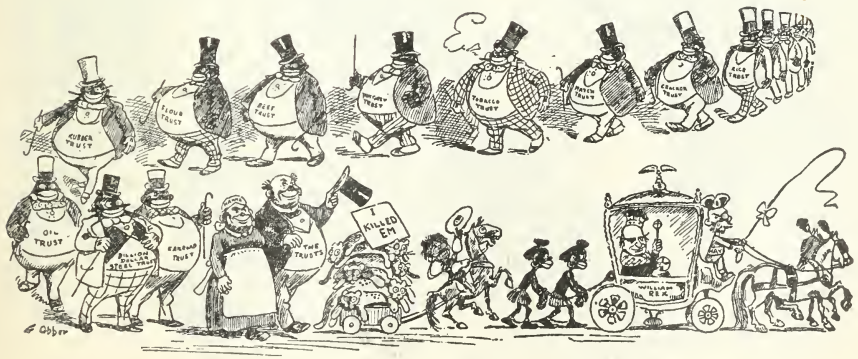
THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.



THE INTERESTS JUST COMBINED HAVE AN AGGREGATE CAPITAL OF MORE THAN $1,000,000,000.
From the *North American* (Philadelphia).

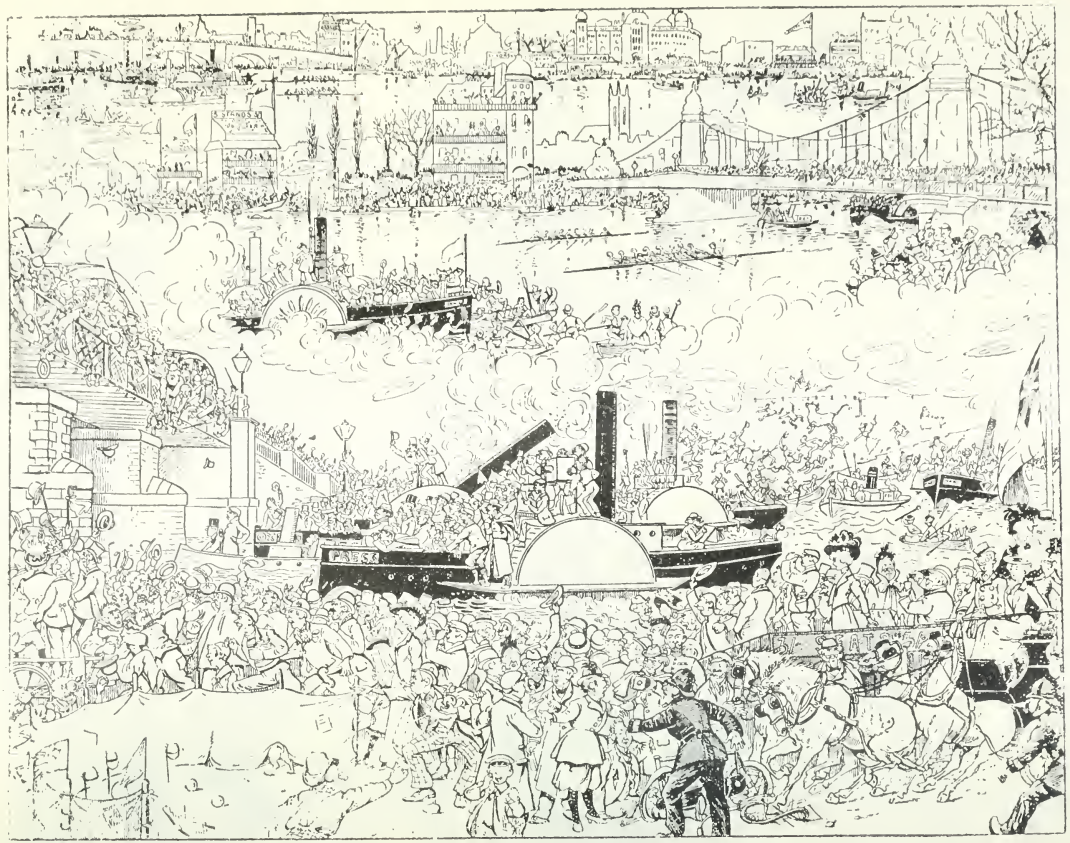


CAN'T LET GO.—From the *Journal* (Minneapolis).



CORONATION DAY IN WASHINGTON.—From the *Journal* (New York).

A PAGE OF AMERICAN CARICATURES.



London "Punch."]
THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE, 1901. A VIEW IN PROSPECTIVE BY OUR ANTICIPATORY ARTIST.
(By permission of the proprietors.)

" Bulletin."]

MAY!

" For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the [illegible]!"

"Bulletin."

JONAH UP TO DATE.

Skipper Barton (to Jonah Fegan): "Very sorry, Jonah, old man, but all this row has been kicked up because we took you on board; so overboard you go—only we were a-thinking whether it would be more agreeable to your feelings to be chucked over, or to quietly step over yourself. Good-bye; dare say you'll find it more comfortable inside the whale than here!"

N Z. "Graphic."]

OFF WITH THE OLD LOVE, AND ON WITH THE NEW.
A Blue Lookout for the Returning Troopers.

THE DUKE OF YORK AND THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT.

By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D.

I.—A GREAT CITY'S WELCOME.

Melbourne, May 6, 1901.

The memorable day began, strange to say, with a big and memorable blunder. The welcome to the Prince was intended to begin on Monday morning, in dramatic shape, ten miles south-west of the Lonsdale light. Wireless telegraphy was to fling a whispered greeting across that space to the Ophir, the ships of the Australian fleet—the Royal Arthur, the Wallaroo, the Ringarooma, the Mildura—were to meet the royal yacht on the distant sea-horizon, wheel in stately fashion and allow the incoming squadron to pass through their lines, while each ironclad broke into the deep-throated thunder of a royal salute. Then, as the combined squadron passed through the Heads, the bellowing guns were to speak their greeting again. Sea and air were to have been shaken by the guns of battery after battery. Queenscliff and Swan Island would have called to the Eagle's Nest and to Fort Franklin, and these, in turn, have flung the sound to the South Channel Fort.

A Programme that Went Wrong.

But all this pretty programme simply went to pieces. The Prince was impatient; and, unknown to the general public, a modified programme was agreed upon, while the Ophir was off Albany, by which the royal yacht was to enter the Heads at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. But even this was not carried out. The Royal Arthur and her sister ships steamed leisurely down the Bay on Sunday morning to meet the royal squadron at the entrance. They had scarcely got half way to the Heads when, dim through the sea haze before them, they saw the white and stately shape of the Ophir coming at speed. There was a hurried rush into epaulettes and cocked hats on board the fleet; the great ships wheeled to starboard and port, as the Ophir, with the Trinity House flag at her foremast, and the royal standard flying from her mizzenmast, swept through the fleet; and at half-past twelve the Ophir dropped anchor off Mornington, while the sound of the hymns in the churches ashore floated out to her through the clear sea air, the first Australian greeting. When the royal yacht reached the Heads, nobody was prepared for her, and the St. George, one of her convoy, was lagging out of sight to the west. The Ophir, with the Juno, came straight on. Queenscliff, with twenty-one guns, spat an ineffective welcome to the great ships as they swept majestically past, but the chain of batteries which guards the Heads was disappointingly silent. The Australian squadron was stumbled upon in the fashion described. The St. George, the other cruiser escorting the Ophir, made her appearance, in leisurely fashion, four hours later; and Melbourne woke up in astonishment on Monday morning to discover that its royal guest had been, for nearly twenty-four hours, quietly at anchor opposite one of the watering-places which stud the great curve of the harbour!

Kindling Excitement.

Meanwhile, for days, Melbourne has been slowly fusing in a white flame of excitement. It takes something to kindle a mass so great, scattered over an area so wide; but the miracle is accomplished! Day after day the excitement has risen. It seemed to be like some new and strange oxygen in the very air. It burned in men's blood. Many things have combined to fan the human flame. Bit by bit the decorations have taken shape. The arches have lifted their stately curves, fretted with many pinnaces, high in the sunlit air. The streets have flushed into colour. The crowds in them have grown almost impassable. The country has been emptying itself upon the city; the population of whole towns marching, almost literally, in solid battalions to the capital, until Melbourne has become one vast human reservoir, full to the very brim. What its population may be at the present moment even the Government Statist would be afraid to guess.

Then, too, there has taken shape in the public imagination that tiny squadron of fast-coming ships, the great white liner, turned, for the moment, into a royal yacht, with its two grim black-hulled convoys. The coming of the Ophir stirs the popular mind, not merely because it brings with it the Heir Apparent to the throne, but because it bears to Australia the greeting and the good-will of the whole Empire. Melbourne has

thus the half-delighted and half-uncomfortable sense of being, at the present moment, not only the nerve-centre of the continent, but a centre of interest for the Empire, and for the civilised world. Never before was it so deeply moved, so restless, so self-conscious. It is one pole of a magnet that runs across the world; the coming Ophir may be said to represent the other pole. And now the climax has come! To-day is the moment of contact and of electrical shock.

The Gathering Crowds.

Early on Monday morning along every line of approach to Melbourne the stream of spectators began to pour in. The rivers were running into the sea! Each road, each railway, each tramline, was a stream flowing full-volumed into the central human ocean. Melbourne, it must be remembered, has a population of 500,000; and on a moderate computation three persons out of every five were determined to assist at the great function as spectators. This, alone, insured a crowd of 300,000; and at least another 100,000 spectators came from the country districts and from the other States. The decorated area of Melbourne is a parallelogram, a mile in length, and an eighth of a mile in breadth. A crowd of 400,000 emptied on an area so small would have hopelessly submerged it. But, fortunately, the St. Kilda-road, a noble curve three miles long, and of stately width, along which the procession was to come, drew probably a third of the whole vast crowd to itself. St. Kilda, again, where the Prince was to land, attracted many thousands, so that the total enormous mass of spectators was thus happily distributed along a route of nearly six miles.

The spectacle of the gathering was memorable. It was a scene of movement, of colour, of joyous excitement, burning through great masses of people, such as no Australian city has ever before witnessed. The air was full of a sound deeper and more stirring than even the strains of martial music, the multitudinous voice of a mighty crowd. And the scene was ever changing. Now came, in rhythmic march, a column of Rifles; now, with shrill sound of fifes and rattle of drums, a battalion of khaki-clad cadets; now, in far-stretching length, the Lancers and Mounted Infantry, on the march to meet the Prince at St. Kilda; and now, with free and swinging gait, and sunbrowned faces, that sight that always delights a crowd, a great detachment of seamen and marines from the fleet. And still the multitudes in the streets grew denser.

The point at which the movement and life and gaiety of the whole scene could be best realised was perhaps at Prince's Bridge. The most effective bit of decoration in the whole city was here, a massive and stately arch, approached through an avenue of columns standing in pairs, and which, for scale and massiveness, might almost have been stolen from Baalbec. Not the famous bridge across the Bosphorus, at Constantinople, for sparkling colour and kaleidoscopic life, could have surpassed Prince's Bridge during the long hours while the crowds were gathering to welcome the Prince. It was a sort of restless, changing, many-coloured human drama, staged in the open air and sunlight.

Meanwhile, the crowds had grown to such a scale that they seemed to blot out of sight and notice everything else but themselves. The miles of terraced seats were packed. The lines of tall buildings on either side of the route were turned into human frescoes. Every window had become a square of eager faces. The parapets were transfigured into a living frieze of human figures. The sea of life flowing through the streets below seemed to fling its spray to the house-roofs.

The whole scene somehow suggested Carlyle's immortal picture of the crowds Paris witnessed when the States-General gathered on May 4, 1789, and when so many serried rows were sitting perched on the very house-roofs, like winged creatures alighted out of heaven.

The effect, it may be added, on the beholder, of the frieze-like figures on the parapets of the houses, of the spectators showing against the sky-line, above even these, was very remarkable. The long street seemed to be turned into the stage of a great theatre, and these are the "gods" looking down from the highest seats in the gallery! In the streets below there is an odd, moveless look about the crowd. A vast crowd is usually, like the ocean, stirred continually with strange and wave-like movements. But here the far-stretching masses of spectators stand facing each other, on either side of the clear track, without tumult or struggle.

The crowd, it is needless to say, was, in look and character, such as only Australasian cities can show, with its indescribable air of ease, of order, of comfort, of quick intelligence.

Waiting!

Now the trams have stopped; the street barriers defining the route for the coming procession are closed; the crowds that stand, massed and eager, beyond the barriers, are hedged with soldierly figures in khaki or scarlet. A clear route, more than six miles in length, shadowed with flags, and bestridden by arches, and running through an unbroken multitude of spectators, along whose front

the soldiers, placed at regular intervals, resembled so many coloured beads along the edge of some vast garment, is created almost at a breath, and with a gesture. It was a miracle of management and order! And as the time for the Prince to come drew near, and the crowd seemed to arrange itself for his coming, a curious effect was produced. The whole scene seemed to take a certain unity. All colours seemed to blend, all sounds to melt into one. The crowd became a corporate thing. The scene resolved itself into one compact, homogeneous pageant. And over it all—over the city roofs and the packed streets below, is breathing an air as soft as milk, as keen as wine; while the clear sunlight makes all colour vivid, and seems to make all faces young. For, be it remembered, this was a perfect autumn day in Australia! If any artist in words—a Ruskin or a Stevenson—could have translated the whole spectacle into literary terms, and charged it sufficiently with literary colour, it would have made an imperishable word-picture.

A Sea-scene.

And, hark! Deep and faint a wave of sound is rolling up the bay. It is the sound of far-off welcoming guns. Another scene, of a different sort to that in the packed streets, but equally stately and picturesque, is taking place just now off Port Melbourne. The Ophir, with the whole fleet of ironclads for convoy, came up majestically from Mornington. As the great ships swung round off Port Melbourne, they met with a majestic welcome. All the foreign ships of war were lying here in grim and stately order, and along their iron sides, at a signal, ran the white smoke and red flashes of the guns, and the answering wave of sound was audible far off in the crowded streets of Melbourne. The great four-funnelled Russian iron-clad, the Gromoboi, with her huge 8-inch guns, seemed to dominate the bellowing chorus. The guns of the Victorian field artillery, in turn, welcomed the Prince with smoke and thunder as he landed on the pier. The grim and frowning aspect of the great ships, shaking the city with their guns, was somehow accentuated by the frame of natural beauty in which the whole scene was set: the roof of azure sky; the floor of azure sea; the soft haze along the horizon, which made it impossible to tell where sky and sea meet, but against which the ships of war, half-lost in eddying smoke, were silhouetted with startling effect.

Pictures En Route.

But now the Prince has landed, and let the reader picture the scene through which he must pass before he reaches the city. The whole St. Kilda-road was double-lined with troops, a thin thread of steel and khaki, forming a coloured edge to the living mass of shouting and cheering people behind. No less than thirty bands were scattered at intervals along the route, while one mounted band—that of the New South Wales Lancers—formed part of the moving escort. Thus the glittering procession moved in a sort of tempest of sound; the clash of steel on stirrup filling the air with metallic vibrations: the music of the bands keeping pace with the royal party, or running ever before it. And deeper than beat of drum, more resonant than blast of brazen instruments, rose continuously the many-voiced, multitudinous cheering of the crowd.

At one point on the St. Kilda-road stood massed and ranked some 30,000 school children, a sort of island of youthful faces set in the darker framework of the crowd. And as the royal party passed, these broke out into what can only be described as a tumult of thrilling, shrill-cadenced music. Let who can try to realise the effect of 30,000 youthful voices—sweet and pure, if shrill—poured suddenly into the strains of "God Save the King," and running in one mighty wave of keenest sound over the whole scene. The children, it may be added, were drawn up on a long, sloping bank, so that the whole mass was visible at a glance, a vast inclined parallelogram of youthful figures, the girls in white, with bands of blue. At a given signal, as they sang "God Save the King," every child in the crowd suddenly lifted a tiny flag and waved it. In a moment the great bank of childish faces had vanished! All that could be seen was a carpet of bright-coloured, fluttering flags.

Another Picture.

But let the reader imagine that he is waiting in front of Parliament House, at the artistic and dramatic centre of the whole spectacle; where the crowd is densest; where all the beauty and interest of the scene reaches its culminating point. Before him rises the long, many-pillared facade of Parliament House. The slope of the great terrace of steps leading up to it is crowded with the foremost men and the fairest women in Australasia; the long front is edged with fresh-faced and youthful cadets. The footpaths, far as the eye can run, are one packed and solid mass of spectators. The great terraces of seats, running up with a sort of mountainous effect, are one slope of life and colour. A narrow ribbon of clear space, edged with the steadfast figures of the silent troops, marks where the procession is to come.

The air has been full of the chatter of human voices; the crowd has been laughing, restless, im-

ARCH ERECTED OVER PRINCE'S BRIDGE IN 1867 IN HONOUR OF THE VISIT OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

THE GATEWAY TO THE CITY.
ARCH ERECTED ON PRINCE'S BRIDGE TO WELCOME THE DUKE.

patient. But now it suddenly hushes! Every figure grows tense, every face eager. A wave of sound that grows deeper every moment is flowing over the house-roofs; it is the sound of the trampling hoofs of many horses, of fife and drum, of steel ringing on steel, of the stormy cheering of a great crowd.

A great crowd, it is to be noted, has a characteristic voice of its own, with a definite though narrow range of notes; and the hearer finds himself unconsciously trying to analyse its quality. Every human passion has its special note. Did not Mendelssohn get the music of the stormy chorus, "Stone him to death," in his St. Paul, from the voice of the crowd crying "Bread," in front of the Kaiser's palace in Vienna? But there is no character or passion in the cheer of the crowd to-day. As heard far off it is high-keyed and sharp, a note of excitement running through it. Then, as it comes nearer, it seems to deepen; it is all about one, an indescribable tumult of sound.

The Prince!

But now the head of the procession, a solitary and gorgeous figure, swings into sight. It is only the assistant quartermaster-general, but ten field-marshals rolled into one would scarcely equal for picturesqueness this scarlet, be-feathered and martial figure. Then come the Victorian Mounted Rifles, in sober brown, with maroon facings, and following them the New South Wales Mounted Rifles, whose brown uniform is edged and slashed with vivid red. Detachment after detachment follows; then a single resplendent figure, with shining helmet and cuirass and gold-braided uniform, the aide-de-camp to His Excellency the Governor-General. Now come a pair of outriders; carriage after carriage, with postilions, containing members of the royal staff; the advance party of the royal escort, formed of men from all the States of the Commonwealth, with New Zealanders; a group of officers; a pair of outriders; then comes the Governor-General's carriage, with the Duke and Duchess.

The two figures are seen for the first time by probably 999 people out of every 1,000 in the crowd; yet they are instantly recognised. The youthful, though bearded and sailor-like, face of the Prince; the stately figure, clad in black, of the Duchess. The carriage moves slowly on, attended by one continuous wave of cheering, that began at the St. Kilda pier and never ceased till, after a drive of betwixt six and seven miles, the royal carriage swept into the gates of Government House Domain. One could have wished sometimes for a deeper note in the cheering; but the truth was that the vision of the royal pair was, at first, an appeal chiefly to the curiosity of the crowd. Many of the spectators were so eager to take in every detail of what they saw that they almost forgot that they possessed voices as well as eyes. But as the cortege moved on, every now and again some sudden shout, or a tumult of voices from one of the great terraces of seats, would move the crowd with the contagion of its enthusiasm, and then the cheering took something of the depth and vibration of thunder.

The royal pair bowed incessantly, but with a judicious economy of curve. The royal bow has apparently been reduced to a minimum. It might almost be described as consisting of nothing but a spinal vibration! But human strength has its limits. It would be unreasonable to expect the royal spine to describe a series of extensive and increasing curves along a route of nearly seven miles.

The Troops.

Now comes the far-stretching column of mounted infantry. They moved past in what seemed to be unceasing succession; sometimes picturesque, always serviceable-looking and soldier-like: Queenslanders with maroon-faced khaki, and felt hats feather-crested; South Australians in khaki, scarlet-faced; West Australians with Spartan-like severity of khaki, in which gleamed no point of colour; Tasmanians in grey, faced with red, and black-feathered hats; New Zealanders in brown and red. The New South Wales Field Artillery, in blue cloth tunics, yellow-braided, with white pants and white helmets, outshone the Victorian gunners; but the most picturesque figures in the column were the New South Wales Lancers. The fawn-coloured tunics, piped and breasted with red, and the feather-crested hats, were striking; but when above these gleamed a forest of glittering lance-points, with gay pennons, the effect was striking, and the crowd, always responsive to a vivid colour-effect, cheered rapturously. There were only 1,400 Mounted Infantry, and that number seems modest. It scarcely amounts to a couple of cavalry regiments. In the military arithmetic of the Continent, the whole force would have been a very inconspicuous numeral. None wore swords, too, and only a single detachment carried lances, so that it was difficult to imagine them, like the horsemen of Wellington's days, charging batteries at gallop, or breaking squares with their impact. Yet they represented the biggest and most formidable mass of armed horsemen ever seen in the streets of an Australian city; and the sense of power they gave was very marked. The men rode well. They were keen-faced, alert, hardy. It was easy to imagine them keeping watch, a line of outposts along a threatened frontier; or moving, a wave of mounted skirmishers, in front of an ad-

vancing army, the eyes and ears of the force to which they belonged.

Sometimes the long column—and, be it remembered, it was a mile and a quarter in length—got temporarily dislocated. A wide gap stretched betwixt two detachments, and the order was given to "trot," "canter." This took place once on the hill slope from the Post Office to Queen-street, and again where the crowd was densest in what is known as "The Block," in Collins-street. The sight of the rushing mounted figures, sweeping through the crowd in a track so narrow, the sound of the thundering hoofs, curiously excited the multitude, and the cheering grew vehement. Sometimes a trooper's horse flung its head suddenly above the line of the crowd. The snorting nostrils, the distended eyes, and the flying mane were visible for a moment, then vanished. But the effect was as though a bit of the frieze along the front of the Parthenon had suddenly come to life, and was exhibited for the sake of thrilling an Australian crowd!

But the long column comes to an end at last. The last files have passed. The sound of the cheering grows fainter. Then the long, rigid lines of the crowd suddenly relax. Its mass dissolves. The clear line of the track vanishes. The great terraces of seats have emptied themselves; the lines of the house-tops grow clear; Melbourne has seen and welcomed the Prince. The first act in the long and stately welcome which Melbourne is offering its royal visitor has come to an end!

An Illuminated City.

Then came the night, with its illuminated city, a night which outshone even a day so brilliant. The illuminations were, in fact, a revelation of what art, working by electricity, can do in the way of clothing a city with flame. No one had imagined, or guessed, the wealth of artistic invention, as well as of solid cash, which had been expended towards this end.

The use of electricity makes strange effects in the way of illumination possible. The whole front of a great building breaks into white fire almost at a single flash. The Exhibition Building, for example, rose, a shapeless, dimly-seen mass in the evening dusk. Its cupola-like dome, black against the black sky, seemed like some inky and gigantic moon. Suddenly a thousand lines of white flame flashed like threads of pallid lightning along the whole front of the huge building. They leaped at a breath from basement to window, from window to parapet. They crested every little spire; they ran along the black curve of the great dome. Every angle in an instant was edged with flame; every line was drawn in fire. The whole architecture became luminous. The great building, clad with the flame of ten thousand stars, stood revealed; the dome, that crowns the building, hung in the sky like some great harvest moon, and visible for a distance of twenty miles. Where two faces of some great building, rising above the city roofs—like the Town Hall, or the Post Office—were illuminated with sufficient art, the effect seen from afar was that of some great architectural design hung in space, or painted on the velvet blackness of the night sky.

The climax of the effect, however, was reached with the two spire-crowned and ornamental buildings which the Railway Department had erected at the opposite corners of Swanston-street, where it is intersected by Flinders-street. The design of these buildings lent itself with curious effectiveness to the purposes of illumination. There is something Moorish in their shape; they suggest the tombs of the Caliphs at Cairo, crowned with a lance-shaped spire. When lit up from base to summit with points of electric light, the effect was remarkable. Each seemed like a luminous spire of jewels set in the darkness. The tinting of the lights strangely heightened the general effect. It was green at base, a deep flame-like red at centre, running up to white—the white of molten steel—at the tip, the whole giving an indescribable sense of intensity. They were twin spears of flame, white-hot at the extremity, lifted high into the sky.

Seen from some high building, Melbourne at night-time, when illuminated, suggested, in a word, nothing so much as a scene from the "Arabian Nights." It was a city of flame, which only the imagination and art of some committee of genii could have created.

Low in the western sky, too, right above the roofs of the city, hung the comet. Seen from one of the eastern suburbs, it looked as though it were about to plunge into the luminous haze of the shining streets and add a new glory to the illuminations. Glittering city below and flaming comet above made a weird conjunction!

II.—THE BIRTH OF A PARLIAMENT.

Melbourne, May 9

This is the central day of the week-long festival, the consummating act of the drama which a whole continent is watching. All that goes before, or that comes after, is, in a sense, irrelevant. At best it is but a gay and decorated frame to the event of to-day, which, in the deepest sense, is historic; nay, is more than historic, is history-making! For the vast gathering in the Exhibition Building to-day listens and watches while the words are spoken which create a Parliament. And

such a Parliament! An instrument of government for a continent! An organ which will have for the Commonwealth the office of brain and will, of tongue and hand. A Parliament which is the true organ of government for a nation lives long. Centuries are but as the ticks of a clock in its life. And five hundred years hence, when all the actors on the stage of the great scene of to-day have vanished and are forgotten, and when the Australian Commonwealth has become a mighty State, with a population of 100,000,000, the Parliament whose birth we have watched will still live, and be one of the great political forces of the world.

The Scene.

The Exhibition Building, as it is called, is in the quality of spaciousness, at least, a fitting stage for a drama so memorable. It consists of a vast parallelogram running east and west, with deep transepts stretching north and south from its centre. A great dome rises above the intersection; galleries run round the whole extent of the building. A dais has been erected beneath the dome, facing the northern transept, on which the Duke and Duchess are to sit. Behind, on a rising terrace of benches, are gathered already the Governors of the various States, with their wives; the wives, it may be added, making very sober patches of colour beside the costumes, heavy with gold braid and gleaming with jewelled orders, of their husbands. Immediately in front of the dais sit—or will sit presently—the members of both Houses of the Commonwealth Parliament; though at least one notable figure, that of Mr. G. H. Reid, will be absent through illness. When set against the background of the great audience they make a very inconspicuous patch of humanity. Yet all the genuine meaning of the gathering is in that tiny island of heads, many of them grey, and some bald. On either side sit the representatives of the various State Parliaments, making a sort of political aureole to the royal dais and the Commonwealth Parliament itself.

The Spectators.

Looked at from, say, the organ gallery at the western end of the great nave, it must be confessed that the dais, with its nimbus of Parliaments, seems insignificant when compared with the audience. The floor is packed; the galleries are one solid, far-stretching terrace of human faces. No doubt, if the building had been shaped like an ancient amphitheatre, or a modern opera-house, so that the central stage was visible from every point, it would have better served the end of the great function. But somehow the very defects of the great building seem to increase the impressiveness and scale of the audience. The unseen affects the imagination sometimes more than even the seen; and of this vast gathering almost one-half is invisible to the other half. The deep central transept is, of course, invisible from the nave; and the spectators in the transept can catch no glimpse of the vast double lines of human beings in the main building. One had to study the audience first from one point, then from another, to realise its dimensions. Here were probably 12,000 persons all seated at a single moment under one roof. Australia has never seen such a sight before! St. Paul's itself only holds 5,000. Here is a gathering at least twice as great as any ever seen in the great London Cathedral. Looked at from one end of the nave both space and audience seem overwhelming. The space is so great that no human voice can be audible over its whole area. Heard from the depths of the transept, the orchestra itself is but a whisper. The figures on the centre dais seem like tiny marionettes.

A Reflex of the Empire.

Yet the whole scene is most happily grouped. It is, in a sense, a reflex of the Empire. Royalty is represented by that crimson chair with its tiny crown. On the dais behind it are the State Governors, the great servants of the Empire, who administer its far-off provinces and are, so to speak, Roman pro-consuls translated into modern terms. Every patch of colour in the human framework round the dais represents some great element in the national life. That splash of scarlet to the right is the judges, and symbolises law. Those spots of crimson and gold are the army; the sober blue, with shining epaulettes, is the navy. The State Parliaments—plain men, strong-faced and strong-bodied—represent the working machinery of politics, and are to the Commonwealth Parliament itself what the planets are to the central sun.

But at this stage a fanfare of trumpets tells the great audience, that has been waiting with more or less of patience for two long hours, that something is about to happen. The first notes of "God Save the King" float up from the orchestra. The audience rises. A tiny group of figures mounts the dais: it is the Duke and Duchess, the Governor-General (Lord Hopetoun) and Lady Hopetoun. The Usher of the black rod effloresces into bows, and departs to summons the members of the House of Representatives to their seats; and meanwhile the venerable strains of the "Old Hundredth" steal out from the orchestra. What chords of familiar memories the well-known notes stir! The words which have served as a vehicle for the worship of generations seem to take a new stateliness and dignity when sung here:

Sears, Photo.]
THE DUKE PASSING ALONG SWANSTON-STREET TO OPEN THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT.

"All people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

"The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take."

Many of the audience joined in the hymn, and the music in rich, soft volume eddied round the deep recess of the transept and flowed along the crowded, far-stretching nave.

A Study in Voices.

It is difficult to link, in unbroken sequence, the stages of a function on a scale so great; and a disconcerting pause followed here. Everyone was waiting for the appearance of the members of the House of Representatives. They came at last, not in orderly procession, but in a sort of disintegrated crowd. Then followed what may be called a comparative study in voices. The clerk of the Federal Parliament, Mr. Blackmore, famous for the volume and range of his voice, read the letters patent commissioning the Duke of York to open the Federal Parliament. His voice was, no doubt, audible to those immediately in front of him, but it scarcely caused a vibration of the atmosphere in the remoter extremities of the building! The prayer came next, read by Lord Hopetoun. Lord Hopetoun has a reed-like voice, without compass or quality of tone; but it is sympathetic, and it "carries." It now flowed through the great building, charged with reverent syllables of worship, and no archbishop extant could have read the prayers with greater felicity and effectiveness than did the Governor-General of Australia. What an effect would have been produced if 12,000 voices had joined in reciting the Lord's Prayer with Lord Hopetoun! But that great opportunity was, somehow, missed.

Then came the speech from the throne by the Duke of York. The Duke stood up, clad in his naval uniform, a figure that, no doubt, lacks impressiveness of stature, but which, nevertheless, is manly and pleasant to look at. The great audience hushed down to catch the first vibrations of his voice. How should a prince address an audience of 12,000 people? But the Prince maintains what may be called the vocal traditions of his house. The Queen was a beautiful reader. Fanny Kemble, herself an exquisite artist, listened to the Queen reading the speech from the throne in her first Parliament, and she has left on record her judgment. "She had never," she said, "heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness." To hear the Queen's English spoken by the English Queen was a joy to the educated ear. The present writer heard Edward VII.—then the Prince of Wales—speak under the most difficult acoustic conditions, and perhaps no other voice in England could have surpassed his for audibility. And in the function in the Exhibition Building, the Duke of York's voice is undoubtedly the one best heard. It is resonant and sustained; the utterance is crisp; every consonant is sharply defined, and every vowel has due breadth given to it.

Then follows the swearing-in of hon. members, a process executed with great despatch; the invitation to the two Houses to elect a Speaker and a President respectively; and then comes the Hallelujah Chorus, the fitting musical crown to an event so memorable in the history of the nation. "King of kings and Lord of lords," chanted the singers, and the strains seemed to link the earthly kingship to a diviner royalty.

The descent from the Hallelujah Chorus to "Rule Britannia" is somewhat abrupt. It is like exchanging an organ for a penny whistle! The audience, however, takes the plunge, and recovers itself partially on "God Save the King;" then the glittering procession of notabilities files out of the building; and the vast audience itself begins to stream out through every exit, submerging all the streets in the neighbourhood. The great event is complete. The Commonwealth Parliament is born!

The New Parliament.

And what impression does the Parliament make as it thus emerges into human vision?

Looked at through philosophical spectacles, the Commonwealth Parliament is a very remarkable body. It is, for one thing, the Parliament of a Continent. Here are a hundred and odd men for whom all Australia—with a coast-line of 8,000 miles—is a sounding-board! To realise the area this body controls, we have to think in kingdoms, to walk in seven-leagued boots.

The Geography of the Commonwealth.

Australian geography can be adequately understood only by translating it into European, or old-world, terms. West Australia alone, for example, is almost equal to China proper; eight Portugals, or well-nigh three Italies, might be packed into New South Wales. Even Victoria is seven times the size of the Netherlands; while Queensland is equal in area to all the Thirteen United Provinces that originally formed the United States, and successfully defied the England of George III. Two of the colonies taken together—South Australia and West Australia—are equal to Russia in Europe. Australian geography, in a word, has something of Titanic scale.

It has almost a humorous effect to compare what may be called the average geographical value

of a member of the House of Commons with that of a member of the Australian House of Representatives. A member of the House of Commons represents, on an average, about 180 square miles; the average geographical value of a member of the House of Representatives is nearly 44,000 square miles! Each of the five gentlemen whom West Australia sends up to the House of Representatives stands for an area equal to that of France. For, absurd as it seems, West Australia alone is as big as five Frances put together! To be a member of the Commonwealth Parliament is thus equivalent, for geographical reasons alone, to a new political education. The experience must tend to kill that parochialism which is the familiar and deadly vice of Australian politics. Here are a hundred and odd men who must think, not for the parish, but for the continent. Each man knows that the effect of his vote stretches from Brisbane to Perth; from where the Tasmanian cliffs look southward to the pole, to where Cape York thrusts its spear-like point deep into the tropics.

A Great Task.

If the Commonwealth Parliament be judged merely by its political problems and possibilities, it is a body upon which the curiosity and expectation of the civilised world may well rest. Consider what its first and preliminary task is. It has to create, at a breath, a whole system of administration! It has to make its own precedents. It has not merely to invent a tariff, but to fuse six hostile tariffs into a common element, and evolve, out of them, a new and homogeneous tariff; a tariff which is to stretch over a continent, and suit all varieties of climate and all forms of industry, all diversities of interest! Hitherto the Customs House has been the symbol of disunion, the fountain of strife, betwixt the States. It has stood for all the separating forces that work in Australian politics. It has been the weapon which the colonies have used like a sword against each other. It might easily, in time, have called for the arbitrament of the sword. The Commonwealth Parliament has to invert all this. It has to make the Customs House the very means of union. It is to be the common purse of all the States; the cement holding them together. The duties in the Commonwealth tariff are threads out of which is to be woven the girdle which holds the States together.

How the Parliament Looks.

Every Parliament has a physiognomy of its own. The House of Commons—in generous patches, at least—is a mosaic of bald heads—except where the Irish Party sits, massed and bearded and dark. It has a well-fed, prosperous look. Its members have the aspect of men who may have worked hard, but who certainly have dined well and often. It is not scholarly; it is not aristocratic, it is not emotional; least of all is it youthful; but it certainly is respectable. The American Congress has an aspect, as well as an accent, all its own. It does not give one the impression of age. Its members look as if they never had been young, and never intended to be old; and no matter to what age, measured by the almanac, they may live, they will never be "venerable." For the "venerableness" of old age comes from a certain softness of fibre, and "softness" is the last quality suggested by an assembly of American Senators. The men are hard; and hard not as oak is, but as steel is—with edge, that is, as well as hardness.

But the Parliament which must take charge of the Australian continent—with Tasmania thrown in—is neither English nor American. It gives no sense of soft-fibred and well-fed prosperity. It is neither young nor old. There is no halo of sentiment about it. It is grave, practical, business-like. It is visibly made up of men who are in touch with concrete realities; who will probably take short views; who care much for facts, and little for theories; who have worked hard, and have found the hours of the day too short and the days of the week too few for their work. They are strenuous-looking men, whose faces are deep-lined and grave, and yet, for the most part, they have a look of out-of-door freshness.

What It is Made of.

The character of the Commonwealth Parliament is reflected in the avocations of its members. Only four honourable members described themselves in their nomination-papers as "gentlemen;" yet in the two Houses there are no less than fourteen knights. But then not one of these knighthoods is hereditary. All have been won by hard and distinguished public service; service to the State commonly rendered in the intervals of strenuous mercantile or professional life. In the two Houses there are no less than twenty-five lawyers; almost every fourth member, in a word, is entitled to wear a wig. But the next section in point of numbers consists of miners. No less than ten members of either the Senate or the House of Representatives belong to that vocation. The Commonwealth Parliament includes 7 pastoralists, 6 land and estate agents, but only 5 journalists. Press and Parliament in Australia are apt to be rival and opposing forces, and the broad sheet of the newspaper is less and less likely to prove an open door to Parliament. Only one proprietor of a great journal sits in this Parliament, Sir Langdon Bonython; and he is perhaps the only proprietor

of a leading journal who could step from behind the broad pages of his newspaper and command the suffrages of the whole State to which he belongs, beating even its Premier in the number of votes he won! In the Commonwealth Parliament, it may be added, there are three farmers, two hatters, one engine-fitter, one builder, one gardener, one labourer, one bookseller, one compositor, one carpenter, one doctor, two auctioneers, and one clergyman. It is unnecessary to pursue this list of avocations further; but it is clear that the Parliament of the Commonwealth, like all the other Australian Parliaments, is not a dilettante body, made up of the representatives of the leisured classes. It is a Parliament of "working-men;" though not, perhaps, in the narrow and Trades' Hall sense of that fine and ill-used term. It consists of "workers" in the largest sense: of men who have earned their bread, and in many instances built great fortunes, with toil of brain and pen, as well as of hand and muscle.

Its Standard of Experience.

If this Parliament, too, has charge of a great experiment, it is not itself an experiment! It is not made up, that is, of amateurs. Here are men accustomed to affairs, quick in debate, familiar with administration. They probably do not know much of what may be called the literature of politics; but what they do not know of its practical business is not worth learning. It is almost amusing to reflect how many Ministers of the Crown in the past tense—to say nothing of the future tense—sit on the red velvet cushions waiting for the Prince to enter, and speak the magic syllables which will crystallise them into a Parliament. Amongst these 111 gentlemen are 12 ex-Premiers (to say nothing of Mr. Barton, the Commonwealth Premier); there are 8 ex-Treasurers and 5 ex-Attorney-Generals. If the number of Ministerial portfolios which, at one time or another have been held by the members of the Commonwealth Parliament were distributed over their whole number, almost every second member would be entitled to rank as an ex-Minister of the Crown! The Commonwealth Parliament, in this sense, may be said to resemble an American militia regiment, and to consist principally of officers. Australia and Tasmania, it must be remembered, with a population smaller than that of London, support 6 Cabinets—all apt to die young—and 12 Houses of Parliament. No wonder that ex-Ministers are so abundant. As one result, the standard of administrative experience in this Parliament is much higher than in the House of Commons itself. It might almost disquiet Mr. Barton and his colleagues, indeed, if they began to reflect how many capable Cabinets might be formed out of the 111 members who form the two Houses!

Historical Precedents.

Three times in its history has the English-speaking race witnessed the crystallisation of a group of colonies into a single political system. One such experiment—unhappy in its incidents, tremendous in its results—was when the Thirteen United Provinces broke away from the Empire and became the United States. The second, under happier conditions, gave the world the Dominion of Canada. The third, and happiest of all, is that which has given birth to the Australian Commonwealth. If we set the new Commonwealth and its Parliament against the background of the greater politics of the world, we get a glimpse of its real scale. The statesmen of the Continent understand the significance of this political new-birth. It is an Italian publicist, Signor Diego Angeli, who tells his countrymen that "the federation of the Australian colonies is not merely an act of British politics or a phase of Great Britain's Imperial expansion, but it is rather the beginning of a transformation which in our century will modify the whole distribution of races."

It does not need the genius of a poet, but only the instructed imagination of a statesman—which never parts company with the multiplication table, or quarrels with it—to understand the significance and possibilities of the new Commonwealth. It may be said, perhaps, that Australia, with its almost measureless geography, is a vast but empty house. Taken by its human contents, it has a population less than that of London, scattered over an area nearly equal to the whole of Europe. But let it be remembered with what unmatched speed the colonies have grown! In 1810, Sydney Smith gave, in the "Edinburgh Review," the statistics of Australia for 1788. There were, then, betwixt the Leeuwin and what is now Brisbane exactly 5 horned cattle, 7 horses, 29 sheep, 74 hogs, and 1,000 inhabitants. Not a sod of Australian soil had been turned by the ploughshare! Not a brick had been shaped out of Australian clay!

Since then Australia has poured nearly £500,000,000 worth of gold into the world's treasure chest. It has constructed 13,000 miles of railway. It has spent on reproductive public works more than £150,000,000. Its population has risen to over 4,000,000. It has built Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Hobart, Brisbane. It has a public revenue of nearly £30,000,000; its annual exports and imports, taken together, exceed £140,000,000; its flocks and herds have grown into millions. Incidentally, it may be

RAILWAY TOWERS ERECTED AT PRINCE'S BRIDGE, MELBOURNE; ILLUMINATED BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

added, it has constructed a public debt of nearly £200,000,000!

The Future.

What will Australia be at the end of another century? We shall certainly not reach by A.D. 2000 the population of 100,000,000 with which one sanguine authority credits us; but we shall be a great nation, with New Zealand—the Great Britain of the South—as our ally, if not as an integral part of us, with the whole Pacific as our field. And we shall play a great part in history. The historian a century hence will explore the antique records of the Parliament whose first sitting took place to-day, and will study the faded photographs of its members with curious interest. These were the men, and this the instrument, by which the first outlines of the great Australian nation were shaped.

III.—THE DUKE OF YORK.

The central figure in the bright-coloured drama of the week has, of course, been the Duke; though the Duchess—and, it may be added, Lord Hopetoun—have vied in popular interest with even the Duke of York himself. There is something, to the philosophic mind, amusing in the curiosity—eager, wide-eyed, intent—with which every movement of the royal pair has been followed by the crowds. Patient multitudes have watched, in long, unbroken lines, in shower and sunshine, by day or night, to catch but one glimpse of the royal carriage, with its outriders. The interest felt in the Duke is natural. He is the Heir Apparent of the throne. In due course, unless unkind Fate, with its abhorred shears, cuts the thread of his life, he will become George V. The blood of a hundred kings is in the Prince's veins. A line of ancestry is behind him which runs back, on the English side, to Egbert and to Alfred the Great; and, on the German side, past Frederick the Wise, of Saxony, to what hard-fighting, mail-clad ritters of the centuries beyond! And what a destiny stretches before him! He is the heir to a throne which might satisfy the imagination of an Alexander, and content the ambition of a Napoleon.

What is the character behind that bearded, sailor-like countenance, with youth still in every line? It tells much in his favour that the Duke is a sailor, and a sailor, not of the ornamental, but of the active and practical type. He was a naval cadet on the Britannia, living the ordinary cadet-life. Are there any critics keener or franker than schoolboys on a fellow-schoolboy? And officers who were with Prince George on the Britannia tell pleasant tales of his humour, manliness, and absence of "side."

One of the magazines tells a pleasant story of the Duke. "In 1888, when Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Sir John Commerell one day received a message from the Prince of Wales, saying that he wished to see his son at Goodwood. The message was duly delivered to Prince George, but the Prince preferred to think of his duty first. His answer, although he could perfectly well have been spared on the occasion, was, 'Well, sir, but what is to become of my torpedo-boat?' 'I think, Prince George,' was the reply, 'we can spare you for the day, and your father would like to see you at Goodwood.' 'No, sir,' replied the Prince, 'I have got orders to go out in my torpedo-boat to Spithead, and go I must.' And soon afterwards his Royal Highness was steaming out to sea in the teeth of an easterly gale."

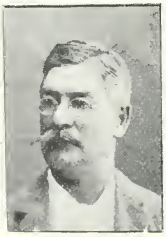
A critic of an older and harder type, and a gentleman of standing and influence in London, on the other hand, told the present writer that the Duke was "old George III. come to life again"! He is strongwilled, that is, obstinate, with a natural bias to despotic ways. But a "despot," under the political conditions of modern England, is unthinkable. The Duke lives, so to speak, under a microscope. He walks in very slippery ways. He is appealed to by many temptations. Yet he has made no blunders. He is touched by no scandal. He plays a difficult part on a great stage, and plays it with judgment. He may not have his royal father's tact—a tact which, in Edward VII., rises almost to the level of genius. But who remembers a single ungracious word the Duke has spoken, or a single indiscreet act he has committed!

The photographs of the members of the Commonwealth Parliament published herewith are by Johnstone, O'Shannessy; Talma; Hammer and Co.; Newman; Greenham and Evans; Crown Studios; Vandyck; Lomer; Freeman and Co.; Beattie; Kerry and Co.; Grouzelle; Fruhling; Adcock; Taylor; Wiley; Beames and Co.; Mason; Poulsen and Cooper.

THE COMMONWEALTH CABINET

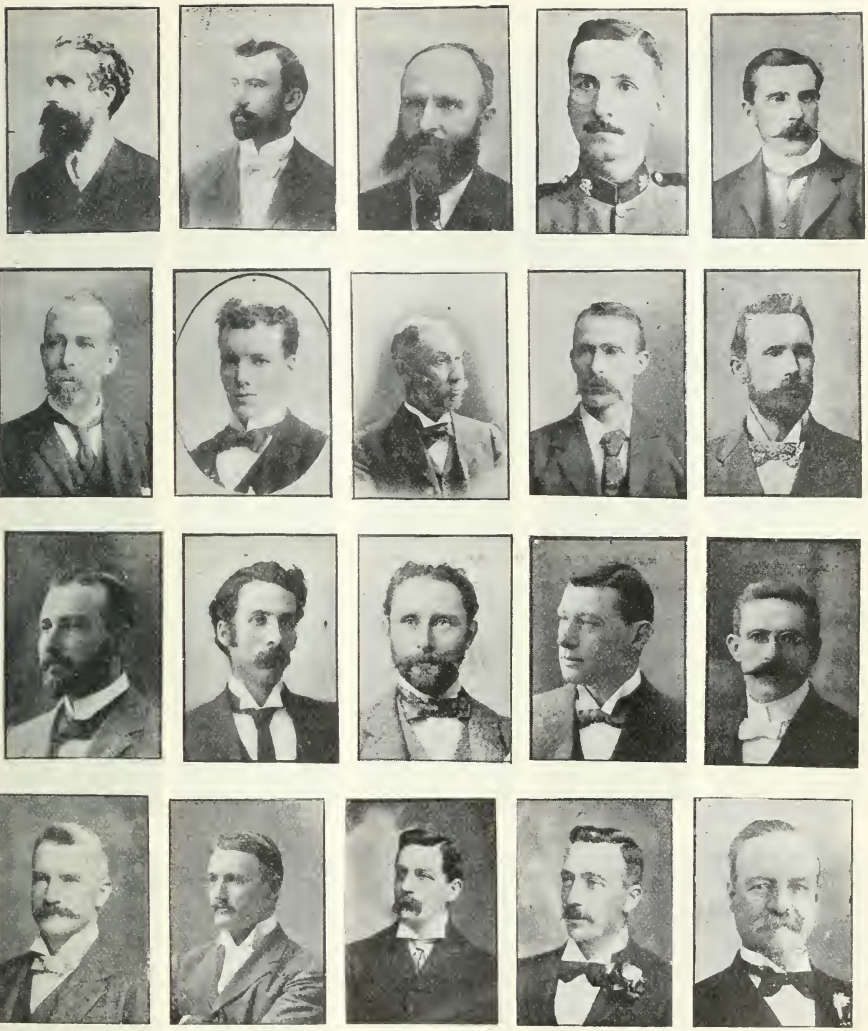
1.—Right Hon. Sir G. Turner, Treasurer.
2.—Hon. Alfred Deakin, Attorney-General.
3.—Right Hon. C. C. Kingston, Minister for Trade and Customs.
4.—Sir Philip Fysh, Honorary Minister.
5.—Right Hon. E. Barton, Prime Minister.
6.—Senator R. E. O'Connor, Honorary Minister.
7.—Right Hon. Sir J. Forrest, Minister of Defence.
8.—Hon. Sir W. J. Lyne, Minister for Home Affairs.
9.—Senator J. G. Drake, Postmaster-General.

(Photos by Johnstone, O'Shannessy; and Talma).



THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT.—THE SENATE.

1.—Senator Hon. E. D. Millen, N.S.W.
2.—Senator E. Pulsford, N.S.W.
3.—Senator J. C. Neild, N.S.W.
4.—Senator Hon. R. E. O'Connor, N.S.W.
5.—Senator A. J. Gould, N.S.W.
6.—Senator J. T. Walker, N.S.W.
7.—Senator Hon. S. Fraser, Vic.
8.—Senator J. G. Barrett, Vic.
9.—Senator Hon. Lieut.-Col. Sir F. T. Sargood, Vic.
10.—Senator Hon. R. W. Best, Vic.
11.—Senator Hon. Sir W. A. Zeal, Vic.
12.—Senator J. Styles, Vic.
13.—Sen. Hon. Sir R. C. Baker, S.A. (President).
14.—Senator G. McGregor, S.A.
15.—Senator M. Charleston, S.A.
16.—Senator Hon. T. Playford, S.A.
17.—Senator Hon. Sir J. W. Downer, S.A.
18.—Senator Sir J. H. Symon, S.A.
19.—Senator J. Ferguson, Q.
20.—Senator A. Dawson, Q.

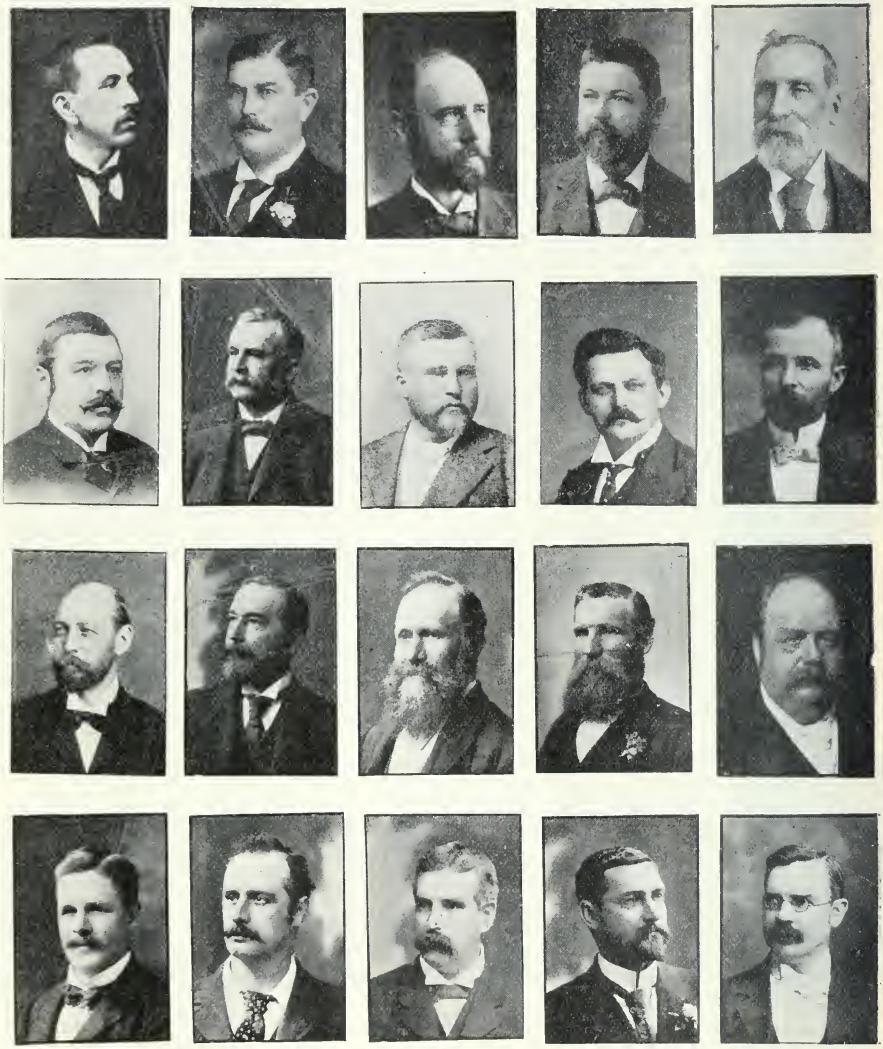


THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT.—THE SENATE.

1.—Senator T. Glassey, Q.
2.—Senator W. G. Higgs, Q.
3.—Senator J. C. Stewart, Q.
4.—Senator Col. Cameron, Tas.
5.—Senator J. S. Clemons, Tas.
6.—Senator H. Dobson, Tas.
7.—Senator J. H. Keating, Tas.
8.—Senator J. Macfarlane, Tas.
9.—Senator Dr. D. J. O'Keefe, Tas.
10.—Senator H. De Largie, W.A.
11.—Senator M. S. Smith, W.A.
12.—Senator G. F. Pearce, W.A.
13.—Senator Hon. A. P. Matheson, W.A.
14.—Senator E. A. Harney, W.A.
15.—Senator N. K. Ewing, W.A.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

16.—G. A. Cruikshank, N.S.W.
17.—A. H. Conroy, N.S.W.
18.—F. E. McLean, N.S.W.
19.—A. Chapman, N.S.W.
20.—J. M. Chanter, N.S.W.

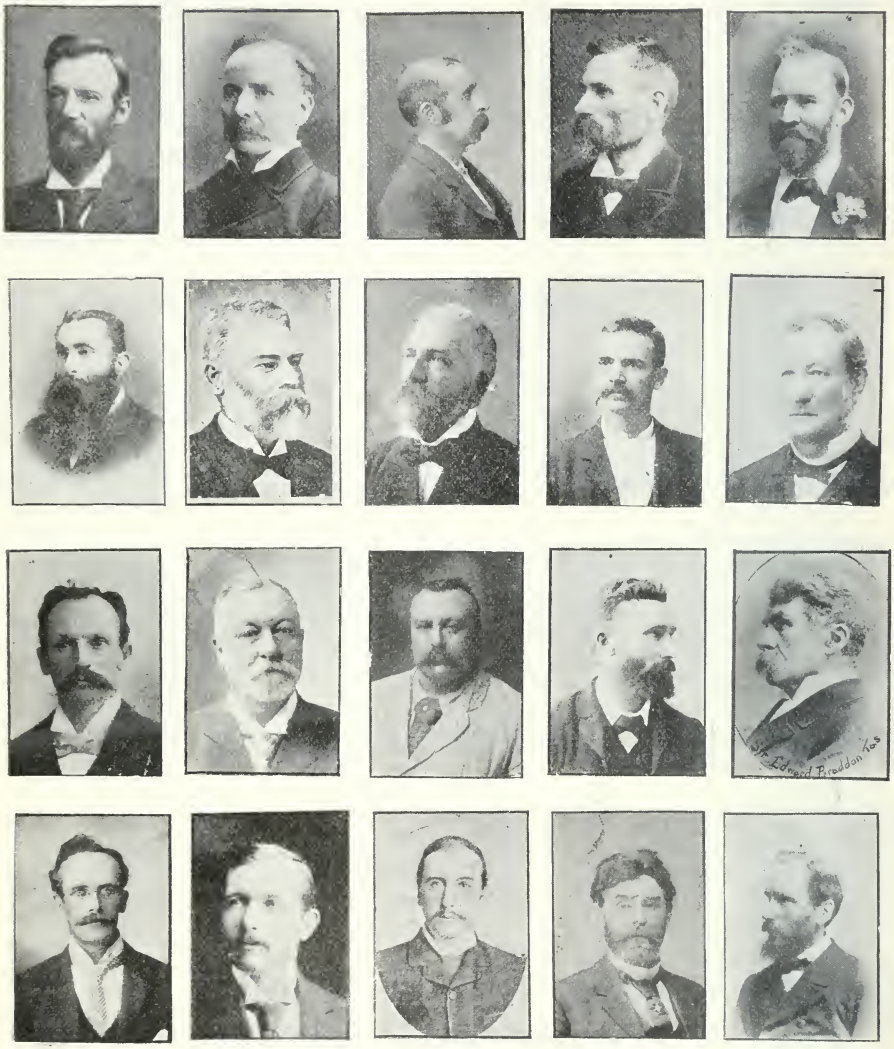


THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

1.—W. M. Hughes, N.S.W.
2.—C. W. Fuller, N.S.W.
3.—Hon. Sir W. McMillan, N.S.W.
4.—F. Clarke, N.S.W.
5.—E. Solomon, W.A.
6.—B. Smith, N.S.W.
7.—W. B. S. G. Sawers, N.S.W.
8.—G. B. Edwards, N.S.W.
9.—H. Wills, N.S.W.
10.—T. Brown, N.S.W.
11.—J. Cook, N.S.W.
12.—D. Thomson, N.S.W.
13.—W. G. Spence, N.S.W.
14.—S. Smith, N.S.W.
15.—Right Hon. G. H. Reid, N.S.W.
16.—D. Watkins, N.S.W.
17.—W. H. Wilks, N.S.W.
18.—T. T. Ewing, N.S.W.
19.—J. C. Watson, N.S.W.
20.—J. Thomas, N.S.W.

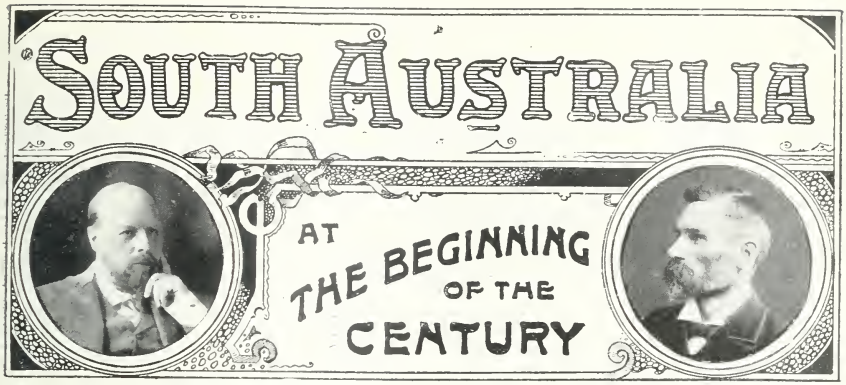
THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

1.—Sir John Quick, Vic.
2.—J. B. Ronald, Vic.
3.—T. Skene, Vic.
4.—F. Tudor, Vic.
5.—Hon. C. C. Salmon, Vic.
6.—J. Hume Cook, Vic.
7.—S. Mauger, Vic.
8.—Sir M. McEacharn, Vic.
9.—Hon. A. McLean, Vic.
10.—Hon. J. H. McColl, Vic.
11.—Hon. S. W. Cooke, Vic.
12.—R. A. Crouch, Vic.
13.—A. C. Groom, Vic.
14.—R. Harper, Vic.
15.—H. B. Higgins, Vic.
16.—Hon. J. W. McCay, Vic.
17.—J. C. Manifold, Vic.
18.—T. Kennedy, Vic.
19.—Hon. W. Knox, Vic.
20.—Hon. I. A. Isaacs, Vic.



THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

1.—E. L. Batchelor, S.A.
2.—Sir J. L. Bonython, S.A.
3.—P. McM. Glynn, S.A.
4.—Hon. F. W. Holder, S.A. (Speaker).
5.—A. Poynton, S.A.
6.—V. L. Solomon, S.A.
7.—F. W. Bamford, Q.
8.—R. Edwards, Q.
9.—A. Fisher, Q.
10.—W. H. Groom, Q.
11.—C. McDonald, Q.
12.—T. M. Patterson, Q.
13.—J. Page, Q.
14.—J. Wilkinson, Q.
15.—Right Hon. Sir E. Braddon, Tas.
16.—J. M. Fowler, W.A.
17.—J. W. Kirwan, W.A.
18.—N. Cameron, Tas.
19.—K. O'Malley, Tas.
20.—Hon. F. W. Piesse, Tas.



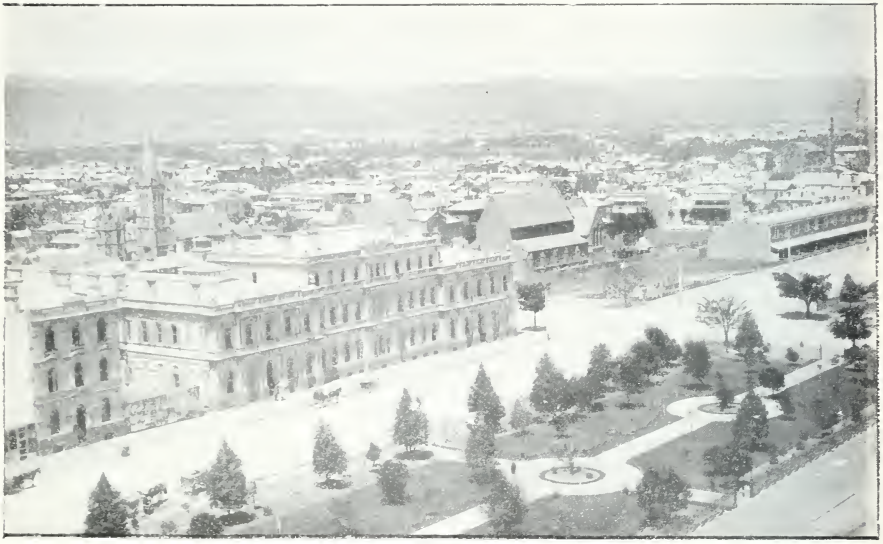
By H. T. Burgess, LL.B.

The title of "South Australia" is geographically incorrect, and only worth keeping because historically reminiscent. The territory stretches clear through the continent, and the greater part of it is more northerly than Victoria and New South Wales. It got its name originally from the intention of its founders to establish a settlement on the southern coast of Australia, and designations, however inappropriate, are not easily changed. The founders were gentlemen who combined philanthropy with patriotism, and their objects were novel and experimental in the history of colonisation. Their aim was high, their spirit earnest, and they succeeded in enlisting agents who were like-minded and capable. The pioneers, instead of being enterprising wanderers from other parts of Australia, were emigrants direct from Great Britain, mostly attracted by the prospect of making homes for themselves and their families under the Southern Cross. As a rule, they were selected with special reference to character, and both they and the organisers of the scheme realised that they were undertaking exceptional responsibility. Hence the community thus brought together was of a finer type and tougher fibre than would have been the case under ordinary conditions, proof of which was furnished during the struggles through which it had to pass.

It began its career, moreover, with an unusual amount of order and cohesion, not to say red tape and officialism, for the had a constitution before it had a building or even a roof of any sort, and a Governor with his Executive as a part of its initial equipment. Three fundamental principles in its basis were: that the colony was to be self-supporting, to have no State aid to religion, and to be free from convict transportation. Instead of being granted to settlers, the land was to be sold at a fair price, and the land fund thus created used for the purpose of introducing population. Thus from the outset there were clearly-drawn lines to build upon, and there was a definite policy to carry out. A good deal of vigour and tenacity was shown in working out this programme, which has affected the whole of South Australian history, and produced consequences that are plainly visible in several directions.

Choosing a Capital.

Had South Australia, as a colony, been of sporadic origin, its chief centre would probably have been somewhere at the seaside, although one of its greatest drawbacks has always been the absence of a commodious and well-situated harbour. Port Lincoln would have done splendidly, for it is equal to Port Phillip and Port Jackson in accommodation, accessibility, and safety, but unfortunately it is in the wrong place, the hinterland being poor and generally almost worthless. The various bays in the coast-line of Gulf St. Vincent are open roadsteads, and the only inlet was, in the early days, surrounded by a tangle of swamps and sandhills. Colonel Light, therefore, on whom, as the Surveyor-General, the responsibility of making a selection was placed, chose as the site for the capital an inland elevation on the banks of a little river six or seven miles from the coast, and all residents of Adelaide to this day commend him for the wisdom of his decision. He had been an Indian officer, and it is believed that he reproduced in his plans what he had seen in Jeypore, the lines of which are to be found authorised or suggested in Sanskrit literature. It may be said, therefore, that



Victoria Square, Adelaide, looking South-East.

what impresses an observer in Colonel Light's design had a remote and Oriental ancestry; but in any case its excellence is admitted.

The city is beautiful for situation and beautiful in itself. The plateau on which it stands is about a hundred and seventy feet above the sea-level, the ground sloping gently from it in all directions, and affording every facility for drainage. Running from south-west to north-east at a few miles' distance is the bold and diversified Mount Lofty range rising to 2,334 feet at its highest point, and forming a background to the picture of which the eye never wearies. The municipality is divided into two portions by the river Torrens and a belt of park lands, but the northern part really sustains the relation of a residential suburb to the southern, where business is concentrated. This, the true metropolis, is nearly a parallelogram, covering about a square mile and a half. The alignment of three of its terraces is in accordance with the cardinal points of the compass, the fourth being broken to suit the contour of the ground. The principal streets run parallel to the terraces, are wide and well-planned, and afford an endless series of charming vistas either towards the hills, or, when the sun is low, giving glimpses of the shimmering sea.

King William-street, which runs straight through the city, a mile long, with the towers of the Post Office and Town Hall on either hand, is claimed to be the handsomest thoroughfare in the Southern Hemisphere, though buildings of the sky-scraping order have not been introduced. By means of a stone weir the water of the Torrens is impounded, forming an artificial lake nearly two miles in length, which is crossed by four handsome bridges connecting North and South Adelaide. Encircling both parts of the city is a broad belt of park lands, well cared for and planted to a large extent with shade trees. A portion of this space is occupied by the Botanic Gardens, a wonder of loveliness at all seasons, next to which is the Botanic Park, or Rotten Row of Adelaide, the "Zoo," one of the finest in Australia, a parade-ground for the military, enclosures for Exhibition purposes, and other reserved areas, including a racecourse and cricket oval.

A City of Health.

Adelaide deservedly enjoys a high reputation for the cleanliness of its conditions, and, in consequence, the healthfulness of its people. It has been fairly won by the active diligence of the civic authorities, and the judicious application of scientific principles. Visitors almost invariably comment favourably on the cheerful brightness of its appearance. Malodorous slums and disease-breeding rookeries are not tolerated, and care is taken to keep the back streets as wholesome as

the main thoroughfares. Next to pure air, an abundant supply of pure water is the great desideratum for such a population, and expense has not been spared in securing it. Many years ago reservoirs were constructed at Hope Valley and Thornden Park, to be filled by the winter floods of the Torrens, but when, in dry summers, the supply from that source threatened to be insufficient, it was resolved to draw upon the Onkaparinga, which drains another area of the hill country, and finds its way to the sea about twenty miles south of Adelaide. The reservoir constructed for that purpose lies between two spurs of the Mt. Lofty range, which had to be pierced by tunnels, and a fairly difficult engineering scheme was very skilfully executed. It is reckoned that the available supply will be equal to any demand that may be made by the growth of population for the next half-century, and that, within that time, no water-famine need be dreaded. The total capacity of the reservoirs for supplying the Adelaide Water District, which includes the suburbs, is nearly 4,000 millions of gallons, the cost of the works has been £1,608,000, and the net revenue last year was three per cent. of the capital expended, so that as the resources can bear a much greater demand, the system is financially a good investment.

The corollary to a good water supply is an effective drainage system, and in this Adelaide is highly favoured. After obtaining the best expert advice procurable, underground sewerage was adopted, and has proved a great success. Since its introduction the death-rate has been lowered, and the mortality from typhoid distinctly decreased. The network of drains is being gradually extended throughout the suburbs, and the sewage is led to a piece of waste land a few miles away, where it is so utilised as to produce fertility instead of barrenness. The sewage farm has cost, including stock and implements, about £75,000, but after interest, working expenses, and rent of land were paid, it had a profit last year of £618. It includes 546 acres, of which about 500 are irrigated. Filter beds and similar appliances are in use, and the property is under strict sanitary supervision. Independent authorities, such as the sanitary engineer and the Board of Health, have testified to the excellence and safety of the system employed. The luxuriant crops of lucerne and other fodder plants always excite the admiration of visitors, and in this case, at least, the problem of how to profitably dispose of the drainage of a large city has been successfully solved.

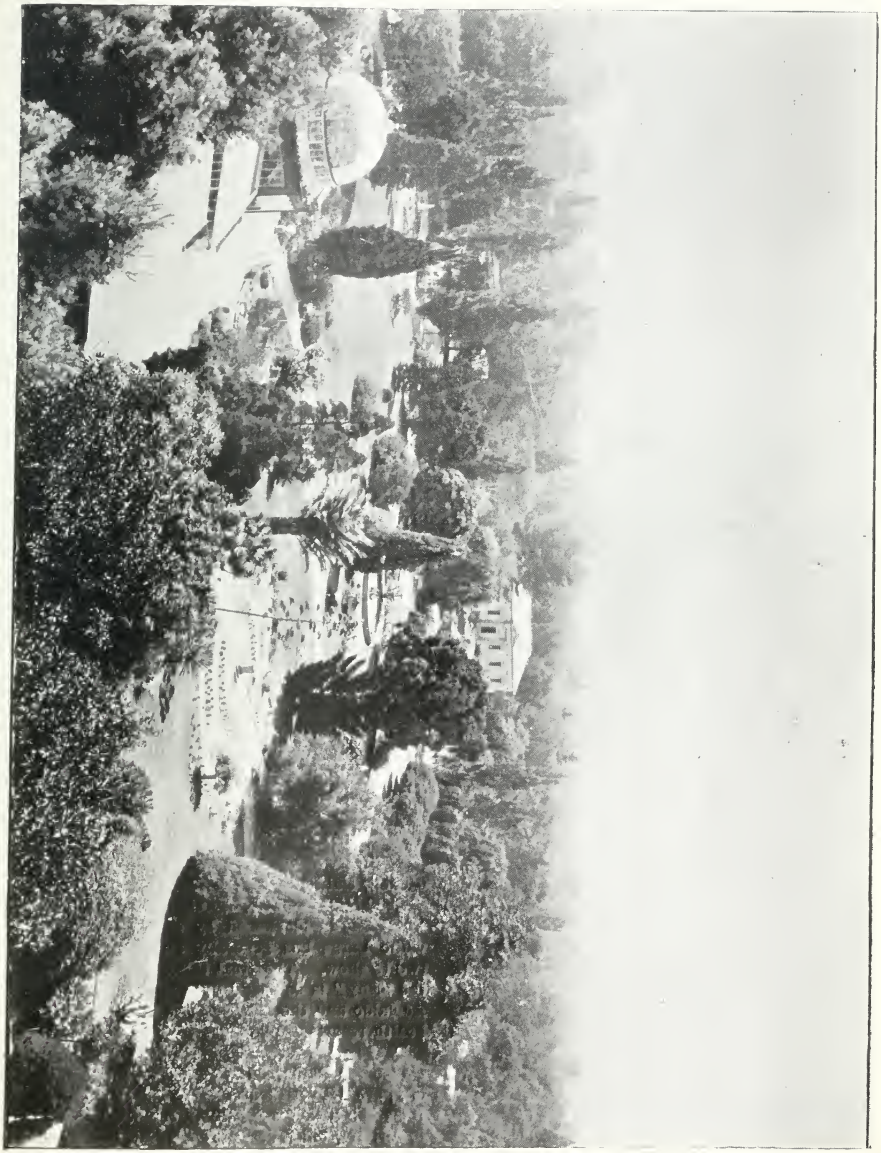
A City with a Plan.

Many Australian cities remind one of Topsy's account of her origin, having "growed" under the pressure of population without any definite plan;

Victoria Square, Adelaide, looking South.

but Adelaide is an exception. The belt of open country, reserved and inalienable, known as the Park Lands, permanently prescribes its limits, and makes a clear distinction between the city and the suburban towns. There is a constant crowding out of population by the extension of business, and the movement thus occasioned has, at times, derived impetus from another source. Land booms have had the effect of multiplying townships and eligible building sites, until enough land has been cut up into allotments for that purpose to accommodate London, with its five or six millions. Most of the area from the hills to the ocean beach has been thus treated, and from one point of view it is not altogether to be regretted. Municipal government, on a good model, is established everywhere, with the result of good streets and footpaths, suitable public buildings, and an excellent water supply; while such matters as lighting, drainage and sanitation are well attended to. The rule is for residences to be detached, and workmen's cottages, as well as more pretentious villas have their gardens, that are gay with flowers, and, commonly, a garden patch, where vegetables and fruit are grown. The evils of overcrowding are avoided, and the benefits of pure air secured, which, in such a climate, are specially important. A drive through almost any of these suburbs is simply charming. Rows of cottages are the exception, and squalid or tumbledown tenements are very rarely to be met with. Most of the houses are substantially built, stone being the usual material, and, as each of them, though perhaps of only three or four rooms, usually stands in its own cultivated grounds, there is a general air of comfort and something over. Domestic architecture has greatly improved of late years, and dwelling-houses are becoming more ornate every year. To the east and north of the city particularly, though not exclusively, and in many a beauty-spot along the foot of the hills, the wealthier people have established homes that are delightful in themselves and their surroundings. The topography of the region provides innumerable sites, whence lovely views are to be obtained of the hills or the plains, the city or the sea, or, perhaps, two or three of these in combination, which have been both appreciated and utilised. From King William Street at its centre, a tram service radiates to every point of the compass, and has had its effect in decentralising residence, even though it may have tended to centralise trade. The unification of civic authorities is being freely discussed, and its necessity emphasised by the agitation over electric tramways, but the movement hangs fire. The most comprehensive scheme hitherto presented aims at the inclusion of the whole of the territory within ten miles of the Post Office. The population of "Greater Adelaide" as thus defined, would be about 150,000 souls.

Colonel Light's Monument, Adelaide.



The Botanical Gardens, Adelaide.

Port Adelaide.

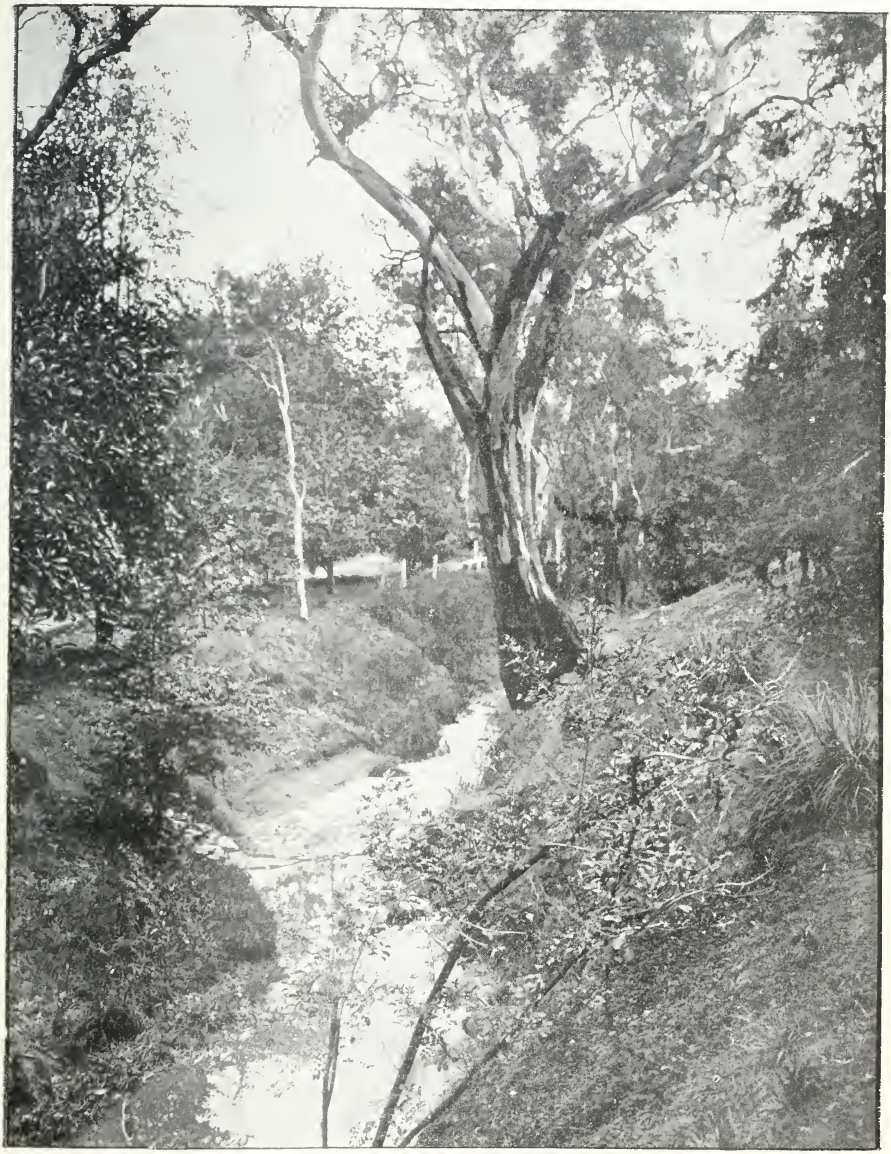
The principal port of South Australia is about seven miles from the capital, near the head of an inlet from the gulf. The bars at the entrance to this inlet have been removed, and the channel dredged, so that all but the largest ocean-going steamers can come up to the wharves, and lie in perfect shelter. Beacons and electric lights define the waterway by day and night, providing the utmost facility of access, and the harbour is as secure and sheltered as can be desired. Mail steamers have to lie at the anchorage in Largs Bay, where projects for an outer harbour have for years been before the public, but hitherto without success. The Port, with its far-stretching suburbs, is a large town in itself, and usually a fairly busy place. Smelting works, freezing works, and a variety of others that can best be established at the water-side, have been erected there, and, close at hand on Lefevre Peninsula, which divides the Port river from the sea, there are numerous sites for marine residences that have proved their attractiveness, and hundreds of pretty villas have been built.

Strung along the gulf coast, from the point where the hills thrust a rugged fore-foot into the sea, to the Port stream, there is a string of marine towns or watering places. Marino, Brighton, Glenelg, Henley Beach, Grange, Semaphore, and Largs Bay are names that suggest the ripple of waves breaking gently on a perfect sandy beach, of cool south-west breezes, and the smell of the salt ocean. The nearest can be reached in a few minutes from the city, and the most distant in one hour. Each town or townlet has its permanent population and local business; but the influx of visitors during the summer months is reckoned upon as a necessity and certainty. From the hot interior, from sheep-run and farm, and from distant Broken Hill, visitors come to bathe, recuperate, and be happy. There is a fair amount of rivalry, of course, that does no one any harm.

On Lake Torrens.

Glenelg claims to be the front door of the State, and is highly popular, especially on holidays, when its beach is blackened by swarming thousands, while Largs has generally an ocean steamer or two to show. The great thing is that "a whiff of the briny" is so easily obtainable by residents in Adelaide and the suburbs, and that such valuable health resorts are so close to their doors.

The people of Adelaide have a considerable choice of climate. If they object to living in the city, are not satisfied with the suburbs, and dislike the seaside, they can gain an elevation of 1,600 feet by driving ten miles, or taking an hour's journey by train. At such a height above the sea level they can always rely on coolness, and generally on a certain crispness in the atmosphere, that is more



A Bit of the Botanic Park, Adelaide.

Marble Hill, the Governor's Residence.

refreshing than the thermometer indicates, and large numbers show their appreciation of the privilege. A summer residence in the hills is, for those who can afford it, a guarantee of sustained vigour, instead of lassitude, and increased capacity for work that more than compensates for the expense, to say nothing of the additional pleasure. Evidence that such is the case is presented on every road, and at every railway station on the line, where beautiful houses are being multiplied year by year. Sanatoria have been established, with unexpectedly good results, and the Adelaide public has discovered that its inheritance in the hills is richer than it dreamed. The Mount Lofty Range is not only a noble background to the city of Adelaide, but has health and wealth, as well as beauty, to confer.

The Landscape of a Colony.

South Australia is equal in area to France, Germany, Austria, and Italy put together, with half a dozen of the smaller European Kingdoms thrown in. It is thirty-eight times the size of Tasmania, ten times as big as Victoria, and nearly thrice as large as New South Wales. It comprises, in fact, 903,690 square miles, occupying nearly a third of the Australian continent. It is obvious that there can be no accurate generalisation of the meteorology, topography, natural features, or products, of a vast territory that covers 37 degrees of latitude, and, in its southern part, 12 degrees of longitude. There is room for unexplored spaces, immense deserts, and rocky mountain chains, and yet enough left to support, in comfort, a large population. A fairly comprehensive idea of the more settled portion is less difficult, though it presents wide contrasts.

The southern coast-line is broken by Spencer Gulf, and Gulf St. Vincent, enclosing Yorke Peninsula between them. To the west there is good agricultural country, in fair seasons, near the coast, but, inland, aridity is the rule. At the head of Spencer Gulf is Port Augusta, the natural entrance to and outlet from the central interior of the continent, whenever, in the ages to come, it is utilised, and in the not distant future it is destined to be connected by rail with Perth, on the one hand, and Brisbane on the other. Roughly parallel to the eastern shores of the gulfs, from Cape Jervis to abreast of Lake Torrens, a distance of 400 miles in a direct line, extends the ridgy back-bone of the country, in the form of the Mt. Lofty and Flinders Ranges. Several of the peaks in these ranges run up to over 3,000 feet. In the north they are commonly rugged, and, in parts, highly mineralised, but infertile, because of the scanty rainfall. The southern portion is extremely different. The hills are usually clothed with fine

trees, the uplands possess a delightful climate and soil, in which it is possible to grow anything. Between the outlying spurs of the ranges are wide valleys, where streamlets tinkle, and vegetation is luxuriant. From the foothills to the gulfs there lies a vast stretch of agricultural country, with gentle undulations, wide plains, and shallow valleys running nearly north and south. West of a well-known line, an average rainfall can generally be relied upon by wheat growers; but to the east the uncertainty makes farming precarious.

Beyond the hilly region, which is about twenty miles across, the eastern plains begin, which extend to the borders of New South Wales, an expanse of scrub and salt-bush, where pastoral pursuits are uncertain, and farming cannot pay. In the south-east angle, adjoining Victoria, there are entirely different conditions, both of climate and soil, making the neighbourhood a favourite summer resort, which boasts of a fertility unapproached elsewhere. From the eastern slopes of the ranges to the gulfs, and from Mt. Remarkable to Encounter Bay, there is a spacious region, very much larger than Palestine, which Moses might have had in mind when he described the promised land. It is "a good land, a land of brooks of water, of mountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." Every line and detail sketched by the Hebrew leader will bear transferring to the more closely occupied portion of South Australia, which presents exactly the characteristics, and is rich in the special products that are enumerated.

Mineral Wealth.

The mineral wealth of South Australia is enormous, and, to a very great extent, is still awaiting development. Gold has been found in scores of localities. Under the shadow of Mt. Lofty, at Jupiter Creek near Echunga, in the Barossa Ranges a few miles out from Gawler, away to the north-east at Teetulpa and Wadnaminga, and far in the interior, at Algebuckina, the precious metal has been found. In some places small parties have steadily worked on for years, proving that diggers can somehow make a living, and, in others, exciting reports have caused a "rush" of prospectors, with resulting disappointment. Hitherto no permanent and payable goldfield has rewarded enterprise, but better prospects than any heretofore are offered by the auriferous reefs at Tarcoola, a field about 250 miles to the north-east of Port Augusta, which it is believed is geologically connected with Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie in Western Australia. Remote, waterless, and diffi-

Flamingoes in the Adelaide Zoo.

cult of access, the proving of this field must be a work of time, but so far as the tests have gone, they are full of promise.

Silver and silver-lead mines are distributed over almost as wide an area—Taliska and Mannahill, for instance, being 400 miles apart, while Mangalo Creek, near Franklin Harbour, is about the same distance from either. The actual yield in some cases has been considerable, for the Talisker Mine, which overlooks Backstairs Passage, turned out more than £30,000 worth of silver lead before it stopped working for want of capital. In dozens of places deposits of galena have been found, and the list is a long one of small companies floated, promising assays obtained, and the work abandoned for want of funds.

Export Wharf, Port Adelaide.

The Romance of Mining.

The romance of mining in South Australia is chiefly connected with the discoveries of copper. There are still some old residents of Adelaide who can remember the excitement that was occasioned when the first five drayloads of ore came in from Kapunda, more than fifty years ago. The slow-moving procession, with its visible evidence of a new source of wealth, revolutionised the situation, and depression instantly gave place to buoyancy. A still greater furore took place a few months afterwards, when the famed Burra Burra Mine was discovered by a shepherd named Pickett stumbling over a rich outcrop of ore. No record exists of the cash returns of the Kapunda Mine, but it is reckoned that the output of ore averaged 2,000 tons per annum for more than thirty years. As to the Burra, it is simply a pocket in the bare hills, which Nature had packed in her usual capricious fashion. A capital of £12,320 was subscribed to untie the strings, and out of the receptacle nearly £5,000,000 worth of copper was extracted before operations ceased.

The sensationalism associated with these mines was eclipsed by that which accompanied the opening of the Moonta and Wallaroo group, on Yorke Peninsula. In one case a wombat did the work of the prospector, throwing up to the surface indications he could not appreciate, but which ultimately led to the considerable enlargement of his burrow. In the case of Moonta, no call was ever made on the lucky shareholders, the produce paying expenses from the very commencement, and subsequently giving them some nine millions to pay wages with and divide among themselves. These mines are still in full working order, and supporting a large population, after contributing to the general well-being of the community for forty years. As to the Burra and

On the Norton's Summit Road.

Among the Hills near Adelaide.

A View of Albert Bridge, over the Lake Torrens.

Kapunda, no miner who has ever worked in them will listen for a moment to the idea of their cupriferous treasures being exhausted. Innumerable stories are current of rich deposits that are known to exist, but the locality of which is guarded as a secret, for speculative purposes, and the idea has never been abandoned that a strong, enterprising company will yet be formed, with up-to-date science and mechanical ingenuity, that will restore the glories of former days, and win larger profits than ever before. In the mining records of South Australia, more than 200 copper mines, besides those already referred to, are named and described. Most of these had only a brief existence, but a few, such as Blinman, in the Flinders Range, 272 miles north of Adelaide, have yielded good returns, and there is no reason whatever to doubt that a large number of others would well repay a judicious expenditure of capital.

The fact that a locality near Burra, a hundred miles north of Adelaide, bears the name of "Iron Mine," and that workings were established many years ago at Mt. Jagged, forty miles south of the city, is proof enough of the presence and wide distribution of the most useful of all metals. This, however, and other minerals, such as manganese, cobalt, nickel, and bismuth, have been overshadowed and neglected. Any geological map of the country will show the immense extent of it, on both sides of the gulfs, and far away from the coast, including the Musgrave and MacDonnell Ranges, that is covered by metal-bearing rocks, and, notwithstanding all that has been attempted and done, the conclusion is easily reached that the mineral wealth contained in them has yet to be ascertained.

Flocks and Herds.

In common with other parts of the continent, South Australia has suffered during the last few years from the drought that has hung relentlessly over a great part of the interior. Pastoralists have had to endure great discouragement, also, from the increase of vermin—wild dogs in some localities, and rabbits in others—in consequence of which a great shrinkage has taken place in the number of sheep and cattle that are depastured. There is no reason to believe that these adverse conditions will be permanent. Already the drought has broken up, and legislation, some time ago, did its part to stimulate enterprise, and give security to the capital that must be expended for sheep farming on an extensive scale, to be a success. Meanwhile, it is noteworthy that among the commodities produced in the State by the export of which the sum total of national wealth is increased, the premier position is held by the golden fleece. The quantity of wool sent away last year was 37,386,313 lbs., and its value £1,511,693. This, though the principal item, is

only one of several which must be taken together if it would be seen how much the pastoral industry means to the community. Stock and station holders have other sources of income, to which they are turning with increased confidence, and, though the business of supplying frozen meat for European markets has not attained anything like the proportions to which it has sprung in New Zealand, it is acquiring respectable dimensions. Within two or three years the export of frozen mutton and lambs, especially the latter, has jumped up very rapidly, and last year the quantity sent away was two and a half million pounds, the declared value being £36,848. The extirpation of rabbits is a confessed impossibility; but the irrepressible rodents, after passing through the freezing-house, augmented the total of exports by £12,198 last year.

The Farm and Garden.

When wheat-growing became more unreliable, because low prices, added to uncertain seasons, cut down the average profits, attention was turned in other directions, to the general advantage. In hundreds of cases what had been a mere wheat ranch became a farm of another pattern, with grazing, butter-making, and poultry keeping as so many strings to the bow. Butter factories were established at suitable centres, to which the milk was taken by the farmers, and inspectors were employed to impart instruction, and ensure the maintenance of a high standard for the article offered for export before shipment.

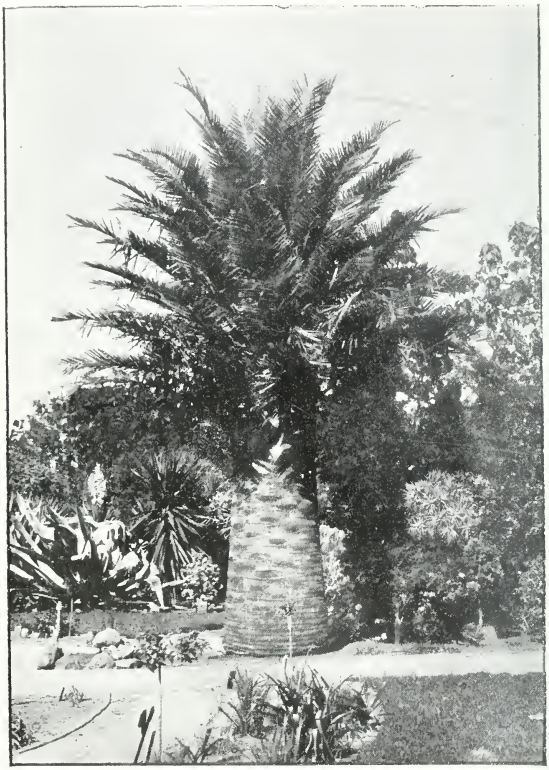
A brisk trade very soon sprang up, and already the butter export alone has gone up to a million and a half pounds per annum, yielding a return of £61,470. Poultry farming, as a separate business, has not yet been undertaken to any great extent, and what there is of it is mainly a kind of adjunct; but, for all that, after supplying local demands last year, the sum of £62,493 was received for eggs—a tidy little amount of pin money for farmers' wives. Among these subordinate industries, that of wattle-growing holds no mean position. The acacia mimosa, with its fragrant clusters of golden bloom, might serve as well as the Canadian myrtle for a national emblem, and in many parts it thrives excellently. Until recently, systematic cultivation was scarcely thought of, but groves of wattles are now to be seen that yield a handsome return, and the bark exported last year was worth close upon £70,000. A glance through the Statistical Register, or any other document that deals with such matters, will show that the South Australian producer has a good many irons in the fire, and is deriving a fairly satisfactory income from several of them. He has rather played with than gone in seriously for bee-keeping as a business, and yet he sends away over 100,000 lbs. of honey annually. The gardeners dispose of over £10,000

Beetaloo Reservoir, Flinders Range.

worth of fresh vegetables to Broken Hill, and twice as much fruit, the total export of the latter being £32,842. The jam factories, besides supplying the local market, have a surplus of £20,000 worth to sell. On Yorke Peninsula the farmers vary their ordinary occupation by salt-evaporating from the lakes, and the export returns of the condiment are £44,000, so that, one way and another, minor products yield a substantial amount to the general exchequer.

Wheat Growing.

Wheat, wool, and copper used to be the staple commodities on which South Australians relied as their source of wealth. Of late years, however, there has been a very considerable disturbance of the old order. Fluctuating markets, bad seasons, and comparative failure in consequence, taught the unwisdom of having too many eggs in one basket. Hard times turned industry into fresh channels, and developed ingenuity in devising economical methods of working. Yet agriculture, and especially wheat growing, still holds a foremost position among producing occupations. Successive years of drought and low prices were disastrous enough to kill confidence in any but the most sanguine, and it is almost surprising that the farmers had pluck enough to hold on. They did so with characteristic pertinacity, and this year will have their reward. It is calculated that they put 2,000,000 acres under wheat last seedtime, of which about 1,660,000 acres yielded an average of rather more than 8 bushels, the aggregate ingathering being about 13,200,000 bushels. The other 400,000 acres were either too poor to pay for reaping, or else were out for hay. After providing for local requirements, and reserving sufficient seed wheat for next season, the surplus available for export, at current prices, is probably equal in value to £1,300,000.



Palm Tree in Botanical Gardens, Adelaide.

South Australian wheat lands have a a character of their own. They are mostly great plains or shallow valleys, destitute of timber, and divided into large paddocks. The ploughing is commonly done with a four-furrow plough, and the reaping by a machine which strips off the heads and threshes out the grain in one operation. The climate is so dry at harvest time that there is no need to garner sheaves, and at every point of the process labour is reduced to a minimum. Special implements were invented long ago, under the pressure of necessity, and proved efficient for their purpose, the result being that, in a good season, farming, on the ordinary lines, is handsomely remunerative, its chief drawback being the uncertain rainfall.

Farming methods, however, are undergoing a considerable and continuous change. It is becoming more generally recognised that, in this, as in other industries, applied science is essential, in order to make the best of natural conditions, and this conviction is effecting a great alteration. The "harvester" is displacing the wasteful "stripper," the drill is superseding the seed-sower, and the use

Cooling Chambers, Export Depot, Port Adelaide.

A Viaduct on the Adelaide-to-Melbourne Railway.

of artificial manures is rapidly increasing. Over a considerable extent of country, where up-to-date ideas prevailed, there were crops last harvest ranging from 20 to 30 bushels per acre, and some of the successful operators are sanguine enough to believe that a new era, of greatly augmented profits, has set in.

Vineyards and Orchards.

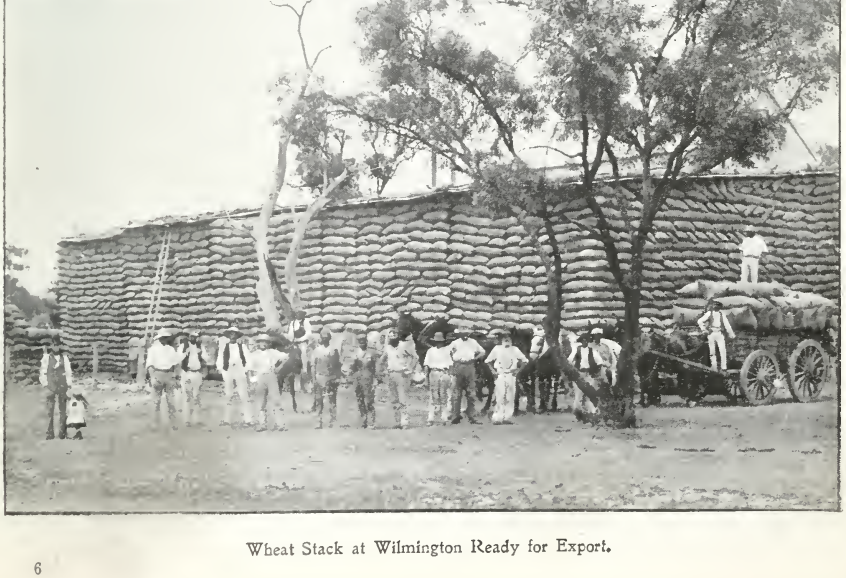
The possibilities of South Australia for vine-growing and horticulture are practically unlimited. The Adelaide citizen can see, on the slopes of the eastern hills, the extension of the Penfold and Auldana vineyard almost every year. In the opposite direction, the Bankside property is one of the show places to which visitors are taken, and away out in the country, at McLaren Vale and Clarendon, there are scenes that remind the spectator of the champagne districts of France. Up and down the Torrens Valley, where windmills by the score are suggestive of high culture, there are magnificent orangeries, the product of which can hardly be surpassed anywhere, while a day's drive through the hills, when the trees are in bloom, is never to be forgotten. Apples and pears, peaches and plums, figs, cherries, and apricots, all come to a remarkably high degree of perfection, and the continued expansion of industries of this kind is an absolute certainty of the future. Growers are at liberty to choose their own climate, for, between a few score feet above the sea-level, and a couple of thousand, there is abundant variety. Strawberries and raspberries do splendidly, while blackberries in many parts are a perfect nuisance. Miles on miles originally planted by the side of the fences have formed bushes twenty and thirty feet through, and only a fractional percentage of the fruit is ever picked.

The moisture of the valleys, and the caloric of the summer sun combine to develope in what are known as English fruits a finer and fuller flavour than is usual in colder regions, and not even the boasted products of Tasmania can beat South Australian apples and pears, when treated with proper care. The chief hindrance to production, hitherto, has been the cost of labour, together with the difficulty of finding a market. A sufficient supply of the more perishable fruits for the local population could be obtained many times over, and over-production instantly sends down prices below a paying level. Delicate fruits, such as apricots and peaches, will not keep, and it is discouraging for the grower to sell his goods to a jam factory at prices that only about pay the cost of picking and cartage. The prevalence of insect pests has proved another drawback, by making both the export and ordinary sale impossible, because of the penalties entailed; and complete remedies for the evil have yet to be discovered. The entire range of citrous fruits—

oranges, lemons, citrons, shaddocks, etc.—is producible in boundless abundance and absolute perfection. The dreaded word "scale" has imposed a check, and there is yet a good deal to learn about grading the fruit, and getting it to market in the condition required by consumers, but progress is going on, and the diffusion of intelligence is producing its natural results.

According to the latest returns, there are about twenty thousand acres under vines, and about nine millions of vines in full bearing. There is no possibility of ascertaining either the volume or the value of their product, for scores of persons who have small holdings keep no account, and are unable to make anything like an accurate return. Hundreds of tons of table grapes are sent to market and hawked about the street, at, perhaps, seven pounds for sixpence, which would be worth thirty times the money at Covent Garden, and at certain seasons many times more. In the suburbs of Adelaide, where a trellised vine seems the natural accompaniment of a villa residence, the owners can neither sell the fruit nor give it away, and great bunches may be seen, perfect in form and colouring, that are left for the sparrows to spoil. It adds to the possibility of developing a source of wealth along these lines that the dreaded scourge of the vigneron—Phylloxera vastatrix—is absolutely non-existent. A vigilant watch is kept by inspectors for the appearance of the pest, and the most stringent precautions are taken against its finding an entrance, the importation of cuttings or roots that might afford it harbourage being strictly prohibited.

The Government of South Australia has done its best to encourage the manufacture and sale of locally-made wine at both ends of the business. No pains have been spared to diffuse information as to the best varieties of vines to plant, to impart instruction in cultivation and pruning, and to circulate the advice of experts as to the most approved methods of wine-making, bringing it to maturity, and shipping it in the best condition and most attractive form. On the other side of the world prejudices have had to be overcome, keen competition met, tastes consulted, and customers secured. In order to meet these requirements, and provide the necessary outlet, a wine and produce depot was opened, some years ago, in London, the manager of which has been able to afford useful guidance to the producers, and his latest reports indicate satisfactory prospects for the future. The annual output of wine from South Australia averages about half a million gallons, its value being a little up or down of £80,000, and the United Kingdom takes four-fifths of the whole.



Wheat Stack at Wilmington Ready for Export.

The Rocks at Port Elliot.

The Irrigation Colonies.

When the Messrs. Chaffey founded the irrigation colony of Renmark, on the River Murray, near the Victorian border, it was believed that not only would waste lands and water be rendered far more profitable, but that an object lesson would be exhibited of exceptional value. Though the enterprise collapsed, for reasons that need not be referred to here, the object lesson remains, and measures have been adopted, as the result of negotiations between the Government and the settlers, that are designed to secure its permanence. The site was, confessedly, well chosen, for right through the settlement back of the township there extends what is locally known as a billabong, which the river fills when in flood, and forms into a natural reservoir. From this store powerful centrifugal pumps lift strong streams into main channels, whence the water is distributed throughout the cultivated area. The surface was easily cleared and graded, and the soil is generally suitable, so that, with a plentiful supply of water at their roots, and an Australian sun overhead, fruit trees and vines grow luxuriantly. There are now to be seen groves of oranges and lemons, forests of apricots, pruned to the most perfect symmetry, great paddocks of vines, and plantations of olives, all in the most perfect condition. Costly experiments had to be made at the outset before the most suitable varieties were discovered, and their adaptation to particular localities ascertained; but these have been profited by, and the early errors will not be repeated. The yield of grapes that can be relied upon—bar accidents—is phenomenal, and, under the fervid summer sun, their conversion into raisins of first-class quality is certain. With a temperature of 150 and upwards, the drying of grapes, apricots, and other fruits, is greatly facilitated.

Social Experiments.

In most countries exploited by Europeans, occupation seems generally to have followed the course of the rivers, but South Australia is an exception. Though the Murray was discovered by Captain Sturt before the province was founded, and long afterwards formed a highway of commerce into the interior, it flowed through a wilderness, with only here and there a pastoralist's residence on its banks. The solitude was invaded with a rush at several points a few years ago, when bad times almost drove the labouring populations of Adelaide and the Port to seek relief, and irrigation farms at Renmark afforded attractive suggestions. About half a score of settlements were quickly founded by as many different companies, each of which was self-contained, and responsible for its own management. The Government provided facilities for transport, advanced money for initial expenses,

and a charitable organisation did something to help. Pumps and irrigation plant were required and supplied, as also were other appliances, as a charge against the settlers, and at least £70,000 was drawn from the public funds. Socialism had an excellent opportunity to justify itself, for circumstances could hardly be more favourable. The several associations were entirely voluntary, and permitted to frame their own regulations. The land was practically a gift to them, and they had advice gratis as to the best use to make of it. They had a healthy climate, there was fish in the river, rabbits in droves on the shore, and fuel and water for the taking.

Yet the plan did not answer. The men worked hard—many of them put up substantial homes, brought a wide area under cultivation, fenced, ploughed, planted, dug channels, and erected irrigation works; but after the novelty had worn off, they did it to a grumbling undertone of discord that never entirely cleared. As the result, some of the settlements are now abandoned, others have shrunk to small proportions, and, in the survivors, individual ownership of property has had to be recognised. Lyrup and Pyap are the largest that remain, and they show what might be done on an extensive scale. The plantations are healthy-looking, and the output of marketable products is steadily increasing. A working man with a family might do very much worse than establish himself on either of these locations, and there is room for an indefinite number of homes that would be physically and morally more wholesome and sweet than is the rule in large cities. As an illustration of natural capabilities, and the inapplicability of social themes by human nature, as it is, the Murray village settlements may serve a useful purpose, even though their outstanding lesson has cost the country a good deal of money.

Scientific Helps.

The improvement in the producing industries that depend exclusively or chiefly on the cultivation of the soil is not casual or fortuitous, but the result of methods intelligently adopted and judicially applied. The Agricultural Bureau and the Agricultural College have done a great deal to diffuse information and impart scientific training, that has already borne fruit. The Bureau has been in existence about a dozen years; it has its headquarters in Adelaide, with branches in many parts of the State. It holds congresses and conferences, at which papers are read, and questions of general interest discussed, publishes a monthly magazine, of which over 2,000 copies are circulated,

General Post Office, Adelaide, from Victoria Square.

distributes leaflets, and, in various other ways, carries on an important educational work. Every aspect of the horticulturist's and agriculturist's life comes under its notice, the character of the season, a new variety of cereal, the discovery of insecticides, dairying, forestry, stock-breeding, and other subjects of a similar character. Thus the latest discoveries or improvements are made known quickly and widely, obsolete methods are superseded, and from a hundred centres knowledge is radiated that becomes, in a special sense, a secret of power. To horticulturists the Bureau has been of infinite service. There are large districts from which, only a few years ago, it was impossible to export fruit in a marketable condition, owing to the prevalence of diseases and parasites, in which the ravages of these pests have been effectually checked, so that scores of thousands of pounds' worth of fruit have been saved in them alone. The Bureau has also been of great benefit to the dairying industry, the improvement of stock, and especially, of late, to the cultivator of cereals. It has taught hundreds of farmers the value of artificial manures, and, largely as the result of the information it has scattered broad-cast, the practice of using seed and fertiliser drills is rapidly gaining ground. By the instruction of this method it is claimed that the system of farming is being revolutionised, that an immense area of "wheat-sick" land that has a reliable rainfall will again come under profitable tillage, and that, as an earnest of future gains, hundreds of thousands of bushels have been already added to the annual yield.

In this department of its work the Bureau has received valuable aid from the Agricultural College, where practice has illustrated precept, and theories have been proved by example. The College is situated near Roseworthy, about thirty miles north of Adelaide, where there is a somewhat scanty rainfall, and the disadvantage has to be contended against of unsuitability for viticulture and horticulture. The College farm is sufficiently extensive for experimental purposes, and in its plots various kinds of wheat are tested under none too favourable conditions, as also is the effect of different kinds of manures, and object-lessons are thus supplied from which several hundreds of visiting farmers each year can take notes and derive instruction. The curriculum of the College includes instruction in a variety of practical subjects, such as the science and practice of agriculture, wool-classing, health of stock, the science and practice of fruit culture, chemistry, surveying and levelling, etc. Outside work is complementary of that performed in the class-rooms; and the institution, under efficient management, is a decided success.

Country Tours.

Many visitors to South Australia imagine that when they have seen Adelaide they know all about the State, and that there is nothing else to show, which is a great mistake. It is true that there is no Ballarat or Bendigo, Bathurst or Goulburn, and that up-country towns are small by comparison, but they are well worth looking at. As an almost invariable rule, the building material is stone, which gives to all erections, from the Town Hall to the cottage, an air of stability and permanence. A South Australian never gets quite accustomed to the houses of wood that he see so many of when he travels in the eastern States, and they convey to his mind a sense of flimsiness and uncertainty about the conditions of settlement. Wide and well-kept roads, handsome public buildings, and good school-houses and churches, are almost universal, and tree-planting on a generous scale improves the scenic effect.

The town of Gawler, twenty-five miles north of Adelaide, is a picture in its way, and is also an important manufacturing centre. In its large workshops many locomotives have been constructed, and also an immense amount of machinery, both for local use and the mines of Western Australia. The town was originally founded because the River Para could only be crossed at that point, and traffic converged upon it. When the railway was pushed further on it became the home of agricultural implement factories, and it still controls the trade of an extensive district. A tourist, starting thence, may in an hour or so, find himself apparently in the heart of Germany, for over a wide region the German language is spoken, used in newspapers, and exhibited on sign-boards, and the Teutonic element is everywhere predominant. Tanunda, Nuriootpa, and Angaston are charming little towns in almost the centre of this wide area. Kapunda, fifty miles from Adelaide, was, first, a mining town, then the focus for an agricultural distict, and though now unprogressive, its trade having moved on, is more beautiful than ever, being embowered in foliage, and its formerly bare hills timbered like a forest. It is on the edge of a fertile belt that runs east and west from Eudunda, via Saddleworth, to Clare, where the soil is fertile, and the rainfall copious enough to secure profits for dairymen and agriculturists. Riverton is pleasant, and so are Auburn and Watervale, but Clare is lovely. Giant gum-trees, verdant meadows, perennial springs, and a gentle undulation of hill and vale render the neighbourhood of these towns either picturesque, or, at least, pretty in all seasons of the year. Along that line the wheatlands of the State stretch in a series of shallow valleys, or wide plains, right away to Mt. Remarkable, 200 miles

Smelting Works at Wallaroo, Yorke's Peninsula.

A View in the Moonta Mines, Yorke's Peninsula.

from Adelaide, with scarcely an acre that is unfit for the plough, and among the northern towns Jamestown, Gladstone, and Laura, with their well-built houses and tree-lined streets, look healthy and prosperous.

Beauty Spots.

The traveller who has an eye for scenery may be sure of a delightful time if he turns his face east or south-east of Adelaide, and follows any of the numerous lines of road. Should he take the railway he will scarcely have got beyond the pretty suburb of Mitcham before he has spread under his eyes, as his train begins to climb the hills, a perfect panorama of cultivated plains, with the city in the background; on the right hand the line of hills, and on the left the silver sea. As he plunges through the tunnels, and skims over the spidery iron viaducts that bridge the ravines, he may reflect on the engineering difficulties that have been conquered; but very soon wide sweeps of unreclaimed wilderness, alternating with tasteful residences and prolific orchards and gardens, will claim his attention, giving him picture after picture, each lovelier than the last.

A wiser and a more enjoyable plan is to strike due east, having secured a pair of good horses and a careful driver, for the vice-regal summer residence at Marble Hill. An excellent road zigzags up the face of the range, affording, at every turn, fresh views of a landscape which, if once seen under favourable circumstances, can never be forgotten. The thriving village of Magill, in the foreground, the city, with its far-reaching suburbs, in the middle distance, and the glistening sea on the horizon lie in front, while the reservoirs, thousands of miles of arable land, and the dim outline of the hummocks eighty miles away, fill up the scene, and the whole is framed by the embracing sweep of the everlasting hills. The site of the Governor's residence is well chosen, being elevated, and yet sheltered, while the view from its balconies and belvedere is simply magnificent, stretching over mile after mile of tree-clothed forest ranges, with rocky hillsides and ravines nearer at hand. Another way to the same point is up the Magill Gully, where beetling rocks and overhanging willows charm the eye and cast a grateful shade. Norton's Summit, at the head of the pass, is a show place, with its quaint little church nestling among the trees, and along the road one scene after another excites unflagging admiration.

One advantage of the hills' scenery is its easy accessibility by means of the splendid roads, which are constructed with skill and maintained with care. From Tea-tree Gully to Tapley's Hill a dozen roads lead into the heart of the range, and the tourist may turn right or left, pushing his way to Angaston or Mt. Crawford on the one hand, or Yankalilla and Cape Jervis on the other, without the slightest risk of monotony. In the spring-time, whenever the native shrubbery is undisturbed, he will bowl along for miles through a veritable garden, for every bush bears a wealth of flowers, and culture—instead of spoiling—enhances the beauty of the scene. Miles of forest land have been cleared, but instead of becoming unsightly wastes, the eucalyptus and tea-tree are replaced by gardens and orchards in full bearing. When the fruit trees are in their glory, and hour after hour is passed amid the fragrance of apple blossoms, and the air is mixed with the humming of bees, when every turn in the road reveals some new point of interest, the hillsides are sheeted with crimson and white epacris, and there is the sheen of rippling water in the gullies, a drive through the hills is unadulterated delight. Snug homesteads abound, pleasant villages and towns with good hostelries are not too far apart, and a week or two spent in such an excursion produces a sense of the potential wealth and resources of South Australia such as can scarcely be obtained in any other way.

A Cyclist's Paradise.

For cyclists who can do a little hill-climbing, the region just referred to is almost ideal. The chief trouble is over when the first summit is gained, and thence superb roads up hill and down dale can be followed for whatever distance is desired. Any number of cycling runs have been mapped out, and one of the favourites is to Port Elliot, seventy-seven miles distant from Adelaide by rail, but only about fifty by road. The township is one of the most popular watering-places, being on the southern coast and open to the fresh breezes that blow direct from the Pole. It was expected to be of commercial importance at one time, and £20,000 was sunk in a breakwater; but the Murray trade could not be induced to flow in its direction, and the chief benefit of the outlay now is obtained by the summer visitors who watch the play of dashing billows on the sunken rocks. The railway that leads to Port Elliot branches off from the Southern line near Mount Barker, skirting the township of that name, whence the prize wheat of the world was exported, and which is one of the finest towns in the hills. Sixteen miles further on it emerges from the range and the picturesque town of Strathalbyn, on the Angas, at the edge of the plains that stretch away to the Murray, and afterwards pursues a fairly straight and level course to Goolwa, near the river mouth, where it turns along the coast. The ride, though interesting, is not to be compared for attractiveness with that a cyclist may choose through Black-

wood and Coromandel Valley to Clarendon, where his track crosses the Onkaparinga close to the weir that impounds its waters. Directly from under the bridge a huge steel pipe issues, six feet in diameter, which follows the winding of the river till it enters a tunnel under a vine-covered hill, the outlet of which is at the Happy Valley reservoir, three miles away. All the way through Kangarilla, Dashwood's Gully, the Meadows, Bull's Creek, and Ashbourne, the cyclist's road lies through beautiful scenery of varied character, and the gradients are not excessive, but at the end of his journey he will be all the better for a plunge in the sea and a rub-down.

and his associates, worn with toil, hopeless of obtaining relief, and harassed day and night by the hostile demonstrations of ferocious blacks, started on their memorable pull of 2,000 miles up-stream, the accomplishment of which was one of the greatest feats of patient endurance in the annals of Australian exploration. A few miles beyond Goolwa is the Murray mouth, across which, in 1831, the ill-fated Captain Barker swam, only to be speared by the natives and cast into the sea. Many tragedies have been enacted on that coast line, and some remarkable escapes experienced, furnishing materials for more than one volume of romance.

Moravian Missionaries and Natives, Kopperamana.

Within a few miles of Port Elliot are places of as much historical interest as any in the State. Near Port Victor, and under Rosetta Head, or "The Bluff," which is within sight, a whaling station was established before the colony was founded, and the locality was the scene of many of the incidents described in Mr. Newlands' "Paving the Way." Goolwa, which lies in the opposite direction, was practically the terminus of Captain Sturt's famous expedition from Sydney down the Murrumbidgee and the Murray in 1830, which solved the problem presented by the river system of the continent, and prepared the way for settling the province itself. From that point Captain Sturt

Australia's One River.

If the Murray be the Mississippi of Australia, Goolwa must be its New Orleans. At one time steamers from that port traded up the tributaries for 2,000 miles, as far as Bourke, and schemes were devised for improving the outlet and constructing a canal to Port Elliot, which can now only create a smile. The railways of South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales have tapped the stream of commerce at various points till it has shrunk to the merest rill. Perhaps the river itself is responsible in part for the failure, its volume being extremely variable, so that its navigation has to be

suspended for months at a time. One of the wonderful things about it is that it is so little known, and the facilities it offers for a perfect holiday of a certain kind are so seldom utilised. When the snows on the Australian Alps are melting and there is sufficient water for the steamers to run, a most enjoyable trip is within easy reach, and on exceedingly economical terms. The river is within a few hours' run by rail from Adelaide at either Murray Bridge or Morgan, and once on board the steamer a passenger is practically cut off from the world. Unless he chooses to have it otherwise, he will be out of the reach of newspapers and letters, telegrams, and the tinkle of the telephone bell for several days. His meals will be plain, abundant, and frequent enough; there will be an ever-shifting panorama before his eyes, and he can bask in the sun, read, smoke, and loaf to his heart's content, without the rattle of a railway train in his ears, or any suspicion of mal-de-mer to spoil his appetite. A good deal depends, of course, on the season of the year, for it is not good to travel by river when the vessel has to wriggle over sandbars, the bloodthirsty mosquito is on the warpath, or the heat of the sun is intense. These inconveniences can easily be avoided by choosing the right time, say early in October, and then, the river being probably in full flood, the scenic exhibition will be at its best.

Let us suppose that there is a high river, and that the tourist has started from Murray Bridge. Hour after hour his steamer glides along through perhaps an avenue of noble gum trees or by graceful willows along the banks, the leaves of which are dipping into the stream. The rate of going seems slow, for the current is running two and a half miles an hour, which reduces a speed of ten miles an hour to exactly one-half. From the upper deck there is an outlook over the surrounding country, showing farming operations here and there and endless back waters where wildfowl harbour. In due course, Morgan is reached, some cargo discharged, and more taken aboard. It is pitch dark when a fresh start is made, but the captain says his vessel never stops for anything but fog, and as the moorings are cast off, the electric light flashes out, making everything as light as day. A clump of steamers is passed, close to the wharf, representing many thousands of pounds, that are lying useless and seem hastening to decay. For scores of miles one bank of the river is usually a cliff-like formation, perhaps a hundred feet in height from the water's edge, with perfectly level stratification, the lines showing under the electric beam like the markings of a cornice for miles without a break, and, when seen in the daylight, under these projections troops of happy rabbits have their inaccessible burrows where they dwell in perfect peace and rear their families in full security. On the other hand a wall of giant gum trees marks the brink of the real bank, but it is sufficiently open to disclose wide reaches of back water and far-stretching lagoons, in which the shadows lose themselves at play. Presently the moon climbs over the treetops and fills the scenery with a strange yellow glory. Fantastic shapes appear here and there, and weird, ghastly effects are conjured up. Suddenly the dead silence is cleft asunder by a blast from the steamer's whistle, for there is a bag of potatoes to be landed at a settler's hut, or a broken plough to be delivered at a blacksmith's for repairs. This breaks into the poetry of the evening, and the tourist goes to bed.

The formation already described continues to Overland Corner, the river preserving its general character; but after leaving that point, either because its prehistoric banks recede further apart or from some other reason, it rather resembles a clear waterway through a vast inland tree-studded marsh. All day long, in every direction, and as far as the eye can penetrate between the tree trunks, the gleam of water shines, and as the evening shadows lengthen, the effects are inexpressibly lovely. The water is not only calm as a millpond, but smooth as a burnished mirror, reflecting the sunset tints and perhaps the evening star. A vista ahead of the steamer is closed by a line of trees that, being duplicated by the reflection, seem to hang in mid-air, and the spectator, gazing in a kind of rapture, feels that he is either the subject of enchantment or has been transported into fairyland. When daylight comes again, it brings another series of pictures resembling one another in materials, but differing in details. The village settlements are seen and commented upon, and a short stay is made at Renmark, but there is no wearisome pause anywhere, and the same sort of thing continues till the end of the voyage, or Mildura, is reached. There is a strangeness, almost an unreality, about it that is bewildering. The river twists and turns in a most extraordinary fashion, which is proved by the angle of the shadows, but otherwise the change of direction is scarcely perceptible, and the sensation after two or three days and nights is of interminable progression along a wide canal under an endless avenue of trees, broken by picturesque bluffs at intervals, and relieved by glimpses into regions beyond. The mighty river, with its back waters and billabongs, suggests possibilities of what may be done with it when its floods that now run to waste are conserved; but the tourist who is wise will not bother his head over such matters or let them drive out of it the splendid collection of pic-

tures with which his memory is sure to be stored if he has made good use of his time.

The Gateway to the Interior.

When Central Australia was the goal of explorers, two routes leading towards it had earnest advocates. Captain Sturt chose the way via the Murray and Darling, but Edward J. Eyre made Port Augusta, at the head of Spencer Gulf, his starting point. Both failed; but Stuart, following Eyre's tracks and improving on his work, succeeded in crossing the continent, and it was from Port Augusta also that Eyre started on his terrible journey to Western Australia. Looked at on the map, the position seems to possess exceptional advantages. A railway of twenty-five miles through the romantic Pichi Richi Pass connects the port with the Northern Railway at Quorn, and from that point the line runs 450 miles north to its terminus at Oodanatta. The depression of the continent, of which the gulf is the continuance, begins far in the interior, and the railway south of Lake Eyre lies twelve feet below the sea-level. To the north-west are the goldfields of Tarcoola, 250 miles away, and through that auriferous region the railway connecting Perth with the eastern colonies will some day be constructed. Over an immense area, to which Port Augusta is the entrance gate, means of transit are an almost insurmountable difficulty. Camel trains are employed, and the "ship of the desert" has to do the work well performed elsewhere by horses or bullocks. Long distances are covered by these hardy animals, which bear heavy loads on their pack saddles; but though useful, they neither win affection nor inspire esteem. They stink abominably, they are ungainly animals, and though the camel has a reputation for patient docility, he is a perfect demon in his wrath. It is the iron horse that must be introduced if the interior is to be exploited, and Port Augusta, with its wharves and warehouses, awaits his coming.

A View of Strathalbyn, 50 miles from Adelaide.

A "White Elephant."

A tract of country embracing 523,620 square miles—that is to say, equal in extent to France, Germany, and Italy put together—with several fine rivers, a magnificent harbour, and an immense auriferous area, would be regarded as a valuable possession anywhere else than in Australia. Yet, strange though it may appear, the Northern Territory is a confessed failure, an embarrassment to Parliament, and an unsolved problem of many Ministers of the Crown. Explorers, from John McDouall Stuart onward, have reported favourably of its capabilities, pastoralists have stocked portions of it, speculators have sunk tens of thou-

sands of pounds in its mines, geologists have inspected its formations and represented its resources in a most attractive light, horticulturists have tested the productiveness of its soil for coffee, sugar, rice, etc., and declared their experiments successful; but for all that it does not go ahead. Parliamentary parties have visited it, Commissions have sat upon it, Government Residents have lectured upon it; and yet its European population is counted only by hundreds, with no immediate prospect of increase. A variety of means have been tried to secure suitable settlers, a railway has been constructed from Palmerston to Pine Creek—a length of 145½ miles—which was expected to encourage enterprise; but the result has not been according to anticipation. The country exports about £60,000 worth of gold, £50,000 of live stock, and £30,000 of pearl shell per annum, which may be taken as proving that it has staple industries of some value; but Asiatics vastly outnumber Europeans, and that fact, of itself, excites suspicion among those who insist, above all things, on a white Australia. It is a land of possibilities that are still undeveloped, and of promises that may some day be fulfilled. Those who know it well say that of gold, silver, nickel, copper, tin, and gems, it has abundant store, awaiting the time when the white man shall have learned how to live in a tropical climate, or to admit coloured labour to do the work he cannot personally undertake.

Moral Status.

Adelaide has been called the "City of Churches," and it is not uncommon to hear flippant comments on the religiousness of its people. Whether they are distinguished in that way or not, it is an undoubted fact that moral sentiments animated the founders of the province, and that there has always been a strong desire to maintain a high ethical standard. This has given a certain tone to political and social life that has proved very advantageous, and has found visible expression in philanthropic and charitable enterprises. The Children's Hospital, at North Adelaide, with its adjuncts, is only one of a large number of institutions founded and maintained in a condition of efficiency by the munificence of private citizens. The Y.M.C.A. is much the most vigorous organisation of the kind in Australia, and the Y.W.C.A. is its worthy sister. The Deaf and Dumb Church and Institute is a model of elegance and good taste, and a host of others might be named that are firmly established, well-managed, and successful. It is pleasant to find that superficial observations are borne out by statistical records, and that in all or nearly all departments of criminality South Australia is below the average, while in some it holds an exceptionally favourable position.

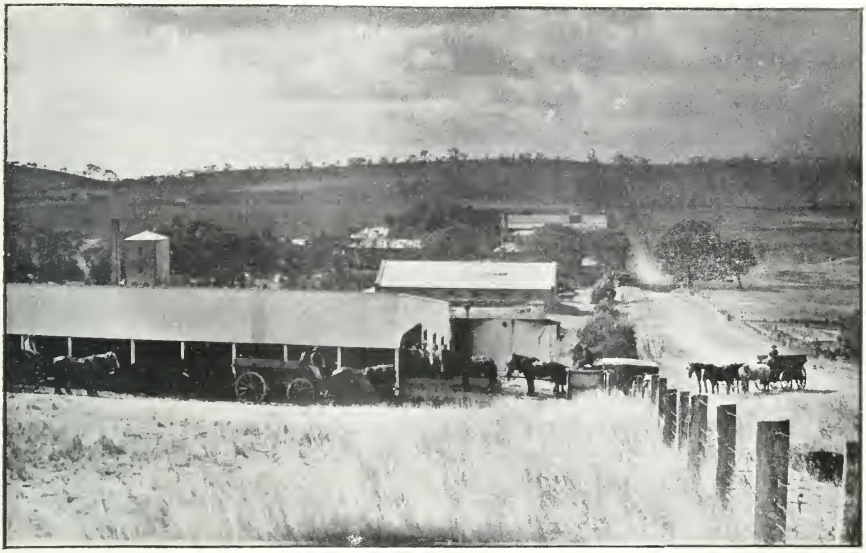
Thus its percentage per 1,000 of persons charged before magistrates is 18.06, whereas the average for the Commonwealth is 35.11. The percentage of serious offences against the person is 1.06, the average being 2.57, and of offences against property 2.99; the next lowest being Victoria, with 3.38, and the average 6.48. The convictions for drunkenness are 4.97 per 1,000 persons, whereas, in Queensland, the rate is 15.22, and in New South Wales 14.57, the average for the Commonwealth being 10.51. It is a further suggestive fact that only one policeman is employed for every 1,037 persons, though the territory being so vast, there is a special demand for rural constabulary; and, taking the Commonwealth as a whole, there is 1 to every 704. In the matter of illegitimate births, again, the South Australian percentage of the total number is 3.64, but that of Australasia 5.61. These comparisons seem to show that if South Australian piety is a little bit obtrusive by the multiplication of ecclesiastical edifices, it has, at all events, a practical side, and is accompanied by positive and praiseworthy results.

Education and Culture.

The system of primary education in South Australia does not materially differ from that in the other States, but from top to bottom it is alive with the spirit of emulation and a sense of responsibility. The public schools are well planned and efficiently managed, the inspectoral staff is vigilant and sympathetic, and there is a strong feeling of esprit de corps throughout the department. As the result of a system of exhibitions and bursaries, a clever boy or girl who is earnest and diligent may pass from a State-school through one of the Colleges and the University, without any expense to the parents. The Colleges, which are either private ventures or connected with the churches, are mutually stimulating; and the University, which owes a great deal to the liberality of Sir W. W. Hughes and Sir Thomas Elder, is increasing its usefulness by giving two years' instruction to the pupil teachers of the Education Department. Technical instruction is provided by the school of mines, the school of agriculture, and other methods; while, for culture in its wider sense, the picture gallery, the public library, and the Conservatorium are rendering excellent service.

What a Generation Has Done.

Considering that the population is under 400,000, and that some of the first settlers are still living, the actual hard work accomplished appears amazing. The cities and towns that have been built, the roads made, the bridges erected, the railways and other public works constructed, the mines opened, and the millions of acres brought under



Delivering Grapes at Winery and Distillery, Seppeltsfeldt.

Picking Grapes near Seppeltsfeldt.

the plough, all testify to sustained energy. In addition to this, South Australia has taken a large share in the exploration of the interior, having sent out expeditions under Eyre, Sturt, Stuart, McKinlay, Warburton, Babbage, and many others. Single-handed it has strung an electric telegraph wire across the continent from north to south, and another to the West Australian border, thereby providing means of communication with Europe. In other matters it has shown sturdy independence, boldly venturing to strike out new lines for itself. The conditions of its establishment, and its early constitution, fostered a tendency in this direction which has borne much fruit. Adelaide was the first Australian city to have a municipality of its own. A South Australian politician, Sir R. R. Torrens, by his Real Property Act, revolutionised the mode of transferring land, and the reform has spread far and wide. The political system is permeated with advanced Liberalism, the ballot, manhood suffrage, and single voting having been established long ago, while the State was the first in the Commonwealth to adopt adult suffrage. It has not experimented with social legislation, after the New Zealand pattern, to quite the same extent, but democracy of a pronounced type pervades the Parliament and the administration alike.

The Wealth of the Colony.

According to Coghlan's "Seven Colonies," the average of wealth per inhabitant is lower in South Australia than in any other State; but, as he points out, the statement has to be taken with a qualification. South Australians are large holders of mining stock at Broken Hill and Kalgoorlie, which are reckoned among the assets of New South Wales and Western Australia respectively, and if all outside investments were reckoned, there would be a great difference in the calculations. The general diffusion of wealth affects the general comfort and happiness of a community more than its aggregate amount, for it is better when easy circumstances are the rule, than to have a cluster of millionaires at one end of the scale and a stratum of paupers at the other. In this respect the State comes out on top when the meaning of the most trustworthy financial statistics is interpreted. Thus, out of 8,226 persons who paid taxes on incomes from personal exertion, 6,052 had incomes of from £151 to £300, and only 87 of over £2,100. Again, of 1,995 persons who were assessed on incomes from property, 1,173 had incomes from £151 to £400, and only 74 over £2,300. Evidently, therefore, the property is in the hands of the many, and not the few. Savings Banks returns afford a useful criterion of average comfort, for the money lodged in these institutions is a sort of nest-egg, or reserve, that can be spared after supplying necessary wants. The Commissioners reported last June that the deposits amounted to £3,269,142, in 196,535 separate accounts, and there were 113,175 depositors. The excess of single deposits over £250 was the insignificant sum of £11,394, so that practically the whole consisted of comparatively small amounts. The number of depositors is the same, within a few scores, as that of the male population at the wage-earning period, from 15 to 65 years of age, which is, of itself, a most unusual and remarkable fact. A comparison with other States is suggestive of exceptionally favourable conditions, for, according to Coghlan, the percentage of depositors to population is 32, whereas, for the Commonwealth, it is 24, and the average amount of deposits is £9 8s. 11d., as against £7 11s. 1d. That the people who use the Savings Banks are making money, even in what they call dull times, is shown by the increase of 5,239 depositors last year, and of £188,807 in the amount deposited.

The inference to be drawn from these figures is corroborated by the probate returns, which show that the number of estates administered by legal process is equal to 61 per cent. of the deaths of adult males, and 33.4 per cent. of the deaths of adult males and females. It follows that three-fifths of the men, and one in three of the men and women taken together possess property sufficiently valuable to be disposed of by will. The wide distribution of wealth thus demonstrated is extraordinary, and, added to the proofs of accumulation, confirms the impression produced by general observation, that the people, as a whole, are in unusually comfortable circumstances, and enjoy a high average of material prosperity.

[The illustrations are from photographs supplied by the S.A. Government, and Mr. T. McGann, Leigh-street, Adelaide. The photos of Lord Tennyson and the Hon. F. W. Holder in the headpiece of this article are by Johnstone, O'Shannessy and Co., Melbourne.]

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WHY I TALKED GAELIC IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, M.P.

Not alone the survival, but the very existence of the Gael—so long a matter of indifference to Englishmen—have been brought prominently to the front by the unexpected appearance in the English House of Commons of three Irish representatives who, on being introduced to the House, took the oath, signed their names, and addressed the Speaker in their own language, returning his words of welcome to the English House of Commons with the soft and, to him, strangely musical words, "Cionnus tha thu?" The existence, the actual reality, of a living Gaelic race, speaking a language of their own, different in character, in ideals, and in aspirations, from the ubiquitous, soulless Saxon was still further exemplified, and more plainly brought home to John Bull's dull imagination, when a few weeks ago I had the honour of being called on by the Speaker to address the House of Commons.

It may be asked by the materialist—and the number of such seems legion among the members of the English press—what object had I in view, what practical purpose did I intend to serve, by speaking in a language which was an unknown tongue to the great majority of those present. To this I simply reply that, being an Irish representative, who spoke my native language from the cradle, who sees in the wilful destruction of my country's language the departure of a national asset, a national and literary treasure, with which must inevitably depart the characteristics, the finer instincts, the spiritual ennobling ideals for which my countrymen have ever been remarkable, I availed myself of the opportunity presented to me to draw the attention of Englishmen to the fact that neither the Gael nor his language is yet dead; and I also availed myself of the opportunity to point out to my countrymen all over the world—many of whom may, in the struggle for existence, and amidst foreign surroundings, have half forgotten the fact—that an inheritance common to them all, a relic purified and rendered inestimably valuable by ages of historic and national association had yet existed, to be in time perhaps the torch with which, in an age of commercialism, materialism, and godless imperialism, a new Gaelic nation may be established.

As the space at my disposal is limited, I do not intend to enter into an exhaustive enquiry as to the antiquity and the literary worth of the Irish language; but I shall ask my readers to inquire if it is not a fact that Ireland was famous for her schools—to which flocked students from England and the Continent—from the fourth to the twelfth century; that the number of ancient priceless MSS. in the Irish tongue preserved in home and foreign libraries is exceedingly large; that Irish was the language of the Irish clergy for over twelve centuries; that till the introduction of an English system of education over sixty years ago, Irish was the language of nine-tenths of the Irish people. It will, no doubt, be matter for surprise to Englishmen, a proof of the vitality of the Gaelic race, to find at the beginning of the twentieth century about a million Irishmen able to speak their own language. It may also interest the careful reader to know that the League set on foot a few years ago for the spread and study of the Irish language has over 200 branches in Ireland, numbering its members by tens of thousands, all young, enthusiastic, and intelligent Irishmen, who mean to undo the effects of past misgovernment. This League has its branches all over America: and I have had the pleasure myself of addressing large meetings in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, in the Irish language, where, though scarcely to be expected, I was followed with intelligence by a great many, and with intense and unbounded delight by all.

Yes, this movement for the spread and growth of our language is both practical and serious; it is national in purest and fullest sense. It has arrayed in its advocacy the youth and intelligence of Erin, the patriotism and national pride of our race. I quote the words of Mr. John Redmond, whose practical common-sense, love for the welfare of his country, and at the same time clear, keen vision of the duties of the hour, can scarcely be denied. Speaking on March 19, in the Hotel Cecil, he said.—"It (The Gaelic League) is striving to nationalise Irish sentiment, Irish feeling, and Irish thoughts, to cultivate a knowledge of the past of our country, to stimulate the Irishman's pride of race. My view is that, of all things that have been working on the side of England in this quarrel with our country during the nineteenth century, that with the most deadly effect to Ireland has been the fashion of English modes and English thoughts in Ireland. Yes, in my opinion, worse than famine and the sword, worse than emigration and coercion even, this gradual Anglicisation of our country has militated against national hopes

for freedom" (strong, but truthful, words). Further on he says:—"Irish history—that glorious story which tells on every page of devotion to high and holy ideals, and disregard of merely materialistic aims—has been kept a closed book to her sons," and he winds up a masterly exposition of the national outlook in Ireland thus: "Irishmen and Irishwomen have reason to lift up their hearts with thankfulness and with joy, strong in the belief that the near future will see an Irish Ireland, self-centred, self-contained, self-reliant, imitating the opinions and thoughts and modes of feeling of no other nation; an Irish Ireland, proud of its glorious past, confident in its future, and determined to be free." These are the calm, deliberate words of the present leader of the Irish party, giving in no unmistakable terms his ideas of the serious and immediate national duty which Irishmen owe to their language.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, speaking at the Maynooth Union in 1900, thus expressed himself: "No doubt they were all pretty conscious that the ancient love of learning, and of reading, and of the salt of wisdom that was so characteristic of their country was at present in a decadent condition. But he put it forward as his opinion that for restoring the lost chord to the heart of Ireland, and making it resound, a leading condition, and, perhaps, the first condition, the condition most congenial to the Celtic nature, was the reviving and placing upon an honoured throne the grand old language of their country"; and, further on, speaking of the culture which the language has brought to those who use Irish solely, or almost entirely, and who would, according to present ideas, be considered illiterate, his Lordship says: "In the remote glens of Ireland they still came upon fine types of Irish manhood and womanhood, cast in a noble mould of mind and manners, and with an inherited culture which he believed not a century of training could attain."

From these quotations from men who are leaders—one in the political or national, and the other in the religious, moral and spiritual advancement of our race—it must be admitted that we in Ireland consider the safety of our language as a living tongue, its value as a barrier to the irreligion and gross materialism of the present age, its value as a national relic, a national treasure, marking Irishmen off from the rest of mankind, a distinct race with an inheritance of nobility, idealism, and devotion to principle, as above and beyond, because embracing all other questions at present occupying the mind of Ireland.

Our language is, as I have already said, spoken by a million of our countrymen; it is being taught in our schools; songs are sung and stories told by the peasant's fireside in it; the entire National-ist Press of Ireland devote columns weekly to Irish stories or essays: several concerts, where not one word of English is heard, have been held in different parts of Ireland; sermons are being preached in Irish to crowded and enthusiastic listeners even in such unlikely places as London and New York; a new spirit has come over Erin, her slumbering, fiery soul has been awakened; her determination, her zeal, and the unity of her representatives are matters of notoriety and much concern to her governors.

England has now to deal with a people and their representatives, fighting with determination and characteristic fearlessness, not alone for material welfare and the rights of self-government, but for some sacred, indefinable thing—the soul, the very life-being of a nation. Such is the Irish language to Ireland; as such do the Irish people look upon that language to-day—those who know it, and those who do not—all determined that the rising generation of Irishmen shall be afforded opportunities for acquiring a thorough knowledge of it. We are determined to make our children bilingual, learning English for commercial purposes, Irish for social entertainment, for instruction, for elevation of soul, and whether the Speaker in an English House of Commons, where we are a foreign element, dissatisfied, kept against our will, allows it to be spoken or prevents its use, we care not. We are determined to have our language in our own Parliament, to mould our constitution on lines characteristically Irish, to bridge the breach of the last hundred years, to take up anew the duty of our race.

I have endeavoured to prove that our language is a national treasure of priceless value, and with immense powers for good in shaping the future destiny of our race; that its literature is copious, varied, and of undoubted integrity; that its influence in ennobling and spiritualising our people, in acting as a barrier against the inroads of latter-day materialism, is exceedingly great; that its importance as a great educational force has been recognised by the highest authorities; and that the million Irishmen who speak it to-day, as well as the millions who do not, are determined that they shall lay the ground-work by means of which the millions yet unborn shall come easily and fully into the possession of their natural birthright—a purely Irish soul guiding and beautifying a free Irish nation. If by endeavouring to speak in my native language in the House of Commons, I have in the smallest degree contributed towards this result, I feel contented and proud. I may here be permitted to correct the mistake into which the English Press has fallen in describing our language as "Erse." Ours is Gaelic or Irish.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

American Competition.

THE VIEWS OF AMERICAN EXPERTS.

"Cassier's Magazine" for March contains an interesting series of short articles by some of the most prominent engineers and business men in the United States, upon the question of American competition. The compendium is most opportune, as there is no subject more widely discussed, nor one which commands more absorbing interest in both engineering and general circles.

The Labour Troubles of Great Britain.

The first article is by Mr. H. F. T. Porter, of the Bethlehem Steel Company. He points to the labour question in England as one of the chief causes for the success of American competition. He says:

The labour troubles which during the last few years have paralysed industry in Great Britain, granted a favourable opportunity to enter that market, which American enterprise, now ready for foreign conquest, has not been slow to seize.

The attacking power of the great industrial combinations, with thousands of employes and enormous capital, directed by the master minds of a few men, would, even under ordinary circumstances, be great; but under the favourable conditions existing in Great Britain, it has been irresistible.

Mr. Porter, however, does not fail to warn Americans to be careful, or the same unhappy results may be repeated in the United States:

The recent labour troubles also in the Middle West cannot be viewed without great apprehension. Knowing the effect of similar disturbances in Great Britain, unless like occurrences are summarily checked it is a foregone conclusion that American trade ascendency, recently acquired from Great Britain, will be soon restored to its recent possessor.

American Machines.

Mr. Henry Birse, of the Newark Machine Tool Works, attributes the success of American manufacture largely to the superior tools used. After declaring that it is useless to discuss "the indisputable fact that, in mechanical engineering, we are in advance of the world," he says:

All the best types of American machines are copied, more or less, in Europe at present, and, granting that the originals are better than the copies, we are driven to admit, if we want to be fair, that the difference between them is no longer extreme.

Mr. Birse insists that there must be some different arrangement with regard to the extremely high American tariff, because reciprocity is essential to trade, and a country which is only willing to sell and not to buy, will get into trouble.

Superior Workmen.

Most of the writers agree in saying that the American workman is the chief agent in enabling American manufacturers to take first place in the world. Mr. Walter McFarland, of Pittsburgh, says:

It appears, also, that the American workmen are much better time-keepers and far less given to dissipation than those in Great Britain. One of the best firms of British shipbuilders, who have had no trouble with their men for years, recently stated that there is a loss of time, amounting to nearly twenty per cent., due largely to drunkenness. If anything approaching these figures is true generally, there can be no surprise that firms open to competition from well-managed American works should have a hard time.

Colonel E. A. Stevens, the President of the Hoboken Land and Improvement Company, is even more emphatic:

The great advantage of America lies in the ambition of the American craftsman. Great may be our natural wealth of ore and coal, perfect our plants, inexhaustible our capital, but all of them will not keep us in the industrial leadership without the men who can, and will, make the best use of them all. One of the most successful manufacturers in the United States has been quoted as saying that if he had to choose between his great plants, on the one hand, and the organisation then working them, on the other, he would take the organisation. In other words, he considers the brains of his staff of greater value than his enormous and costly establishments.

Lack of Trades Unions.

Almost all are agreed in condemning the trades unions of Great Britain, and consider them as one of the chief causes why England lags behind. Arthur Brown, of Rogers, Brown and Co., thinks that American supremacy is due first of all to cheaper and more abundant raw material; also to superior labour, more progressive management and better plant. But when considering the last-named, he says, "Will British and German rivals adopt American weapons, and beat Americans with them?" He tells a story of Sir H. S. Maxim, anent trades unions:

In Great Britain trades unionism devotes its energies to reducing the per diem output of each man to a minimum, in order that employment may go further, and wages be higher. Sir Hiram S. Maxim, in a late address, gave an instance of a small gun attachment which the labour union committee classified as a day and a quarter's work. He invented a machine to make it, but the men would produce the piece only in a day and a quarter, even with the machine. He then hired a German workman, who easily produced thirteen pieces in a day.

The Jig-Habit.

All are agreed that the system of interchanging parts, which is so largely prevalent in America,

is one of the chief causes why articles can be produced so cheaply.

Mr. Oberlin Smith, speaking of this characteristic of his countrymen, says:—

Furthermore, he has applied to their production, wherever possible, the system of interchanging parts, and the using of special tools, thus enormously decreasing the time and cost of many articles in comparison with older methods of producing them. Such contriving and using of special tools as practised by the Yankee (this word being here used as typical of the ingenious, mechanically-minded American) has been termed by the writer in a former article upon this subject the "jig-habit."

The general conclusion arrived at may be expressed in Mr. H. R. Paine's words:—

Industrial supremacy belongs to that country which enjoys the cheapest materials, the most improved machinery, and the most efficient labour. Heretofore these advantages have been Great Britain's; to-day they are America's.

The Mineral Wealth of the Pacific North-West.

Englishmen will read with considerable relief Mr. D. B. Boyle's article in the "Engineering Magazine" for March upon the coming industrial Empire of Puget Sound. In these times when the supremacy of England in all engineering articles is vanishing, largely owing to the vast deposits of iron and coal found in America, it is satisfactory to know that Canada also possesses untold mineral wealth. Mr. Boyle deals chiefly with the future promise of the cities of Pacific North America. In order that their development may be permanent, it is necessary that they should not simply be the forwarding ports for goods from the Eastern States to China and other Oriental countries, but that there should be great national resources in their immediate neighbourhood. And this condition is indeed fulfilled. Mr. Boyle says:—

Iron ore is known to exist in almost limitless quantities, and that is all that is known about it. It awaits an available market for the products of iron, or, it would be more correct to say, the possibility of manufacturing these products, in competition with other parts of the world. In two metals only is this territory deficient—nickel and tin; the latter disability it shares with the whole of North America, the former with all of it except the Canadian province of Ontario.

Timber for 700 Years.

The development of the country will, the writer considers, begin first with the timber. He says:

It is beyond the limit of any merely human descriptive powers to do justice to the timber wealth of the Pacific Coast. It has been calculated, with reference to British Columbia alone, that at the present rate of consumption it would take 700 years to exhaust the more available supplies of timber; and as, under the husbandry of nature, forests will renew themselves in less time than 700 years, the calculation is merely a way of indicating that the timber resources of the Pacific Coast are practically inexhaustible. It is not too much to say, then, that for all trade and commerce into which wood and the products of wood enter, and for all manufactures in which wood and the products of wood are consumed, the Pacific Coast possesses resources incalculably greater than any other portion of the globe, civilised or uncivilised.

The water supply of these districts is also unsurpassed:—

The same excessive humidity which has clothed the Pacific Slope in the temperate zone with inexhaustible forests, makes those mountain ranges vast reservoirs of water, of which the overplus plunges down in a thousand cataracts to the sea, forming an available source of power unexcelled, and probably not even approached, in any portion of the world. In all this territory it would not only be unnecessary—it would be almost impossible—to establish any manufacturing industry beyond the radial limit of electrical energy generated by water.

Marriage and Divorce.

From a French Standpoint.

M. Finot has been inviting the views of a number of well-known Frenchmen and Frenchwomen on this subject, and in the first March number of his "Revue" he publishes some thirty-two letters sent to him, besides citing extracts from the most striking articles which have appeared in consequence of his having raised the question.

The first thing that strikes the reader in going through these letters is their unanimity. Some are long, some short, nearly all are in favour of divorce by mutual consent, and a considerable number, of divorce by the desire of one party only. The general agreement is that the French law of divorce is bad, and urgently demands reform. A few of the answers are especially interesting.

Mme. Juliette Adam says:—"I once thought divorce essential to the respectability of marriage, the loyalty of conjugal relations. I think it so no longer. To facilitate it, seems to me directly calculated to break the last bonds which make marriage a family institution, the consecration of the social entity at once masculine and feminine, as opposed to the double engagement of two individuals, by far too fragile from the point of view of Society, and the full expression of which is—free love."

M. Emile Zola says:—"I am for the couple whose union is made indissoluble by love. I am in favour of the man and the woman who have loved each other, and had children, loving each other always, even until death. Therein is truth, therein is beauty, therein is happiness. But I am for absolute freedom in love, and if divorce is necessary, it must be unfettered, by mutual consent, and even by the desire of one party."

M. Rosny says that if justice will not accommodate itself to the exigencies of modern society, he sees but one way out—not to marry, not to give one's self away absolutely. "As it is un-

derstood at present, marriage is a degradation." M. Jules Renard, while admitting that "by chance" he is happily married, says he shudders to think of how easily it might have been otherwise, and openly avows himself a partisan of "union and free disunion"; adding, "I have not yet found that the divorce law was badly drafted, but I know well that if I found I had to live some thirty years perhaps under the same roof with a lady with whom I was not in sympathy, even if she were the embodiment of all the virtues, no law would prevent me from making my escape to-morrow morning. The end of the world is not far off."

Let Mme. Renard take note of this frank avowal.

Warning Notes.

But there are several notes of warning sounded to the advocates of limitless freedom of divorce. M. Poincare, a deputy, says that if it were enough to say, "I am going," and then go, he does see what would become of marriage; marriage would thereby lose all its dignity and social value. Professor Renard, while approving divorce, thinks that men and women must be rigorously prevented from flying about from one wife or one husband to another, like butterflies from flower to flower in search for honey.

Air Ships.

In the second March number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" most people will turn at once to M. Banet-Rivet's article on "Aerial Navigation and its Future." It is a masterly survey of the whole subject of aerial locomotion from the earliest times, or, rather, from the date of the invention of the balloon.

As soon as the balloon was invented men sought to solve the problem of steering it in any given direction in two ways—either by using the current of the atmosphere or by some kind of motor. Of these methods the former is naturally very uncertain, as the airs and winds a few hundred feet up are frequently quite different from those which prevail nearer the ground, and there does not seem much prospect of discovering the laws which regulate these atmospheric currents—at any rate with sufficient accuracy to enable us to navigate balloons by their means. The problem was thus practically narrowed down to the discovery of a motor which should be capable on occasion of driving a balloon against the wind. More than that, it must be capable of developing such a speed as shall always be superior to that of the wind. The form of propeller obviously indicated was the screw; but whereas a steamer can be propelled by the revolutions of a comparatively small screw, the tenuity of the air rendered necessary a screw of enormously greater dimensions. Moreover, as the resistance of the air to a surface in movement increases proportionately to the square of the speed, it was necessary to rotate the screw very rapidly. But to do this a powerful motor was necessary which would weigh a good deal, and the problem therefore became one of how to obtain a motor sufficiently light and yet sufficiently strong. Inventors applied themselves to reducing, as far as possible, the resistance offered by the whole machine to the atmosphere, and some of them proposed the shape of a cigar, with the thick end in front. But the plan of giving the balloon an elongated shape only proved useful as long as it was inflated; when the gas inside was released to any considerable extent the fabric hung in folds, which considerably retarded the progress of the balloon.

The writer goes on to describe the balloon of MM. Renard and Krebs, which they called "La France," and which is the only one capable of returning to the point of departure. It was inflated with pure hydrogen, and travels with the large end first. The motor was a great dynamo which drives a screw placed right in front of the car. This somewhat diminishes the speed, but, by way of compensation, the power of the rudder is much increased. It must be remembered that the achievements of this airship were as far back as August and September, 1884; and in the enthusiasm of the moment it seemed that the problem of aerial navigation had been solved; but reflection showed that the speed of "La France" was insufficient. Moreover, the inventors were confronted with the old difficulty that to produce an adequate speed an extremely heavy motor would be necessary.

The question of airships seems to have slept thenceforward, until in 1898 M. Santos-Dumont produced an airship without any car, the place of which was taken by a long platform of bamboo, in the middle of which appeared the driving-wheel and the motor. The latter was of sixteen horse-power, driven by petroleum. In this machine the dead weight was much below that of "La France"; but, nevertheless, it does not seem to have yet earned the prize of 10,000f. offered by M. Deutsch for the airship which will go from Suresnes, on the outskirts of Paris, to the Eiffel Tower and back again.

Much interest has been taken more recently in the airship of Count Zeppelin. He has proceeded on the theory that as the power to be developed increases as the cube of the speed, if the tonnage is increased the resistance of the same speed increases as the square of the dimensions. But the ascending force increases more than the cube

of these dimensions, for the dead weight is far from increasing proportionately to the tonnage. Apart from technicalities, the point is that Count Zeppelin believed that from the point of view of speed it was advantageous in airships, as in the case of steamships, to employ large tonnage, and, theoretically, this conclusion is impregnable; but when it comes to practical application it is necessary to take into account the element in which the airships move. This element is so extremely thin that the flying machine must be very stable. Count Zeppelin's airship, however, though it has made three ascents over the Lake of Constance, has never yet succeeded in returning to the point from which it started. What the Count has really succeeded in showing is that it is possible to employ petroleum motors in conjunction with hydrogen for inflation, without fear of fire.

Ireland, England, and Imperialism.

By Mr. T. M. Healy.

Mr. Healy's name is seldom seen in the English reviews, and it is a great pity, for terrible as is Mr. Healy's tongue, it is nothing as compared with his pen. In the "New Liberal Review" he has an article entitled "The Unimperial Race," in which he sums up our relations to Ireland in eight pages of slashing invective.

Mr. Healy's first complaint is, that England taxes Ireland; even the English administration is clothed, armed and fed for the benefit of English manufacturers:—

The ships, the guns, the munitions of war, the uniforms, the stores, are all bought in Britain. If special volunteers are needed for the African War they are raised abroad at five shillings a day (the native tariff being one shilling), and the only thing which Ireland can with certainty discern as her portion of the spoils will be an increase of paupers in her workhouses. Not even the clothing, the batons, or the handcuffs of the Irish police will the Government buy in Ireland, although both the War Office and Admiralty try to help far-away India by prescribing that her obsolete indigo dyes must be used in "service" fabrics.

Ireland, he says, without getting anything in return, except some famines, has paid England about £400,000,000 in taxes since the Union, not to mention the larger sums taken in the shape of absentee rents. In dealing with this money, Ireland has in practice no vote:—

In the second Chamber 100 Irish are admitted, to be outvoted by 570 British, and it is so bedevilled with "rules" that no Irishman, practically, can overcome its procedure so as to carry a Bill. Thus Irish legislation proceeds only from Government. This Government is so taken up with British affairs and foreign or Colonial concerns, that the gentlemen in the Ministry "responsible" for Ireland can only get a word in edgeways, after a certain percentage of unusual crimes have been recorded, to enable him to persuade his colleagues that the Irish are serious. Under this system no Irish Bill can get any time allotted to it unless it smacks of the heroic. Humdrum parish measures get not a moment's toleration. Minor reforms, moreover, would have to be suggested by the residents in the country, and the only persons to bring these under notice would be the permanent officials, but the last thing they think of is something which would not benefit themselves.

Administration.

The Irish administration preserves English authority, but does nothing, Mr. Healy argues, to guard Irish interests. It is a comic opera institution. The Irish judges are nearly all taken from the Orange minority, and a Catholic candidate for judgeship must first be "as good as a Protestant."

When the Crown comes to deal with serious crime, no Catholic is allowed to serve on a jury, if State interests (i.e., landlords') are concerned. Barring political and agrarian offences, the criminal law is generally humanely administered. A Protestant criminal may be more tenderly handled, or can more easily arrange to get off altogether, but in the case of "non-political" offences, the accused Catholic gets a fair trial and a just sentence. Indeed, the severity of the agrarian and political warfare tends to undue lenity towards ordinary crimes. Until recently anyone could murder his wife or poison his child and be sure of a reprieve, but Viceroy Cadogan has begun to let the law take its course of salutary strangulation for murders committed on poor people who were not bailiffs or land agents. Outside large cities, the heads of the police take little interest in hunting down criminals who merely offend against common humanity. "Stripes" or promotion can be won in the R.I. Constabulary only by zeal on behalf of landlordism. In the Dublin Metropolitan Police, however, there is much honest thief-catching.

As to the administration of the ordinary law, Mr. Healy says:—

Once outside the ambit of Hooliganism, your British administrator "fancies himself" as a law-giver only a trifle below Moses. Any Army officer broken in India, Egypt, or Birmingham, and created what is called a Resident Magistrate, will rate the inheritors of the Brehon Code about "Law and Order," as if Clapham were near Mount Sinai. He represents "the common law" for the multitude, and the chief result of his operations last century may be stated to be the studding of Ireland with licensed houses, in order to increase the drink revenue for the Exchequer. This is now no longer a settled policy with the Castle or the Excise, as there is hardly room for any more, and the rulers who officially strewed public-houses by the thousand over the land now dub their subjects "drunkards" on occasion.

Mr. Healy does not believe in the amelioration scheme which emanates from the Imperial Parliament. He would prefer an honest despotism, and thinks even direct rule by the landlords preferable to that of the British Parliament:—

To escape from the shackles of the Legislative system in which Ireland is immeshed, the Irish Members would be justified, if they cannot get Home Rule, in forcing on the disfranchisement of the Island. Even a plan vesting despotic power solely in the Orange Lodges (if it included fiscal control) would be preferable to the woeful parody on representative institutions now afflicting Ireland.

The "Monde Moderne" for March contains two very interesting articles—"Strasburg," by C. Nerlinger; and "The Ivories in the Cluny Museum," by Edouard Garnier.

An American Tribute to Our King.

Edward VII. is the subject of a character sketch in the April "Century," by Mr. George W. Smalley. The writer declares that "he has far more knowledge and a far higher capacity for rule than is commonly supposed."

His Love of News.

He has been of late profoundly interested in matters of public concern. He knew the politics of Europe:—

In such matters the Prince took care to keep himself informed. He was extremely well served, and he missed no opportunity of enlarging his means of knowledge. He liked early news. You could not do him a greater pleasure than to tell him or telegraph him of some fact before it became public. I could name men who, being in a position to know, and being admitted to his confidence, which he gave discreetly, went almost nightly to Marlborough House, with their budgets of news, domestic and foreign. His household knew what their master expected, and they made it their business to supply him with it. His influence was often invoked from abroad, and often, though in a different way, at home. His intimacies with English statesmen stood him in good stead. Perhaps I may mention two, each very different from the other, I mean Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, both Prime Ministers, and both, whether in or out of office, deep in the confidence of the Prince.

A Strenuous Nature with the Pride of King.

Some English readers will perhaps be surprised to read what follows:—

I do not believe he will ever care to play the part of King Log. His is a strenuous nature. He has, very fully and strongly, the pride of kings, and what the pride of kings is a Republican who has lived all his life in a republic can but faintly conceive. He has behind him, moreover, the loyalty of an expectant nation. . . . Deep down in the soul of the Englishman lies ingrained this sentiment of loyalty to the kingly house he has appointed to reign over him. The fact that the King holds by a Parliamentary title makes little or no difference. England still expects her King to be a king. Why does she venerate the Queen? Because she has been, before all things, Queen. Within well-defined limits, yet in a perfectly real and true sense, the Queen has not only reigned, but ruled. It is a precedent which the Queen's son, to the full measure of his character and abilities, must follow.

"He Reads Nothing."

Touching very lightly on his past record, the writer says:—

Underneath the surface, visible to those who knew him best, lying dormant if you will, but always there, was a Prince of Wales quite different from the card-playing, turf-loving, perhaps somewhat reckless, and at times even frivolous young man, whom England in its more austere moods, has sometimes thought of imperfect promise for his future kingship, yet never ceased to love.

One training beside those I have already indicated he has always had. He has always been a man of the world—not always, perhaps, of the best world, but, all in all, a man of the world in the sense in which that phrase means most. He knew men. He judged them well. He observed and reflected. To books he has never devoted himself. I once asked one of the men most about him, "What does the Prince read?" The answer may well startle you. "He reads nothing." "You mean he reads little." "I mean he reads absolutely nothing. We lay before him what we think he ought to see, and he reads that, but you will never see a newspaper, and still less a book, in his hand." It may have been true at the moment when it was said, though I am bound to add it was denied by other authority equally good.

Worthy of His People's Love.

Mr. Smalley informs his American audience very bluntly:—

England is a very democratic country, more democratic in some very important particulars than our own, but there does not exist in England the vestige of a Republican party.

The English have ever shown an affection for the Prince of Wales. Why? asks Mr. Smalley; and answers: "He was worthy of it." One ground of this endearment was the revolution he and the Princess effected in the relations between Court and people:—

They mingled with their fellow-subjects, accepted invitations in London and to houses in the country. It had never been done before with anything like the same freedom. Strict etiquette was against it: from the Continent the Court pedants looked on aghast.

A Strong Character.

Mr. Smalley remarks on the Kaiser's visit in 1889. When he arrived he merely touched his hat in response to the welcome of the distinguished party who came to meet him. The Prince of Wales shook hands with them cordially. The Kaiser quietly took the hint, and when he bade them good-bye, shook hands. The writer sets down his own impressions of our new monarch:—

First of all, the impression of real force of character. Next, that combined shrewdness and good sense which, together, amount to sagacity. Third, tact. . . . Add to it firmness and courage, and base all of these gifts on immense experience of life by one who has touched it on many sides, and you will have drawn an outline of character which cannot be much altered. Add to it the Prince's constant solicitude about public matters, and his intelligent estimate of forces—which last is the chief business of statesmanship. Add to this, again, the effect upon the hearer of his conversation; from a mind full, not indeed of literature, but of life, a conversation of wide range, of acuteness, of clear statement and strong opinion, of infinite good humour.

Victoriana.

It will be long before the public tires of hearing stories about Queen Victoria. The magazines continue to meet the constant demand.

The "Century" gives personal reminiscences of Queen Victoria by a member of the suite of an illustrious guest of the Queen at Osborne in 1886. The guests were expected to keep their "cottage" in apple-pie order, as the Queen would immediately after their departure go round on a tour of inspection. The writer reports from the illustrious personage what the Queen said in conversation.

The Child of Poverty and Heir of Debt.

They heard much about the Queen's young days, and of the help which Leopold I. of Belgium, her

maternal uncle, had given in those times of poverty, without which her mother could not have afforded to pay for the many professors and masters called in to educate the young Victoria. The writer proceeds:—

Her Majesty's early training made her thrifty for life; but in spite of her saving, she did not accumulate the large fortune which most people attribute to her, as there have always been many private outlets for her wealth. She herself said, in 1886, that every year she had been gradually paying off the enormous debts left by her father, and not until 1889 had finally succeeded.

Not a Tailor-made Queen.

Of her demeanour the writer remarks wonderingly:—

It was strange that a woman short of stature, not slender, verging on extreme old age, and unbecomingly dressed, with few physical attractions, should have had such a dignified bearing and have been able to impress everyone who came in contact with her by her queenly personality and charm. Her delightfully modulated voice and sweet, genuine smile had, I think, much to do with it; and the strong, sterling qualities of mind and heart made themselves felt in spite of the somewhat plain exterior.

Running Her Ladies Out of Breath.

Yet with all her graciousness, she was in some respects resolutely exacting:—

The Queen, in many ways so domestic and simple, was always a great stickler for etiquette and precedent, and certain forms of deference were insisted upon in her presence. This must have tried her ladies in more ways than one; for, possessing great physical strength herself, she saw no reason why they should not stand in her presence; and they were expected to take long walks, in all weathers, with their royal mistress. In later years the Queen's outings in her private grounds were taken in a Bath chair drawn briskly by a favourite donkey; and a lady who had walked by her Majesty's side on various occasions, and who was unable to keep up the conversation from lack of breath, told me that the Queen had appeared surprised at the occurrence. She was evidently unaware of the hardships that these things were to more delicate women, for, when she understood, nobody could have been more considerate, kind, and sympathetic.

A Royal Way into an Orange.

Speaking of a foreign visitor, the writer observes:—

This same guest showed us how the Queen ate her orange, and advised us to imitate her, which we did ever after, cutting a small hole in the top, removing the central pith with a very sharp knife, and then scooping out the pulp with a spoon, leaving the rind intact.

"Her" Favourite Flower.

A story is told not without bearing on the myth which created Primrose Day:—

The following little anecdote, told by the Queen herself, will show her independence of character. Very fond of primroses, and finding none in the royal gardens, she sent word to have some planted. The gardeners, the Queen said, made many objections, and finding, shortly afterward, that her wishes had not yet been carried out, she despatched a messenger enquiring the reason. "I suppose Queen Anne had none," she said, "so they did not think it proper for me to have any; but I sent them word promptly that Queen Victoria would have some—and she did."

A Curious Dread of Her Presence.

Less intelligible to outsiders was the dread of meeting Her Majesty shown by members of Family and Court:—

Poor people, or perfect strangers, the Queen never minded seeing at all. It was only those whom she knew about that she did not care to encounter, as it would put her in the awkward position of being discourteous and passing them by, or else force her to stop and talk with them, when she felt disinclined to do so. Hence, out of deference to the Queen's supposed feelings, arose the etiquette prescribing that one must never be seen on her path. This grew into a stereotyped rule.

A Hint Apparelled as a Doll.

Marie A. Belloc recalls in the "Windsor" Queen Victoria's visits to foreign countries. It is remarked that she rarely went to Germany, never to Berlin, and, in spite of pressing invitations, never to St. Petersburg. One curious incident, touching the then Princess Royal, is recounted of her stay in Paris in 1855, when French enthusiasm is said to have surpassed that shown in 1896 for the Tsar Nicholas II.:—

It was hinted that the lovely Empress of the French was so distressed at the lack of taste shown by those who had the privilege of dressing the youthful Princess, that, by way of remedying this state of things, she presented her young guest with a splendid doll exactly the size of herself, in the hope, which was justified by results, that when the Queen saw the beautiful trousseau which accompanied this marvellous poupee, she would consider the frocks and hats far too fine to be wasted on a doll, and would transfer them to the doll's new owner

The Most Experienced Statesman.

Mrs. Tooley, in the "Woman at Home," writes an excellent article on the Queen, in which she fully acknowledges that Victoria not only reigned, but ruled. Mrs. Tooley, at least, is under no delusion on this point. She says:—

Last autumn, Sir Edward Clarke, on congratulating Lord Salisbury on the result of the elections, said that since the death of Lord Beaconsfield the Prime Minister had, with one exception, been the most experienced statesman in Europe. "That exception was the Queen." Lord Salisbury himself, four times Prime Minister during her reign, gives the remarkable tribute to the Queen's sagacity that her independent judgment had so often proved superior to that of the Government that it had become almost an axiom with Ministers that it was dangerous to the best interests of the Empire to pursue a course of which she had doubted the expediency.

She relates an anecdote of how an ancient Baptist deacon—

came to Windsor to show the Queen a plough which he had invented. "When I saw the Queen come in, I was right stammered," said he, "for I thought she'd have a gown a-trailing behind, same as we see in the pictures, and maybe a bit crown on her head. But there she was—a comely, simple woman, with a smile on her face. She spoke quiet and friendly like, and said she was glad to see me, and what a long way I had come to show my plough; and she hadn't spoke a dozen words before I felt quite at home, and talked to her as if she worn't no more than nobody. I was no more afraid of her than I am of my neighbours' wives—not half so much as I am of some o' them!"

The Chinese Empress.

By Lady Macdonald.

"Amiability verging on weakness" was the verdict of the Chinese Secretary of the British Legation who accompanied the wives of the Ambassadors when they visited the Dowager-Empress in March, 1900. So at least says Lady Macdonald, in the excellent article which she has contributed to the "Empire Review" for April, entitled "My Visits to the Dowager-Empress of China." Her one impression is that the Empress is not so black as she is painted:—

What she certainly seems to be, on the surface, is a woman swayed hither and thither by the counsels of her advisers, of whom the vast majority are certainly phenomenally ignorant of anything outside the "Middle Kingdom," and in addition arrogant and anti-foreign. I should say the Dowager-Empress was a woman of some strength of character, certainly genial and kindly, and liked by her immediate surroundings; this is the opinion of all the ladies who accompanied me.

The Empress at Home.

Lady Macdonald says when she first was received by the Empress:

She was sitting behind a long narrow table decorated with fruit and flowers, watching our entry with the keenest interest, and no less keenly did we look at this formidable lady to whom is imputed such an iron will and unbending character. Though over sixty she is still a young-looking woman, with jet black hair and kindly dark eyes; in repose her expression is stern, but when she smiles it lights up, and all traces of severity disappear; her face is not of the ordinary Chinese or Manchu type, and she might in another part of the world pass for an Italian peasant. In stature she is short and slight, but wearing the Manchu shoe adds at least three inches to her height; her hands and feet are small and well formed, the greatest disfigurement, from our point of view, being the two gilt nail protectors three inches long, which she, in common with all the Princesses, wore on one hand to protect the nails beneath from breaking. She was richly dressed in a yellow brocaded coat, lined with fur, and blue silk embroidered petticoat down to her feet, her hair being dressed a la Manchu in two big bows showing on either side of her head, from which dangled pearl ornaments, and a bandeau with graduated pearls, the largest as big as a chestnut, encircled the front of her head. Her face was entirely unpainted, differing in this respect most markedly from all the other Court ladies. In front of the table behind which her Imperial Majesty was installed, and a little to one side, sat the Emperor. It was a pleasurable surprise to us all to find him taking part in the audience, as we were told only the Empress was to receive us. A sad-eyed, delicate-looking youth, showing but little character in his face, he hardly raised his eyes during our reception.

Her Speech and Her Manners.

The Empress has a harsh voice, disagreeable to listen to, and talks in a louder key than is usual for a Chinese lady. Our little speeches over I ascended the dais from the right, courtsied to the Emperor, who shyly shook hands with me, courtsied again to the Empress, and was going off left, when she called me back, and pressed on my finger, over my glove, a gold filigree ring, ornamented by a solitary pearl.

After lunch the Empress—

began an animated conversation with us, through our own interpreters, and the two Chinese whom I have mentioned; the latter always went down on their knees when addressing the Empress, but beyond this and a respectful space kept round her, I particularly noticed that all her ladies and courtiers appeared quite at their ease in her presence, and talked to each other, perhaps in slightly lowered tones, but as if quite accustomed to her presence, and in no way intimidated by it. Our conversation was, of necessity, of the most banal; she addressed each of us in turn, and when a pretty wistful-faced little lady came in, clad in the same gay colours as the other Princesses, she presented each of us to her, as the Emperor's wife.

A Very Woman.

On their second visit, in March, 1900, says Lady Macdonald—

the Empress came into our box during the theatrical performance, and spent some time with us, examining our rings and trinkets and the texture of our dresses. The Empress was much amused by the Dutch lady's pince-nez, which she was trying to conceal, as it is considered the height of ill-breeding to wear glasses when conversing with anybody. Her Imperial Majesty tried them on, peeped through our opera glasses, and, generally, behaved with the naive curiosity of a mere woman; she showed us two strings of good-sized pearls which hung from her wrists, told us that a large and very yellow diamond which she evidently prized most highly came from Europe, allowed us to examine the embroidery on the outside jacket she was wearing, and turned it back to show us the fur lining, and then contrasted her tiny feet with ours.

M. Witte, the Russian Colossus.

Dr. Dillon on the National Financial Crisis.

Dr. Dillon contributes a very elaborate and important article on M. Witte and the Russian commercial crisis to the "Contemporary Review" for April. It is a very valuable study, at first hand, of the most powerful personality among Russian statesmen.

M. Witte's Position.

Dr. Dillon says:—

Kaiser Wilhelm, Leo XIII., and M. Witte, the foremost statesmen of to-day, are popularly supposed to have the fate of Europe in their hands, and the Russian Finance Minister is often believed to be much the most powerful of the three. As he presides over the great ganglion, or nerve-centre, of the Muscovite Empire, raising and spending the revenue of a nation of over a hundred and forty million people, it is felt that he must also have a commanding voice in the conduct of the affairs of every department of State government, domestic and foreign. But I have it on the authority of some of his confreres that the Tsar's confidence amounts merely to a firm belief that M. Witte is endowed with the brains, the will-power, the single-mindedness, and the honesty which go to the making of a good financier, but that he is far from suspecting that his Minister's knowledge of political currents and undercurrents, his depth and breadth of view, his inborn psychological tact and his gift of deftly adjusting present means to far-off ends, place him on a level with the first statesmen of the century. Beyond his own domain, therefore, he has no initiative and scant influence. He is seldom consulted except in cases where financial questions are at issue, and his advice, even when it had to do with matters which directly affected his own sphere of action, has been several times set aside and the counsels of other Ministers carried out instead.

His Personal Appearance.

His is not a countenance which profoundly impresses the casual observer. The forehead and the eyes undoubtedly bespeak more than average intelligence, and the lines about the mouth suggest rare will-power, but his general personal appearance is of the king which provokes negative sentiment rather than appreciative curiosity. Tall of stature, heavy in build, stiff in deportment, cumbersome in gait, cold in manner, and unpolished in address, M. Witte seems, at first sight, one of the least sympathetic men whom one would expect to find at the apex of the social pyramid in Russia. Although a nobleman by birth, he is the opposite pole to the human type labelled by Germans "der Frackmensch" or "man of evening dress." Hard, stiff, angular, slow to speak and prompt to act, devoid alike of physical attractions and of the cheap arts of seeming and pleasing, he is said by those who know him most intimately to be gifted with a mind of large compass and with a keenness of insight bordering upon prophetic vision.

His Genius.

But underneath the opaque exterior and the rugged traits lie hidden sparks of genuine fire, which occasionally glisten forth through the eyes during the heat of discussion. Wont to throw his thoughts into deeds, he has few left for mere words, and is therefore a poor speaker. But when he does talk, sincerity and suasion characterise all he says. Devoid of the white heat of enthusiasm, and without the thinnest vein of poetry in his composition, he may be aptly characterised as the embodiment of sturdy common sense raised to its highest Russian power. His temper is naturally uneven, with a pronounced tendency to violent outbursts, which sometimes seem greatly disproportioned to their cause. But he generally manages to keep his anger within the bounds of words which sting; it seldom hurries him into rash action, and never assumes the form of feminine spite or vengeance.

His Methods.

No Russian Minister was ever better equipped for success than is M. Witte. To begin with he has the gift, or, it may be, the habit, of bringing all the power of his mind and all the force of his will to bear upon his work. He is literally wrapped up in it, and whatever or whoever confronts him is made subservient to it. It is the element in which he lives. A Dutchman by extraction, and a railway administrator by profession, M. Witte differs from most Russians in character, and from all living statesmen in methods. Russia's financial and industrial affairs were in a woeful tangle when M. Witte was first placed in charge of them, and established facts seem to proclaim that, so far, he has wound more serviceable thread out of the ravelled skein than was or could have been expected.

The Main Drift of His Policy.

M. Witte has already left his indelible mark on the administration and the country, and will be known as the first statesman, Russian or other, who has seriously coped with the task of organising and co-ordinating all the productive forces of the Empire, and of warding off the crises and the acute distress which periodically result from the undue concentration of those forces on certain narrow lines. Much could, and should, be done to bring order into the chaotic state of things which must result from the lack of co-ordination among the productive forces of the Empire, and unless my reading of the signs and symptoms of the day be utterly wrong, the realisation of this is the real tendency and the chief merit of M. Witte's policy. So long as private gain is the sole and unchecked stimulus to production, can any great governing agency of the kind suggested bring order into the general confusion, deaden the effects of crises, and hinder acute distress?

The Chance of Success.

The lack of a general plan and of organised effort is more keenly felt, and can be more easily remedied there than in any other country in the world. It is felt more disastrously because Russia is virtually deprived of the relief which a foreign outlet affords to overstocked markets. It can be more easily and successfully treated, because already the State systematically collects and freely communicates information most valuable for trade and industry, which heretofore was guarded and acted upon by private firms competing with each other. Moreover, the great organic hindrance to a central organising and controlling agency—individualistic production for markets whose capacities for consumption cannot be estimated in advance—although it exists in Russia, is less widespread, owing to the circumstance that the State there is the great artery which feeds almost all the mining and industrial enterprises. The Russian Government seems fairly well-equipped for solving the greatest economic problem of this or any other age.

The Need for Such a Providence.

The present commercial crisis illustrates the need for some such terrestrial providence.

This long series of disasters, the stagnation of commerce, the glutting of the markets, the scarcity of hard cash, the weakening of credit, the fall in securities of every description, the crash of industries, the ruin of individuals, the misery of large numbers of the unemployed, constitute a spectacle unparalleled in the history of the Empire. Within the short space of a twelve-month there has been a maximum fall in industrial shares from 573 to 247 roubles; in agrarian bank shares from 340 to 175 roubles; metallurgical securities have in one case dropped from 2,340 to 1,025 roubles; naphtha shares have shrunk in value from 13,200 to 10,500 roubles; a number of important works have gone into administration, or declared themselves bankrupt; works which cost 24 million roubles in building have not been opened; others, which seemed to be thriving for years, have been definitely closed; millions of poods of pig-iron are waiting for buyers; 734 million roubles of Belgian capital paid less than 2½ per cent. interest last year; and seventeen Belgian companies are paying no dividend whatever; while thousands of workmen have been turned adrift, and their families left famishing

From a report drawn up for the information of the French Embassy at St. Petersburg by a member of their corps, the foreign capital invested in Russian joint-stock companies was subscribed by the different nations as follows:—

France, 792 million francs; Belgium, 734; Germany, 261; England, 236; Holland, 18; United States, 12; Austria, 11; Switzerland, 5; Sweden, 4; Italy 2.

English capital, which is said to amount, at present, to about 480 million roubles all told, was invested with a keener eye to proper and profitable specialisation than that of other peoples. A large percentage of it was placed in the Baku petroleum trade and in Caucasian manganese works. Englishmen, probably seeing that the metallurgical works were in danger of over-capitalisation, gave them a wide berth.

Business-like Imperialism.

By Mr. J. Alfred Spender.

The editor of the "Westminster Gazette" contributes to the "New Liberal Review" a characteristically rare and judicial article under the above heading.

John Bull as He is and as He Thinks He is.

Very good, indeed, is the contrast which he draws between John Bull as he fancies himself to be, and the real John Bull as his neighbours see him:—

That personage, as he conceives himself, is the embodiment of the sober virtues—staid, prudent, cautious, constant, domestic, and peace-loving. According to the new version, he was an incalculable, excitable, ambitious being, who kept his quieter neighbours in perpetual apprehension as to where he would break out next. While he thanked heaven daily that he was not as others—the slave of a crushing militarism—they observed that he was perpetually at war, and that he claimed to be master of the sea in a sense that none of them were masters of the land. To himself he appeared an evangelist, whose free-trading principles and enlightened ideas of government put his neighbours under an obligation at each stage of his expansion; to them a being of insatiable ambition, with a remarkable talent for acquiring the best bits.

The View of a Foreign Diplomatist.

Mr. Spender says:—

I remember, when the Boer War was only a few weeks old, talking with an able and experienced foreign diplomatist about the prospects of European intervention. He scouted the idea, firstly, for the cynical reason that no rival of Great Britain could wish anything better than to see her involved in a South African struggle, and secondly, on the ground that the settled policy of Europe was against interference with other people's quarrels. "You English," he said, "will never understand us; you persist in believing that we are pining to fight with each other, and pining to fight with you. I tell you most of us know, as you don't know, what war is like in our own countries, and we are determined that it shall never happen again in our time. You have no policy about anything, we have a policy about everything, and having a policy prevents quarrels. You are afraid that we are going to pick a quarrel with you about the Boers. Why should we? They are far off, and you command the sea. Besides, if one starts complications, one never knows where they will stop. Some of us are glad that you have at last something to occupy you which will prevent you from causing crises, and enable you to forget the affaire Dreyfus. But if there must be a quarrel, we are very glad that it should be in Africa."

Shall the Honeymoon be Abolished?

The April "Lady's Realm" discusses this point in an amusing symposium. "No," says Mrs. Philip Agnew; "Yes, very risky," says the Hon. Stuart Erskine; "On the whole, no," says Mrs. Birch, rather doubtfully. Mrs. Agnew urges:—

That it is also a-never-to-be-repeated experience is alone a plea for its maintenance. Try as we will to reproduce its outward features, no other period, no other holiday, can give the novelty, the sweet insouciance, of honeymoon days.

The Hon. S. R. Erskine vetoes it unhesitatingly. He says:—

That Arabian poet who wisely affirmed that terrestrial happiness consists in mutual understanding, deserves the crown of immortality in exchange for his philosophy; but it is apparent that he wrote in complete ignorance of certain flourishing Western institutions and customs. He could hardly have heard of honeymooning, for instance, or he would surely have warned his disciples against that particular form of diversion as being fraught with peril to all such as sincerely desire to live on good terms with their possessions. The honeymoon is a more prolific source of broken marriages than the Divorce Court is of "separate establishments."

Man, he argues, is prone to get tired even of the most charming object, as the greatest delicacy palls at last. A short honeymoon is "a delicate experiment": a long one "a veritable flying in the face of Providence and an act of madness on the part of the individual for which a fussy Legislature should be promptly invited to discover a drastic remedy."

A "Travelling Bridesmaid" to Play Gooseberry.

Mrs. Birch suggests that newly-married couples should take a bridesmaid with them—nor too pretty and distinctly inferior to the bride in attraction:—

Endearments which might pall after a time—love, of which there may be a satiety in the honeymoon, will acquire an added zest in the discretion necessary in the presence of a third party and in the constant fear of interruption.

The Originals of Dogberry and Verges.

The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield writes in "Temple Bar" on "Shakespeare in Buckinghamshire." The statement by Aubrey, who lived within twenty-six years of Shakespeare's death, is that "the humour of Dogberry, the constable . . . he happened to take at Grendon, in Bucks." There is a persistent local tradition to the effect that the poet, in great distress, and unable to afford a lodging at the inn, went to sleep in the church porch in Grendon. Two village constables found him there, and charged him with intending to rob the church. After much ado the strolling player convinced the two worthy watchmen that he was no rogue, whereupon they took him to the Ship Inn and regaled him with provisions. These constables "were doubtless the originals of Dogberry and Verges." Dogberry's dialect is said by the writer to be pure Buckinghamshire. There is, moreover, a tradition that the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was written at Grendon, where there is still pointed out the "bank whereon the wild thyme grows."

Queen Alexandra at her Son's Deathbed.

In the ornate April number of the "Sunday at Home," Canon Fleming makes public, he says for the first time, a story of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra at the deathbed of the Duke of Clarence, which he prefaces with another already published. We cite both together as they are given. In 1892, the Prince and Princess sent for the Canon, and she told him the story which she then permitted him to print. She said:—

"In 1883 all my five children received the Holy Communion with me, and I gave Eddy a little book, and wrote in it—

"'Nothing in My Hand I Bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I Cling;'
and also,
'Just as I Am, Without One Plea,
But That Thy Blood was Shed for Me,
O Lamb of God, I Come.'"

"When he was gone, and lay like one sleeping, we laid a Cross of flowers on his breast, and after we had done so, I turned to the table at his bedside and saw the little book in which were written these words; and I could not help feeling that he did cling to the Cross, and that it had all come true."

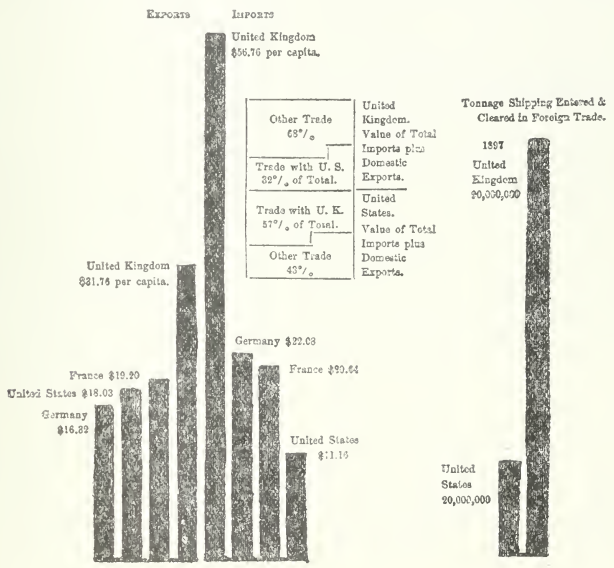
The Canon goes on:—

It was then also she told me a story, so touching, so sacred, that she has, till now, kept it locked in the casket of her heart; but she has now granted me her gracious permission to give it for the first time to the public. She said to me on that Sunday afternoon:—

"Shortly before Eddy's death, he was lying, as if in a sleep. Suddenly he raised himself up from his pillow, and looking round the room, said twice, 'Who's that calling me—who's that calling me?' I gently said: 'It's Jesus calling you': and I hope he heard me."

Is Great Britain Decaying?

Mr. Alleyne Ireland supplies a very expressive answer to this question in the shape of an article on "The Victorian Era of British Expansion," in the "North American Review" for April. Mr. Ireland's arithmetic is conclusive. He shows that during the Queen's reign the population of the United Kingdom doubled, and this in spite of the fact that the population of Ireland during the same period diminished 79 per cent. The public revenue increased 132 per cent., though the area of taxation under Free Trade was enormously narrowed. In 1843 there were more than 1,000 articles subject to duty, in Great Britain to-day there are less than a score! The public expenditure increased 156 per cent.; there is an increase of 636 per cent. in the volume of total imports, while the combined total of imports and exports has increased by 539 per cent.! The tonnage of shipping entered and cleared in the ports of the United Kingdom has increased by 539 per cent. Says Mr. Ireland:—


Exports
Imports
United Kingdom $56.76 per capita.
Other Trade 68%
Trade with U. S. 32% of Total.
United Kingdom. Value of Total Imports plus Domestic Exports.
Trade with U. K. 57% of Total.
Other Trade 43%
United States. Value of Total Imports plus Domestic Exports.
United Kingdom $31.76 per capita.
Germany $22.63
France $20.64
France $19.20
United States $18.03
Germany $16.32
United States $11.16
Tonnage Shipping Entered & Cleared in Foreign Trade.
1897
United Kingdom 20,000,000
United States 20,000,000

We hear a great deal about the decadence of the United Kingdom as a commercial power; but Englishmen may take some comfort from the above comparisons, which serve to show the enormous bulk of trade which still falls to the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. It will be seen that the United Kingdom imports, per head of her population, more than the United States, France, and Germany put together, and that she exports of her own produce and manufactures, nearly as much per head as the people of France and Germany taken together, or as the people of the United States and Germany taken together. It may also be noted that, whereas England depends on the United States for 32 per cent. of her trade, the United States does 57 per cent. of her total trade with the United Kingdom.

House-decorating as an occupation for women is the subject of a sensible interview in the April "Young Woman."

The Problem of Army Reform.

The April number of the "Nineteenth Century" contains five articles on Army Reform, mostly by well-known authorities. The first two are by Mr. Henry Birchenough and Major-General F. S. Russell, and are grouped under the heading "Our Last Effort for a Voluntary Army," the first representing the "Civilian View," and the latter the "Military View." Mr. Birchenough is assured that compulsory service must come sooner or later, but of course he limits it to Home Defence.

Compulsory Service at Home.

He foresees, however, nothing but a still greater increase of our military needs in the future, and how these are to be met by home-service conscription alone does not appear. He urges that compulsory service in England need not conform to the Continental life, and he does not regard barrack life as an essential feature of military training:—

It is perfectly feasible to establish a system which will not withdraw lads from their own localities at all, but will be carried on over a series of years, very much as our elementary education is carried on in the earlier years of life, with the least possible disturbance to local and home life.

In regard to the question of economic waste, Mr. Birchenough points to Germany as an example of success in industry in spite, or as he would say, because of conscription, and he points out quite truly that taking a couple of years from the life of an individual does not necessarily mean a loss in productiveness, if military training should improve his physique and character. That it would do so Mr. Birchenough is convinced. The army should be a "school of physical training and moral discipline." Mr. Birchenough's scheme is vitiated by the fact that he regards our system for foreign service as fairly satisfactory, and therefore makes no provision for its reform. But what of the extra men to garrison South Africa? And what if a war should break out requiring heavy reinforcements for India.

Introduce the Indian System.

General Russell begins by declaring that compulsion just at present would be impossible. He criticises Mr. Brodrick's scheme on the whole favourably, but declares it is defective because it makes no provision for the creation of a small compact force of 40,000 men ready for foreign service without mobilisation. Some such provision he regards as absolutely necessary. In regard to organisation he says the Indian system is the best, and should be adopted in this country. The Indian Army is inferior to none except perhaps that of Germany:—

The Secretary of State would be supreme like the Viceroy. Under him there would be two great military officials: one the Commander-in-Chief, responsible for the inspection, training, discipline, and patronage of the Army; the other charged with the supply, transport, clothing, ordnance and fortification. Of course there would be the subordinate heads of departments, as at present; but above all let these various chiefs be allowed to spend the money allotted to their special branch without immediate interference, in all matters of detail, from the civilian side of the War Office. It is needless to add that there would have to be a financial clerk attached to each department, and also the final audit by the Accountant-General as a wholesome and necessary check on expenditure. It would seem that in this way much unnecessary labour might be saved, friction avoided, and procedure greatly expedited.

District Training Schools.

The other "Nineteenth Century" articles on Army reform deal more with details than with the general system. Sir Herbert Maxwell contributes a paper on "Military Training Schools for Lads." He explains his scheme, which was really drawn up by Captain Maitland, as follows:—

There shall be established in the various regimental districts, and under control of the district commandants, training schools for the reception of lads of fifteen or sixteen. That is the critical period in the youth of the working classes; the statutory school age has been passed, and a very large percentage of lads drift out into the world, acquire the habit of loafing, and too often go to swell the ranks of Hooliganism. Such of these lads as can be persuaded to enter the district training schools—King Edward's Schools, as Captain Maitland suggests they shall be called—will be instructed there for two years in athletics, riding, cycling, elementary drill, musketry, scouting, and signalling. Military history may also be taught, and habits of discipline and cleanliness will be acquired. Then, after two years' training, the lads will be drafted either into the district regiment of infantry, or into such other branch of the Service as they may have set their hearts upon. They will enter their battalions not as the raw article, with everything to be drummed into it, but mentally and physically prepared to learn the duties of soldiers, of which they have already mastered the rudiments.

A Military Provident Fund.

The Earl of Arran suggests the formation of "A Military Provident Fund." He thinks that one of the great evils of Army life is the restriction on marriage, and says that he is convinced from personal experience that marriage has a good effect on soldiers. Under the existing regulations, only 7 per cent. of the men are allowed "on the strength," and this prevents the enlistment of the best type of men. The wives and children of soldiers should no longer be left to charity. The Government should act as an insurance society and encourage each man to subscribe a monthly item out of his pay:—

In the event of death in the King's service a sum of money, according to rate, to be paid to the next of kin; in the event of disablement to the insurer.

Should he survive, the insurer would be able to draw the net total of his premium upon his discharge.

Miss Ethel McCaul writes on "Army Nursing," and makes several useful suggestions. She recommends the establishment of a separate Nurses Corps with a recognised head and staff. The male nurses should be properly trained, some in the

male wards of civil hospitals. Miss McCaul does not agree with the Royal Commission which recommends the employment of female nurses at the front, though she agrees that they should not be in the first line of field hospitals. She makes several other useful suggestions as to hospital equipment and the organisation of a nursing reserve.

Mr. Brodrick's Army Scheme under Fire.

The author of "An Absent-minded War," writing in the "Fortnightly Review," has not a good word to say for Mr. Brodrick's scheme of Army Reform. He says that "if we accept this windy scheme, we shall deserve another and bloodier lesson than that which we have been taught by the South African War." The fundamental principles on which the scheme is based are unsound. He proposes to create an army of 435,000 men, for home defence, on the off-chance that the fleet may fail us; but if the fleet failed us, the last thing in the world which an enemy would do would be to invade us, excepting for the purpose of a sudden raid, for our only chance of victory would lie in our being invaded. It would be much easier for the enemy to cut off our commerce, deprive us of our foodstuffs, and seize our colonies. The scheme is therefore radically unsound, in that it proposes to create an army which is not wanted and neglects to create a fleet which we need. Proceeding to examine Mr. Brodrick's proposals in detail, the writer says that Mr. Brodrick has deliberately taken measures which, by improving the position of the militia, will dry up the chief source of our recruits for the regular army. It is essential that the army of the future should have large reserves, but no reserves in the true sense were provided by Mr. Brodrick's scheme. Nothing is done to improve the pay or the prospects of officers; nothing is done to provide officers for the Yeomanry, although there are already about sixty vacant commissions with the strength of only 10,000 men, yet the number is to be raised to 35,000, and no provision made for supplying officers. At the present moment there are 1,400 vacant commissions in the Volunteers, and 250 vacant commissions in the Militia. There are two things which will effectually wreck Mr. Brodrick's scheme. He will fail to get the men in the first place, and in the second he will fail to keep the commission ranks of his auxiliary forces filled. Altogether, the author of "An Absent-minded War" seems to think that Mr. Brodrick has made about the worst possible use of a great opportunity that could have been imagined.

A Criticism of Mr. Brodrick.

The author of "Drifting," writing in the "Contemporary Review," says:—

In examining more closely Mr. Brodrick's speech, it will be found that it is a curious mixture of superficiality, flattery, and mis-statement. There are choice morsels of interesting military information in the speech, carefully distributed among a huge mass of irrelevant matter. There is information on polo, hunting, steeplechasing, cricket, on officers' tailors' bills, on instances of families with six, seven, eight, nine, and ten sons in the Army; there are reminiscences of Wellington and the Crimea, there are the Boxers, "Alice in Wonderland" and the Pig—in short, the speech is a very successful variety entertainment, and its information is of about the same quality and value as that afforded by "Tit-Bits" or "Answers."

This so-called "statement," which was meant to indicate the basis of a grand national military reform policy, is as vaguely worded as the prospectus of a mining company. Instead of laying down, in firm and unmistakable language, an intelligible, clear, and business-like statement, we are given "intentions," "proposals," and "wishes," which may or may not be executed, according to the momentary requirements of party politics.

For the same money for which we maintain a transportless, ammunitionless, storeless, informationless, mapless army of 160,000 men, with antiquated weapons, with only 17,000 horses and mules, Germany maintains 400,000 men, perfectly trained, perfectly equipped, and supplied with 66,000 horses. As, furthermore, the pay for 400,000 German officers and men is much higher than the pay for the English Army, the shallow excuse of our politicians as to the costliness of voluntary service compared with compulsory service does not stand examination. From these few figures it must be clear to every reader that the English Army has been a sham and a fraud until now; that our military force has been a military farce.

Our agriculture has shrunk incredibly; our industries are decaying, as is evident from the falling-off of our exports; our trade is dwindling, according to all Consular reports; our shipping has become stationary; our position as the world's banker has gone to the Americans. We are, as a nation, living on our capital, while Germany and the United States are forging ahead.

Is Germany the Devil?

By One who Seems to Believe It.

A writer, who conceals his identity under the nom de plume of "Ignotus," contributes to the "Fortnightly Review" for April an article which, under the innocent title of "Germany and England," is really a demonstration that, so far as England is concerned, Germany is a veritable incarnation of the Evil One. The working devil of the English cosmogony for years past has been Russia; but now those who have been most active in propagating the theory of the diabolism of Russia are displaying an inclination to transfer this evil role from Russia to Germany. "Ignotus" may be taken as a fair representative of this school. His essay is a sample of the kind of argument by which this theory is justified. He portrays Germany as the deadly enemy of England, and by way of supporting his case he ransacks the history of the last forty years in order to prove the unscrupulousness, the Machiavellian duplicity, and the infernal cunning of the Power which has its capital at Berlin.

Bismarck's Policy—

He begins his story by recalling a conversation which Prince Bismarck is said to have had with one of our most distinguished public men some years ago, when Bismarck was at the zenith of his power. Bismarck sought an interview with the English statesman apparently for the purpose of unbosoming his mind as to the true inwardness of German policy. According to this story, Bismarck boasted that he had solved the permanent difficulty of German policy, which consisted in the fact that the German Empire was liable to a combined attack from France and Russia. She could cope with either of them, but not with both. Bismarck is reported to have said:—

After considering the matter in all its bearings, I came to the conclusion that my best plan was to give my two formidable neighbours occupation elsewhere. I contrived, therefore, the dual control between you and France in Egypt, and helped to create difficulties between your Government and Russia in Afghanistan, in addition to your chronic jealousy of Russia in the Turkish Empire. I believe that I have thus prevented, at least during my lifetime, any combined attack by France and Russia on Germany.

—Once Thwarted—

This, says "Ignotus," is an instructive illustration of the Bismarckian policy of unmitigated duplicity, qualified by cynical frankness. He declares also that the famous repudiation of the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris was forced upon Prince Gortschakoff by Bismarck. Gortschakoff fell —a victim to the craft of his astute rival—into the pit which Germany had digged for him. He secured the repeal of the Black Sea clauses. Bismarck, we are further reminded, has pursued a similar unscrupulous policy in every direction. His method was always first to dupe and then to crush the victim. "Ignotus" goes over the familiar story of the dismemberment of Denmark, the defeat of Austria, and the manoeuvres which led up to the Franco-German war. He repeats again the story that in 1875 Bismarck determined to attack France before she had time to reorganise her army. He says:—

From that crime Europe was saved by the intervention of Russia and England. "I will not permit all the laws of the civilised world to be transgressed, and Europe plunged into the horrors of war again," said the Tsar to the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg. "The old Emperor," said the British Foreign Minister to the French Charge d'Affaires in London, "does not wish for another war, and was ignorant of the plot going on around him. Prince Bismarck desires it, and is in a hurry to bring it on during the Emperor William's lifetime." Our late Queen, too, intervened personally, and with effect, in a letter to the German Emperor, who sent it to Bismarck, with a request for an explanation. The Chancellor returned it, with a letter containing an insolent attack on the Queen and her daughter, then Crown Princess.

—Now Active in China—

Bismarck, it is said, is dead, but the spirit of Bismarckism dominates the Cabinet of Berlin. The Kruger telegram of 1896, according to "Ignotus," was a deliberate attempt to test the feasibility of persuading one or two great Powers to join Germany in a war against England. The Emperor paid a visit to Bismarck before despatching that telegram, and Count von Bulow has recently disclaimed any intention of disavowing that telegram, although he admitted at the same time that the policy then attempted had been abandoned, owing to the discovery that Russia would not attack England, and France was willing to join England against Germany. "Ignotus" then describes the way in which Germany profited by England's refusal to join Russia in the settlement of the Far East at the close of the Chino-Japanese War, and then followed up her advantage by a freebooter's raid upon Kiau-Chau. The Anglo-German agreement, which Count von Bulow has declared to be in no sense aimed against Russia, is, according to "Ignotus," aimed against England. German officers will resume their activity in reorganising the Chinese army, and the reorganised army, officered and armed by Germany, will be used for the purpose of substituting German for British ascendancy in the Yang-tse Valley.

—in Africa, North and South—

"Ignotus" maintains further that at the time of the Fashoda incident the Germans did all they could to induce France to stand out and go to war, and that they even went to the length of offering to make a diversion in favour of France in South Africa, and so confident was the German Government in the success of this manoeuvre that a great financial house used all ways to prepare itself for the possibility of warlike operations upon a great scale. From this catastrophe Europe was saved once more by the influence of Russia. Foiled in her immediate object, Germany fell back upon an alternative policy, and rejoices in the outbreak and prolongation of the war in South Africa. "The longer the war lasts, the more bitter and enduring will be the racial antagonism in South Africa, which will be a distinct gain to Germany." Mr. Rhodes and the Kaiser agreed to make a railway from Walfisch Bay to Rhodesia, which will make British South Africa largely dependent on Germany for its prosperity. "Ignotus" suggests that the Kaiser will endeavour to reconcile Germany and France by offering Belgium to the Republic, while Holland comes under the aegis of the Fatherland.

—and in Greece.

Turning to the near East, "Ignotus" says that the Kaiser offered to help Greece to the acquisition of Crete on condition of a lease of Suda Bay to Germany, and on the refusal of these terms he at once turned to Turkey, thrusting the Sultan into

war with Greece, and sent crowds of German officers to take part in the campaign. When Greece was crushed and peace concluded, German intriguers were sent to Crete to persuade the Cretans by tempting promises to demand by plebiscite a German prince as governor. When England was in serious difficulties in South Africa, the Germans immediately proposed to double their fleet, with the avowed object of challenging our supremacy on the sea. Germany, according to "Ignotus," must be recognised as our determined and implacable enemy.

An article of a very different kind is that which Mr. H. W. Wolff contributes to the "Monthly Review" under the title of "German Anglophobia." He does not take the serious view of the prejudices against England which he admits are firmly rooted in German minds. He says it will take some time to eradicate them, but they are not indigenous to the soil. Special influences have produced them, and more kindly influences—and above all things, time—may be counted upon to remove them.

German Anglophobia Evanescent.

People in Germany know well, and admit freely, that trouble is brewing for them in Russia, and will have to be faced some day. The tables will then be turned in the matter of German sympathies. "Although we are represented as grasping and intolerant, and habitually showing unfriendliness to Germans, the large number of Germans who come amongst us know that absolutely the reverse is the case." The example of British constitutionalism has quite lost its charm. But although circumstances have conspired to keep the two countries apart in sentiment for an unusually long time, it would be strange if that were to continue very much longer. Mr. Wolff thinks that the present violent ebullition of pro-Boerism is not likely to outlive the war, as it is on the face of it artificial and opposed to reason. No nation hopes to reap a richer harvest of gain out of British rule in the Transvaal than the Germans.

Will Germany Fail?

The writer who veils his identity behind the pseudonym of "Calchas," discusses the future of Germany in the "Fortnightly Review," under the above title. His conclusion is remarkable. He holds that Germany is absolutely certain to fail in competition with the sea power of England and the United States, and she is not less certain to fail when pitted against the manufacturers of the United States. Where, then, lies the future of Germany? It lies, in his opinion, in the creation of a great Germanic Central European Power which would stretch from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, absorbing Austria and Turkey in Europe.

The Increase of the Germans.

The only reason which he gives for this is that the Germans are increasing at such a rate that the overflow of their population must go somewhere. If it goes to English-speaking lands, it ceases to be German in the course of a generation or two. There is one possible solution to which he is oblivious. He argues that it is impossible for Germany, even if she were to break down the sea power of England, to possess herself of the British colonies. The Monroe doctrine would shut her out of Canada, and he thinks it would be extended in case of need to South America. He also says that the British and Dutch standing together could answer for South Africa.

A New Germany in Australia.

There is another possibility, however, to which "Calchas" makes no allusion. Supposing that German emigration should be continuously directed to Australia, it would not take many years before Australia became Germanised. This may seem a preposterous suggestion; but the birth-rate of Germany averages 37 per thousand every year, while the birth-rate of the British is below 30, and the birth-rate of Australia tends to become lower still. Unless all the statisticians of the Antipodes are hopelessly at fault, the English race in Australasia has practically adopted French methods in relation to the multiplication of the species. "Calchas" admits this in a sentence in which he remarks that even in Australia our race is becoming ominously sterile. There are only 50,000,000 of white men in the British Empire, and there are to-day 56,000,000 Germans within the fold of the Fatherland, and 10,000,000 more in Austria. The Germans, therefore, are 70,000,000 against 50,000,000 in the British Empire, and they are increasing at a rate which will make the disproportion still greater. It would be impossible for the Colonial Governments to forbid the influx of German emigrants, and in view of the two factors, the diminishing birth-rate in Australia and the rapid increase of the German population, many things more improbable have occurred than the Germanisation of Australia.

Visions of Things to Come.

By Mr. H. G. Wells.

The "Fortnightly Review" has begun the publication—unfortunately in very small type—of a series of articles in which Mr. H. G. Wells, the well-known author of many gruesome and ingenious romances of the future, ventures upon an experiment in prophecy. The first paper deals with the probable evolution of locomotion in the twentieth century. He will deal with flying in another paper. He confines himself in this to a

description of the changes which he thinks are rapidly coming about in land transit. There is nothing very original about Mr. Wells' prophecies, the first section of which is almost exclusively devoted to speculation upon the changes which will be necessitated by the supersession of the locomotive by the auto-motor. He anticipates the gradual revolution of the railway system. Railways, he thinks, will continue to be used for very heavy traffic, but travel will be chiefly conducted by motors, which will run along specially prepared roads. It is a commonplace that the cost of making and maintaining a road for the use of auto-motors will be very much less than that of maintaining a turnpike road.

A Ten-foot Gauge.

Mr. Wells complains that the width of railway carriages was arbitrarily fixed by the adoption of a cart gauge of 4 ft. 8½ in. He finds cause for congratulation that we used unshod Shetland ponies. otherwise we should now be travelling in railway carriages holding two on each side at a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour. He says there is hardly any reason beyond this tradition of the horse why the railway carriage should not be even nine or ten feet wide, which he thinks is the width of the smallest room in which people can live in comfort. The railway carriage of the future, he thinks, will be hung on such springs and wheels as will effectually destroy all vibration, and will be furnished with all the equipments of comfortable rooms. He dreams of the coming of a time when some of the railway companies will replace their flanged rolling-stock by carriages with rubber tyres, remove their rails, broaden their cuttings and embankments, raze their bridges and take to the new ways of traffic, or they may stick to their wheels and their rails, but widen their gauges, reduce their gradients, modify their points and curves, and woo the passenger back with carriages beautifully hung and sumptuously furnished, and by the luxury of a club.

Street Traffic Transformed.

Mr. Wells then proceeds to speculate upon the changes that will be brought about in European traffic. He regards the present system as barbarous in the extreme, and his dream is of a time when there will be no dirt in the streets, and heavy traffic will be regulated so as to render it possible for bicycles to traverse the heart of London without endangering their riders' lives. He looks forward to a time when the restrictions now placed upon heavy vans in certain districts will be extended to all horse traffic, and the streets will be better drained and better cleaned. The side walks will be widened, and protected from the rain and hot sun by awnings or arcades.

A Rolling Pavement Underground—

His most interesting speculation, however, is as to the future of the Underground Railway. If his dream comes true, there will be no more trains in the Underground, but an adaptation of the moving platform, which was so familiar a feature at the Paris Exhibition. Passengers intending to travel by the Underground would step upon a very slowly rotating staircase in centre of a big rotating wheel-shaped platform, by which they would descend to the level of the line at the rate of about four miles an hour. This platform would be divided into six platforms, five 3 feet wide and one (the most rapid) 6 feet. The outside platform would travel at the rate of six to eight miles an hour, and passengers would step out upon it from their descending wheel and walk across the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth platforms, each of which would be going four miles an hour faster than its outside fellow, until they reached the sixth platform, which would be dancing along at the rate of twenty-eight miles an hour. This platform would never stop, and passengers could get out at any station they liked without any loss of speed.

—or Overhead.

Mr. Wells would provide this moving platform of the Underground's with comfortable seats and neat box stalls, and places the realisation of his vision about thirty or forty years ahead. He admits that it would be difficult to introduce it owing to the fact that the Underground has so much of its circumference entangled with other lines of communication, and therefore he thinks that it would be more practicable to run an overhead moving platform, running out over the street after the manner of the viaduct of an elevated railway. It is to be hoped that this evolution will not come until some method has been discovered of making a rolling platform run noiselessly. The perpetual dull growl of the rolling platform at the Paris Exhibition seriously depreciated the value of property in all the streets through which it passed. At this point Mr. Wells breaks off, and his experiment in prophecy is to be continued in our next.

The Distribution of British Ability.

Mr. Havelock Ellis contributes to the "Monthly Review" a very interesting paper under this title. The result of his examination of the birthplaces of those who have added lustre to the annals of the English race brings out some curious facts. The geographical distribution of eminent women, he says, for instance, is quite different from that of intellectual masculine ability. In women Ireland comes out first, after England, and Scotland is but

little ahead of Wales; while less than one-twentieth of eminent British men are Irish, not less than one-third of eminent British women are on one or both sides Irish. The Brontes and Mary Wolstonecraft are conspicuous in the Irish contingent. George Eliot is set down to the credit of Wales. The Scotch women are not only few in number, but are not of a very high order of eminence. The most eminent English women come from Norfolk and Suffolk. In his final survey, Mr. Ellis notes the districts in which various groups of eminent persons predominate when classified according to their activities. Politicians, divines, and men of letters seem to be pretty equally distributed among all parts of the kingdom:—

Great lawyers are also scattered over the whole kingdom, with notable impartiality. Soldiers come from Ireland and Wales, and especially from Scotland, whence also explorers come. Sailors, on the other hand, are nearly all English, coming especially from our two great centres of genius, but also to some extent from Cornwall, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire. While poets are to be found everywhere, they are distinctly more predominant in the South of England, and, to a less extent, in Wales and the Welsh border counties; but when we consider the origins of the English poets, who are unanimously recognised to stand first, we find them scattered over the whole country, as widely apart as possible, Chaucer probably in Suffolk, Spenser in Lancashire, Shakespeare in Warwickshire, Milton in Oxfordshire, Wordsworth in Yorkshire, Shelley in Sussex, Keats in Devon or Cornwall. There seems to be an antagonism between the aptitude for poetry and the aptitude for science. In the counties along the south coast we find scarcely any names eminent in science (except Harvey in Kent and one or two names in Cornwall), but as we go northwards, and especially as we reach Lancashire and Yorkshire, they rise in frequency to reach a climax in the southern counties of Scotland. The distribution of philosophers seems, on the whole, to follow that of scientific men. Scholars are more widely diffused, but they have their chief centre in Yorkshire, no fewer than one-sixth of British scholars, including the typical figure of Bentley, coming from this county. It must be added, however, that an even larger proportion, including Porson, belong to the group of counties included in our East Anglian district. The aptitude for painting is very definitely located. Its great centre is in our East Anglian district, its secondary centre in our south-western district. The tempers of these two schools are distinct, the eastern being naturalistic, with little regard for tradition, the western more enamoured of tradition. If we extend the East Anglian group so as to include Yorkshire, it may be said that outside these two districts there are scarcely any English artists. Scotland is the chief home of British painters outside England, though Ireland has produced a fair proportion. Musical composers, like painters, come chiefly from East Anglia, but there is also an aptitude for music on the Welsh border. The greatest of British composers, Purcell, probably belongs to Shropshire. While actors come in largest proportion from Ireland, there is a small secondary centre in our south-western district, and also, it seems, in Wales and the Welsh border, while the varied ability of East Anglian men and women include some dramatic aptitude.

What We do Not Know about Mars.

It is a cold douche from the agnostic tap which Mr. E. S. Holden turns on in the "Century" upon popular fancies about Mars. "What we know about Mars" is the title of his paper: it might more properly be headed "What we do not know." Sir John Herschel began to lead the popular mind astray by calling the darker parts of the surface "water," as the reddish portions had been called "land." Some parts of the darker surface were bluish, whence he called them "oceans." All the same, we have no knowledge that there are any such things in Mars. The straight dark streaks have been called "canals" simply because of the guess about "water." But, as a matter of fact, there is little or no water on Mars. The white caps at north and south poles are not snow or ice; they may be solid carbon di-oxide. The temperature of Mars is always far below freezing point. On Mars, too, there is no air, or very little. There are few or no clouds. There is no evidence offered in support of Mr. Tesla's electrical message from Mars. Mr. Holden concludes:—

What is here set down is so simple and obvious that no special knowledge is required to interpret it. It is plain to all that we have the right to conclude that there is not the slightest reason to believe that human life can exist on the planet Mars. If by some miracle a man were suddenly transported to that planet, he would undoubtedly freeze solid in an exceedingly short time. He would find no water there, nor sufficient air to breathe. It is more than likely that what air there may be is of a kind fatal to human life. So far as we know, there is no likelihood that life exists on any other planet than the earth. There is not a scintilla of evidence to show that Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, and the rest are better fitted to sustain human life than Mars.

The Martians are thus altogether relegated to the realms of fiction.

Keeping a Family on 30s. a Week.

"Family Budgets" is the title of what promises to be a useful series of papers by Mr. Arthur Morrison in "Cornhill." The first appears in the April number, and partly estimates, partly reports, the family budget of an average London working man with wife and three children. This is his account of the week's income and expenditure:—

	£	s.	d.
Wages	£1	10	0
Rent		7	0
Meat and fish ..		5	5
Bread and flour..		2	1½
Grocery..		1	8
Cheese, butter, bacon and eggs		1	11
Greengrocery ..		1	3
Firing		2	0
Oil and sundries		1	7½
Allowance for clothes		2	0
Club and insurance		1	0
Beer and tobacco		2	9
Balance in hand for contingencies, petty cash, etc.		1	3
	£1	10	0

Grouping the figures in annual totals, he finds that of £78, £2 12s. go for club and insurance, and

£7 3s. for beer and tobacco, with no more than £3 5s. as balance in hand for contingencies. The writer concludes with this well-earned tribute to the virtues of the humble housekeeper:—

If I have not yet made sufficiently plain my admiration of the housewifely qualities of the workman's wife in general, let me say here that again and again they have filled me with astonishment. I have seen clean, well-fed, well-clothed, and well-mannered families brought up on smaller resources than those we have been dealing with here. Often one would almost have supposed the income to be no more than sufficient for clothes and boots alone. When the workman's wife is a good housekeeper, as she commonly is, she is very good indeed. And once again I wish she were more often a good cook.

What a salutary discipline it would be were the fine ladies of the West End condemned to run a workman's household for a single week on 30s.! There would be less talk of the waste and improvidence of the working classes and more genuine respect for their wives.

"The Real Lessons of the War."

By M. de Bloch.

M. Jean de Bloch writes in the "New Liberal Review" for April on "The Real Lessons of the War," dealing with strictures upon his theories published in the first number of that review. He is quite convinced that the reverses to our arms in South Africa were not so much the result of bad leading as of the altered conditions of war, and he points out that the most remarkable features of the war in showing the effect of modern weapons were noticed also in other recent wars. The failure of reconnaissances which has been so frequent a feature he puts down to smokeless powder, and not to negligence. The British Army has now been eighteen months in South Africa, yet the difficulty of locating the Boers, and the consequent surprises, are as frequent as ever. If they had been due to carelessness we should have expected that such experience would have cured our officers. M. Bloch does not believe in the superiority of Continental officers, and points out that regulations on which they are nourished do not agree among themselves, and that many military men on the Continent see nothing but confusion and uncertainty in modern war.

Manoeuvres.

M. Bloch points out that the only successes we gained during the war were gained by troops who had little training and no experience of manoeuvres, but who, on the other hand, were able to adapt themselves to new conditions. He maintains that he has never altered his views as to the nature of modern war, which in a struggle between equal powers would be almost impossible to wage to a decisive end. In that sense only is war "impossible." As to the real lesson of the war, it is not only that statesmen neglect to make preparations, but that the military men whose advice they rely on are ignorant as to the essential changes which make great preparations necessary to overcome an inferior foe. In England the politicians thought that the conquest of the Boers would be an easy task. But they had only military advice to go on; and English military men, whether official or unofficial, showed themselves ignorant of the essential fact that—as one consequence of South African geography—they would require an enormous superiority in numbers to overcome the Boers. So much was this so that the report that Sir William Butler warned the Government that they would even require 100,000 men was regarded as an exceptional example of military foresight. M. Bloch does not regard this shortsightedness as confined to English soldiers. On the Continent he sees the same obstinate belief that nothing in warfare has changed. He concludes his article as follows:—

The military delegates who opposed all reformatory measures at the Hague Conference were just as assured of the adequacy of means to ends as the military advisers of the British Cabinet in October, 1899. Yet worst, and most characteristic of all, we see that the Transvaal War with all its surprises and delusions, had led to no initiative by military men towards inquiry into the general elements of the art which it is their business to understand. And this leads me to my general conclusion that the real lesson of the struggle in South Africa is that a need exists for a thorough and scientific enquiry into all the complex questions involved in warfare—an enquiry in which not only military men, but statesmen, scholars, and economists should participate; for I am convinced that without such an enquiry any war that may break out on the Continent of Europe in the future will bring forth only a long series of those "illusions and disillusions" which were so constant a feature of the South African War.

A British Officer's View.

The "United Service Magazine" for April contains an article by a regimental officer on the lessons of the South African War. The following extract which we quote shows that M. Bloch is by no means alone in his theory of the difficulty of attacking against modern rifles:—

It is impossible to advance against and seize an intrenched position held by a determined enemy armed with modern rifles, and given a good field of fire, unless your force is so strong that you can first seize a position threatening the flank or flanks and line of retreat. The defender's guns must be completely, not temporarily silenced, and your superiority in artillery and rifle-fire must be so marked that an incessant hail of lyddite, shrapnel, and rifle-bullets can be kept on the trenches the attacking infantry are to assault. Even thus I think the result is doubtful—but it should be rendered practically impossible for the enemy to fire, even from behind loopholed walls, before the frontal attack is delivered.

Stories from the Magazines.

What the Kaiser Did when He was Young.

Quite pat on the Kaiser's lament over the demoralisation of youth comes this story of His Imperial Majesty's own early days. It is recalled in "Cassell's" by Constance Beerbohm, in her sketch of our present Queen:—

The famous Bishop Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam"), whenever he recalled the wedding of the Prince and Princess, would tell with a chuckle of a little scene he had witnessed in the chapel. The present Emperor of Germany, then a boy of some five years old, came with his parents to the marriage service, and as he was known to be somewhat of a "fidget," he was confided to the care of his uncles, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, who were strictly enjoined to keep him in order. But poor "Willie" soon found the monotony of the service intolerable, and, to improve the occasion, began to shuffle his feet and even to hop about in a furtive manner. His uncles gave him an admonishing nudge to keep him quiet. Whereupon the chubby rascal knelt down and bit them both in good earnest in the calves of their legs. The Duke of Connaught chaffs his nephew to this day on the incident; and the Kaiser himself owns to some recollection of seeing his uncles attired in Highland dress, and of thinking that their calves looked inviting—under provocation.

A Judge's Grim Joke.

"Monboddo and the old Scottish Judges" form the subject of an amusing sketch by Alex. Innes Shand in the April "Cornhill." It is an awful picture he draws of Scottish morals more than a hundred years ago. A famous Kirk leader took pride in being a six-bottle man. Drunkenness was the rule among judges. While after-dinner indulgence incapacitated the most eminent men of Fox's England at forty, and superannuated them at fifty, the Scottish judges, who drank as hard, if not harder, "seldom dreamed of dying till they were octogenarians." The writer goes on:—

Sometimes more tranquil spirits with Braxfield's strength of will would indulge by way of variety in quieter recreations. That famous hanging judge always put up near Perth with a crony who was devoted to chess. The laird had rather the better of his lordship at the game. In the revolution of the circuits Braxfield found himself trying his hospitable friend, who had got awkwardly mixed up in some abduction of cattle. The evidence was clear; the panel was convicted, and the judge passed the solemn sentence of death. Then, bending down, he chuckled to the unfortunate prisoner—the accommodation in the provincial courts was cramped—"And now, Donald, my friend, I think I've checkmated you for ance." But Braxfield delighted in a kindly joke.

A Sentence of Bathos.

In the same paper, Judge Eskgrove is recalled as one of the most inviting subjects of caricature:—

In his most impressive perorations he was a master of bathos. After sentencing a tailor to death for stabbing a soldier, he wound up: "Not only did ye murder him, whereby he was bereaved of life, but ye did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the breeches, which were his Majesty's." From which redundancy of epithet we may be assured that he was the original of Sir Robert Hazlewood in "Guy Mannering."

Millionaire v. Minister.

In the "World's Work" for March, Mr. H. J. Cleveland tells many stories about the late "Phil Armour, Merchant," of which one may be quoted here:—

On one of his many quiet trips through the poorer parts of Chicago, Mr. Armour came upon a family in great destitution. The husband had broken his leg while at work. The wife was suffering from rheumatism. The six children were without food. Mr. Armour did not stop to enquire what the antecedents of the family were, but that same day sent food and money to them.

Soon afterwards a clergyman who knew of the case called on Mr. Armour and told him that he had made a mistake in succouring the hungry ones.

"Why so?" asked the merchant, stroking his side whiskers in a meditative manner.

"Because," was the minister's reply, "the woman is an irreligious sinner, fallen from grace and society."

"You—," replied Mr. Armour, "you are a canting bigot unfit to teach the doctrines of Jesus Christ. Get out of this office!"

Adam's Diary.

Translated by Mark Twain.

"Harper's" for April will shake up a good many livers with wholesome laughter, for it contains "Extracts from Adam's Diary: Translated from the Original MS. by Mark Twain." The translator explains he Englished a portion of this diary some time ago, but since then he has deciphered some more of Adam's hieroglyphics, and thinks Adam "has now become sufficiently important as a public character to justify this publication." The incorrigible Mark!

The New Creature with the Long Hair.

The first "extract" begins plumply:—

Monday.—This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. It is always hanging around, and following me about. I don't like this; I am not used to company. I wish it would stay with the other animals.

The site of the primeval paradise is pleasantly suggested by the next entry:—

Tuesday.—Been examining the great waterfall. It is the finest thing on the estate, I think. The new creature calls it Niagara Falls.

This new creature is very troublesome:—

Wednesday.—Built me a shelter against the rain, but could not have it to myself in peace. The new creature intruded. When I tried to put it out it shed water out of the holes it looks with, and wiped it away with the back of its paws, and made a noise such as some of the other animals make when they are in distress. I wish it would not talk; it is always talking.

Interference with Bachelor Rights.

Then he laments that his name for "the estate"—"the Garden of Eden"—has to be given up because the long-haired creature will call it "Niagara Falls Park":—

Sunday.— . . . This morning found the new creature trying to clod apples out of that forbidden tree.

On Monday "it" insists on being "she," and calls itself "Eve."

On Friday she takes to beseeching the diarist "to stop going over the Falls":—

I went over the Falls in a barrel—not satisfactory to her. Went over in a tub—still not satisfactory. Swam the whirlpool and the rapids in a fig-leaf suit. It got much damaged. Hence tedious complaints about my extravagance.

Here is Mark's commentary on Sundays before the Fall:—

Sunday.—Pulled through.

Monday.—I believe I see what the week is for: it is to give time to rest up from the weariness of Sunday. It seems a good idea. . . . She has been climbing that tree again. Clodded her out of it.

Eve Finds a New Gossip.

The diary goes on to tell how Eve fell into the water "when she was looking at herself," and was nearly strangled. This made her pity the fish and take them out, putting them into Adam's bed to keep them warm. Adam didn't like such clammy bedfellows. The crisis draws near:—

Tuesday.—She has taken up with a snake now. The other animals are glad, for she was always experimenting with them and bothering them; and I am glad, because the snake talks, and this enables me to get a rest.

Friday.—She says the snake advises her to try the fruit of that tree, and says the result will be a great and fine and noble education. I told her there would be another result, too—it would introduce death into the world.

The Crisis.

He rides off to get away from the coming trouble; but as he is riding, suddenly every beast set about destroying his neighbours. The tigers ate his horse and showed intentions of taking him too by way of dessert. But he had other business which required his immediate attention. He found a place outside the park; and then she found him again. He moralises:—

In fact I was not sorry when she came, for there are but meagre pickings here, and she brought some of those apples. I was obliged to eat them. I was so hungry. It was against my principles, but I find that principles have no real force except when one is well fed. . . . I find she is a good deal of a companion. I see I should be lonesome and depressed without her, now that I have lost my property. Another thing, she says it is ordered that we work for our living hereafter. She will be useful. I will superintend.

The True Story of the Fall.

Ten Days Later.—She accuses me of being the cause of our disaster! She says, with apparent sincerity and truth, that the Serpent assured her that the forbidden fruit was not apples, it was chestnuts. I said I was innocent, then, for I had not eaten any chestnuts. She said the Serpent informed her that "chestnut" was a figurative term meaning an aged and mouldy joke. I turned pale at that, for I have made many jokes to pass the weary time, and some of them could have been of that sort, though I had honestly supposed that they were new when I made them. She asked me if I had made one just at the time of the catastrophe. I was obliged to admit that I had made one to myself, though not aloud. It was this. I was thinking about the Falls, and I said to myself, "How wonderful it is to see that vast body of water tumble down there!" Then in an instant a bright thought flashed into my head, and I let it fly, saying, "It would be a deal more wonderful to see it tumble up there!"—and I was just about to kill myself with laughing at it when all nature broke loose in war and death, and I had to flee for my life. "There," she said, with triumph, "that is just it; the Serpent mentioned that very jest, and called it the First Chestnut, and said it was coeval with the creation." Alas, I am indeed to blame. Would that I were not witty; oh, would that I had never had that radiant thought!

A Mysterious Animal.

The arrival of a yet newer creature is thus announced:—

Next Year.—We have named it Cain. She caught it while I was up country trapping on the North Shore of the Erie; caught it in the timber a couple of miles from our dug-out—or it might have been four, she isn't certain which.

He suggests it is a fish, and throws it into the water to see if it would swim. It sinks. Eve rescues it. "She thinks more of it than she does of any of the other animals. Her mind is disordered—everything shows it." Later he confesses he likes Sundays. "Superintending all the week tires a body out." Cain still puzzles him:—

It is not one of us, for it doesn't walk; it is not a bird, for it doesn't fly; it is not a frog, for it doesn't hop; it is not a snake, for it doesn't crawl; I feel sure it is not a fish, though I cannot get a chance to find out whether it can swim or not. It merely lies around, and mostly on its back, with its feet up. I have not seen any other animal do that before.

Three months later he concludes it is a kangaroo and proposes to call it "Kangaroorum Adamiensis." He lays traps to see if he cannot catch another. But while other creatures come into the trap, none come that are like Cain. He gives up the kangaroo hypothesis and thinks the thing must be a bear, though it has no tail and has fur only on its head. Many months later he goes hunting, in the vain hope of catching another bear of the same queer sort. He comes back dispirited, to find that in the meantime Eve—"without stirring from the home estate—has caught another one!" He "never saw such luck."

Next Day.—I have been comparing the new one with the old one, and it is perfectly plain that they are the same breed. I was going to stuff one of them for my collection, but she is prejudiced against it for some reason or other. . . . She calls it Abel.

Discovery.

The Diary ends with this paragraph:—

Ten Years Later.—They are boys; we found it out long ago. It was their coming in that small, immature shape that puzzled us; we were not used to it. There are some girls now. Abel is a good boy, but if Cain had stayed a bear it would have improved him. After all these years, I see that I was mistaken about Eve in the beginning; it is better to live outside the Garden with her than inside it without her. At first I thought she talked too much; but now I should be sorry to have that voice fall silent and pass out of my life. Blessed be the chestnut that brought us near together and taught me to know the goodness of her heart and the sweetness of her spirit!

Was there ever such good-hearted irreverence?

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Harper's Magazine.

In the April number of "Harper's" Mr. Walter H. Tribe gives many interesting facts concerning the serpent-worshippers of India, most of which he gained from Brahman priests in the vicinity of Acharakund. After having sought and obtained an introduction to some of these curious devotees, Mr. Tribe assisted in some of their weird ceremonies. Mr. Tribe ascertained, in the course of his researches, that the priest who is supposed to possess the power of divination almost invariably belongs to the lower caste. In one neighbourhood Mr. Tribe found no less than fourteen snake temples.

Berlin's Prosperity.

Mr. Sidney Whitman describes the evolution of Berlin into the largest industrial city of the German Empire. Such manufacturing establishments as are devoted to the production of machinery, electric plants, and firearms are unequalled elsewhere in Europe. Although the wealth of the city has increased enormously, Mr. Whitman proves from statistics that the number of people who would be regarded as of great wealth in England or America is still quite small. Of 530,000 persons paying taxes in Berlin, over 295,000 possess an income between 250 dollars and 750 dollars per annum, only 43,000 pay on incomes of over 750 dollars, while twelve persons have an income over 250,000, and one person has 500,000 dollars. There are only 759 persons who pay property tax on property valued at between 250,000 and 500,000 dollars, 337 pay taxes on property over this amount. Thus it will be seen there is a broad subdivision of small incomes in Berlin. The people live respectably, simply, have cheap amusements and education, and entertain their friends.

Mark Twain's share in this number of "Harper's," which should on no account be missed, is a series of extracts from Adam's Diary, "translated from the original manuscript." The translator's prefatory note hesitatingly suggests that possibly Adam has now become sufficiently important as a public character to jusify this publication, of which we give a lengthened notice in our Leading Articles.

The Century Magazine.

In the April "Century," Mr. Waldon Fawcett gives a readable description of "The Transportation of Iron," according to the most modern methods employed by the great American ironmasters. One of the greatest problems which was to be solved in the work of making America the first producer of iron and steel in the world was the transportation of the raw ore from the great mineral districts of the Northwest to the furnaces in Pennsylvania and Ohio, an average trip of 1,200 miles. The problem has been solved with such marvellous ingenuity that the ore is now carried over this journey more cheaply than freight is moved anywhere else in the world. The iron ore starts out from the Lake Superior mines by rail, then goes in boats on the Great Lakes, and finally completes its journey by rail again in little more than a week after it has left the miner's shovel. From the time the ore comes out of the mines to the time it is set down in Pittsburg, not a human hand touches it; all the vast labour is done by machinery. The great ore-carrying trains, each about equal to the weight of the entire American standing army three years ago, proceed over the most crowded steel-tracked highway in the world. A single car of the pressed-steel type will haul fifty tons. These cars are pierced with holes, through which steam can be played upon the frozen ore in order to thaw it out more quickly for delivery to the furnace.

Japanese Labour Unions.

Mary G. Humphreys writes on "Trade Unions in Japan," and tells of the curious organisation of the rice-coolies and other classes of labour in the Mikado's country. Even in this lowest grade of labour, the coolies have a strong organisation of 1,500 men; and although the union has no constitution or by-laws, it is marvellously compact and efficient. Recently the rice-coolies at Tokyo struck for higher wages, and gained their point in half a day. The question of introducing outside labour to substitute for the strikers is settled in Japan by the absolute unwillingness of outside labourers to be persuaded by any increase of wages to take the places of strikers. There is a cooks' guild too, and the exacting housewife who discharges her cook without reasons that satisfy the guild will finally be effectually boycotted. There are strict ordinances against striking and boycotts governing the hands in cotton-mills, and this writer says the people are becoming restive under the regulations. The same is true of the railway employes, who have formed a union, and demand better treatment, better wages, and a better social position. The iron-workers' union of Japan

has seventeen branches and 2,500 members, and there is a strong impetus toward federated union, on the plan of the American organisation.

Mosquitoes as Carriers of Malaria.

There is a good article by Mr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, on "Malaria and Certain Mosquitoes." Mr. Howard has accepted as perfectly proved that at least one genus of mosquitoes, the Anopheles, are virulent carriers of malaria. Mr. Howard shows the process by which the malarial germ, which is probably an animal or protozoon, and not a bacterium or plant, is introduced by the mosquito into the human blood, and gives instances to show that many communities in America and elsewhere are taking up with enthusiasm the task of lessening the evil. Not only brackish marshes and swamps breed mosquitoes, but horse-troughs, rain-water barrels, open sewers, and even transient pools of surface-water left by heavy rains will produce the little pests in little more than a week.

Scribner's Magazine.

"Scribner's Magazine" for April is remarkable for its dainty and charming illustrations, notably those of Mr. Ernest Peixotto in his travel sketch descriptive of Cordes, a quaint town perched on a hill by the road from Paris to Toulouse, and the coloured pictures illustrating Mr. Sewell Ford's "Skipper," the biography of a horse.

The Poverty of Mountain People.

Mr. John Fox, junr.'s, careful study of "The Southern Mountaineer," embellished with pictures of mountaineers and their life, opens the magazine. The economic status of these people is well suggested in the following paragraph:—

No mountain people are ever rich. Environment keeps mountaineers poor. The strength that comes from numbers and wealth is always wanting. Agriculture is the sole stand-by, and agriculture distributes population, because arable soil is confined to bottom-lands and valleys. Farming on a mountain-side is not only arduous and unremunerative—it is sometimes dangerous. There is a well-authenticated case of a Kentucky mountaineer who fell out of his own corn-field and broke his neck. Still, though fairly well-to-do in the valleys, the Southern mountaineer can be pathetically poor. A young preacher stopped at a cabin in Georgia to stay all night. His hostess, as a mark of unusual distinction, killed a chicken and dressed it in a pan. She rinsed the pan and made up her dough in it. She rinsed it again and went out, and used it for a milk-pail. She came in, rinsed it again, and went to the spring and brought it back full of water. She filled up the glasses on the table, and gave him the pan with the rest of the water, in which to wash his hands. The woman was not a slattern; it was the only utensil she had.

McClure's Magazine.

This magazine begins with the very pleasant "Story of the Beaver," by W. D. Hulbert, illustrated with the marvellously accurate pictures of A. R. Dugmore.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell follows her account last month of the disbanding of the Union Army with a further chapter on the "Disbanding of the Confederate Army." She shows that these men, without a country, and without money, who had been fighting with Johnston, Lee, Taylor, and Smith, would have had nothing to do but to walk or to work their way home if the Federals had not wisely and justly come to their relief. General Grant allowed Lee's men to keep their horses. His quarter-masters were instructed to turn over to the Confederates whatever horses and mules they could spare. The defeated Confederates mostly rode away in twos or threes or half-dozens. Sometimes a body of men whose homes were far away were kept together and marched under Federal directions to a convenient point, where a limited amount of transportation was furnished to them, to bring them within an easy distance of their journey's end.

In her charming series of stories of scenes of farm life, Mrs. Martha McCulloch Williams gives this month a poetic essay on ploughing,—an effort which strikes a new note in nature-study, and which is as well worth reading as the now famous opening chapter of Mr. James Lane Allen's "Reign of Law."

Josephine Dodge Daskam gives some excellent researches in boy life in her "Study in Piracy." There is a considerable instalment of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Kim," a story of Wall-street by Edwin Lefevre, and other fiction.

Munsey's Magazine.

"Munsey's" for April opens with a profusely illustrated sketch of "His Majesty King Edward VII.," by Arthur R. Wakely, which describes the King's personal characteristics and his life at Sandringham.

Enormous Stock Transactions.

Mr. Edwin Lefevre, writing on "Boom Days in Wall-street," tells us that on January 7 last, when the excitement in the railroad consolidations was at its height, the total stock business on the exchange amounted to 2,127,503 shares. The ticker reporters had to miss many transactions, moreover, and the real total was more than this. The face value of the stocks dealt in was 200,000,000 dollars. This last boom is much the greatest that has ever been seen in Wall-street. Its most recent parallel was in 1879-81, when the resumption of specie

payments and some great crops led to a sudden appreciation in security values which turned into an era of wild speculation.

Maximilian Foster recites "The Story of the Locomotive," from the first beginning, in or about 1830, when trains made a maximum speed of about fifteen miles an hour. The article shows pictures of the experimental machine built by John C. Stevens, in 1825, which ran on a cogged wheel.

The North American Review.

The opening article of the March number, on "The Pope's Civil Princedom," is contributed by Archbishop Ireland, who contends that the civil independence of the Holy See is "an inherent need, and, consequently, an inherent right of the Church." The archbishop declares that the present situation at Rome is intolerable, alike to the Papacy and to Italy. "Through fear of Papal claims, the Government is compelled to impose on the country, much against the country's deepest wishes, the burden of an oppressive militarism, and of an unnatural and unhistoric alliance with Austria and Prussia.

Protestant Foreign Missions.

Secretary Judson Smith, of the American Board, gives a retrospect of foreign missionary activities in the nineteenth century. In 1800, only a few scores of missionaries were at work; now there are 13,607, with 73,615 native helpers, gathered around more than 5,000 central stations. The organised churches in these fields number 10,993, with a membership of 1,289,289, increasing at the rate of 83,895 each year. The missionary societies have an annual income of 17,161,092 dollars, while the yearly gifts from native Christians aggregate 1,833,981 dollars. There are 93 colleges on mission fields, with 35,414 students. In all grades of schools, more than 1,000,000 pupils are under instruction. Surely the achievements of the century just closed in the promotion of missions are not to be despised.

The British Kingship.

In the beginning of his article on "The King of England," Sir Charles W. Dilke, whose inclinations toward republicanism are, perhaps, as marked as those of any man in English political life, announces his belief that the adoption of republican institutions is no longer a practical proposition in British politics. "To bring India within the working of a parliamentary constitution, which would also include such democratic states as the Australian Commonwealth, is, in my mind, impossible; and the alternative means of keeping together the empire is rather an increase than a diminution of the status of the King. Just as the Austro-Hungarian empire has been kept together by the personality of the Emperor Francis Joseph, so the fabric of the British empire must be kept together by full use of the sentiment which attaches to the person of the King."

Other Articles.

Mr. Henry James writes on "Matilde Serao," Mr. Frank D. Pavey on "The Independence of Cuba," Prof. Charles Waldstein on "Recent Discoveries in Greece and the Mycenaean Age," and Mr. W. D. Howells on "The Recent Dramatic Season."

The Forum.

The "Forum" for March opens with an article by Sir John G. Bourinot on "British Rule in the Dominion of Canada." In his comparison of the Australian Commonwealth with the Dominion of Canada he makes it clear that his chief fear for the future of the democratised colonies of Great Britain is based on the idea that most features of the new government have been copied from the United States. It seems to him an unpropitious thing that the Australians preferred the word "state" to "province," "Commonwealth" to "Dominion," and "House of Representatives" to "House of Commons." Furthermore, as the several States of the new Commonwealth have full control of their own constitution, Dr. Bourinot points out the possibility of their choosing at any moment to elect their own governors, instead of having them appointed by the crown, as in Canada. Again, the Australian States are still to have full jurisdiction over the State courts—another imitation of the American system.

The President's Patronage.

In considering "The Growing Powers of the President," Mr. Henry Litchfield West calls attention, not so much to the extraordinary war powers recently exercised by the chief executive, but, rather, to the manner in which the President's power is growing, through causes which operate daily, and are not accidental and extraneous. As Mr. West views the matter, the real reason for the domination of the executive in national affairs is to be found in the immense number of offices which are directly filled by the President, and whose annual salaries amount to the vast sum of 20,000,000 dollars, or a total distribution of 80,000,000 dollars during the Presidential term. For the State, Treasury, Post Office, Interior, and Justice departments, Mr. West has been able to obtain an accurate statement of the number of appointments, together with the salaries pertaining thereto These salaries alone amount to 11,671,995 dollars.

In the case of the War and Navy departments, however, there is more difficulty in stating the number of commissions issued annually, and in the last two years the President has been authorised to add greatly to the number of army and navy officers. Taking into consideration the unclassified appointments, and the new offices created each year in all the departments, Mr. West is of the opinion that 20,000,000 dollars a year is a conservative estimate of the Presidential patronage.

Daily Journalism of the Harmsworth Type.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's "Tabloid Journalism," so-called, is the subject of an interesting discussion by Mr. A. Maurice Low. This writer is keenly alive to the difference between journalistic conditions in England and in America. Accepting Mr. Low's description of the average London newspaper, one can hardly wonder at the remarkable success of Mr. Harmsworth's attempts to cater to the British newspaper-reading public. "The well-written account of an important event —the opening of Parliament, the departure of troops, the return of a popular hero, a yacht race —which is such a marked feature of an American newspaper, is unknown in England. The London editor shows his appreciation of the value of news by space. He gives to it several columns; but we find nothing but words, words, words. In fact, if I were asked to present the distinction between American and English reporting in a few words, I should say that in America we aim to give photographs, while in England they content themselves with working drawings made to exact scale." In America, however, conditions are altogether different; or, rather, the demands of newspaper-readers there require the existence of a different class of newspapers. In Mr. Low's opinion, the American reader has not yet reached the tabloid state. "He wants his news presented as concisely as possible; he does not want long disquisitions on recondite subjects which have no possible interest for him; he cares more for news than views; but he does not care for a diet of scraps. If a story is to be told, he wants it told in full; and if it is well written, and has intrinsic importance, he does not find two or three columns any too much."

John Bull as an Industrial Competitor.

Mr. Jacob Schoenhof reviews the international industrial situation at the close of the nineteenth century, showing that, although America has paved the way in the manufacture of many lines of machinery, we are still not free from sharp competition, since England and Germany are adopting many of our ways, and modifying our system to meet their special needs. England's exports of machinery, implements, apparatus, etc., which in 1875 were 33,900,000 dollars, had increased to 100,000,000 dollars by 1900; Germany's 16,500,000 dollars in 1875 grew to 60,000,000 dollars by 1900; while America's 10,000,000 dollars in 1875 grew to 50,000,000 dollars by 1900. The foreign trade of the three leading countries in machinery has grown from 64,000,000 dollars to 210,000,000 dollars, and of this England has still the lion's share; and if to that we add 45,000,000 dollars annually received by England for iron ships which she builds for foreign account, it will be seen that more than half of the world's trade in this line is now in John Bull's hands.

The Contemporary Review.

The April "Contemporary" is a good number. Worthy of notice are Mr. Dillon's paper on Witte, as well as one or two others of importance.

The Protestant Declaration.

"Idolatry the mass is, and the King shall swear it," says Mr. J. Horace Round, and he—

offers certain reasons for holding that this "declaration," far from being obsolete, has acquired of late a new value, and that any proposal to do away with it, or even to tamper with its terms, must be watched with the utmost jealousy. As to the wording, a firm stand should be made for the clause on Transubstantiation, which is a mere assertion of an essential Anglican belief, and which does not mention the Church of Rome. In view of the position taken up by Lord Halifax and others (as above), this clause cannot be sacrificed. The clause concerning "the sacrifice of the masse" is also, unfortunately, vital. The definition of this "sacrifice of the masse" as that which is "now used in the Church of Rome," expressly disposes of the well-known quibble that "the sacrifices of masses" denounced in Article xxxi. have nothing to do with "the sacrifice of the mass" in Roman Catholic doctrine, but refer to some alleged errors repudiated by both Churches. Those who insist, above all others, on the Church of England's "continuity," should reflect that it ill befits them to reject the terms of a "declaration" which was made "solemnly . . . in the presence of God" by every one of its bishops for some hundred and fifty years.

Alas! Poor Jeanne d'Arc.

The English of five hundred years ago burnt the Maid of Orleans as a witch, and now Mr. Havelock Ellis gibbets her as an enemy of the human race. Her offence in both cases is the same. She drove the English out of France. Mr. Ellis is not a Jingo by any means, but he considers that England lost enormously when Jeanne's inspiration, which he wickedly describes as hallucination, terminated the possibility of a fusion of the English and French races. He says:—

But if France has lost little, one cannot help seeing how great a loss the destruction of French and British unity has been to England, and, indirectly, to the whole world. France alone by furnishing great racial contingents closely akin to each of the separate elements in the British Isles could have truly unified them. If the humanising civilisation of France had been backed by the energy of England, and held in check by our stolidity and love of compromise, there

would have been moulded for the world's civilisation the most effective instrument that can be conceived. When the peasant girl of Lorraine, with her hallucinations, galvanised into action the nerveless arm of Charles, she inflicted a blow on the progress of the modern world which, so far as can be seen, has never been equalled.

Other Articles.

"A Plea for Knowledge" is an address prepared for the Midland Institute by the late Bishop Creighton. Professor Ramsay continues his papers on the statesmanship of Paul. Major Sichel describes an imaginary mobilisation of his company when England was raided by a foreign invader, and "Carabin" describes "A Day in a Paris Hospital."

The Nineteenth Century.

The "Nineteenth Century" for April is not a good number. More than forty pages are taken up with questions of Army Reform, and these articles we have quoted among the leading articles. The only other article of interest is that of Mr. Stephen Wheeler on "Lord Curzon in India."

Lord Curzon's Rule.

Mr. Wheeler is very appreciative of Lord Curzon's action in nearly every question in which he has intervened. Lord Curzon's characteristics were shown by the fact that he immediately undertook active reforms, whereas most of his predecessors spent the greater part of their time in preliminary study of Indian conditions. Mr. Wheeler has nothing but approbation for Lord Curzon's frontier policy, and he points out that there has been peace on the frontier for two years:—

One of his first steps was to remove from the minds of the tribesmen the suspicion aroused by the costly schemes for advanced fortifications, trans-frontier railways and garrisons which had been accepted by Lord Elgin's Government. First the British, and afterwards the native troops were withdrawn from Lundi Kotal; and the project of a Khyber railway, at which the Afridis were really alarmed, was abandoned in favour of a modest extension of the existing trunk line from Peshawar to Jumrud. The garrison in Chitral was reduced by one-half, and instead of building extensive fortifications at the capital, concentration was effected at Drosh, at the near or Indian end of the line.

But Lord Curzon's attitude towards the native population will do him still more honour:—

Lord Curzon has not shrunk from letting it be known what his line is. He has made it clear that, so far as rests with him, he will insist upon even justice between the two races, and that stern punishment shall be meted out to the offender, whatever his colour or his creed. It is well known that but for his attitude in the Rangoon outrage case the whole of that disgraceful affair would have been hushed up. The Viceroy spoke in language of similar plainness in the Government resolution upon what was known as the Chupra scandal, where some European officers had attacked and grossly persecuted a native.

Emigration for Gentlewomen.

Mr. A. M. Brice has an article under this head, based, of course, on intimate experience of colonial conditions. He thinks there is a large field in the domestic sphere for women emigrants. But only women fitted for domestic life are suitable:—

It seems to me that the secret of a woman's success in any colony lies simply in her ability to make a home happy and comfortable—not a home such as she may have inhabited here, but a home where she must be a Jill-of-all-trades, if, alas, it involves her being mistress of none! Do I prescribe domestic work as the special field in the colonies for women? I do; and I speak as one who knows. There is room for a few governesses, room for many nurses, room for a few typewriters; but in a country where, outside the few large towns, the people are very much scattered and spread, it has been found that a governess and a typewriter have little opportunity to earn their bread unless they add to their functions the everyday tasks of domestic life.

The Great Chinese Encyclopaedia.

Professor H. A. Giles has a very interesting article describing the great Chinese Encyclopaedia, which was destroyed during the siege of the Peking Legations. The encyclopaedia contained nearly a million pages, and no less than 366,992,000 characters, as against 30,800,000 words in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." The printing of the cyclopaedia was never completed, owing to the vast expense, but though copies were made, apparently the last has now gone irreparably. Mr. Giles has in his possession a few volumes picked up on the spot, and he gives an interesting account of their contents.

The King's Test Declaration.

In an article under this heading, Sir G. S. Baker pleads for the reform or abolition of the Test Declaration. He says:—

Granted the Protestant succession to the Throne of this country, granted all its natural and necessary concomitants, as fully set out by the Bill of Rights, and in every other possible way, is it not time that the odious Declaration, like some musty coat-armour preserved in a museum as a relic of antiquity, should now be cleared off the Statute-book, and a new Declaration, more dignified and more befitting the knowledge and progress of the twentieth century, should be substituted in its stead?

Education and Modesty.

Mrs. William Mahood writes on "The Modesty of Englishwomen," taking her start from the questionable plays at which large numbers of women are nowadays present. She thinks that women's education tends to make them cheap.

Those who have the training of boys wisely aim at the highest possible development, both in body and mind of the human being; the practice often falls short of the ideal, but that is the ideal. Now, what is the aim in the training of girls? To make them as perfect women as possible; not as perfect human beings as possible, but as perfect women. The idea of sex is never lost sight of, a method of education which would be positively dangerous in the case of boys, and which is only saved from the full consequences of its foolishness by the better moral nature and less strongly developed animal passions of girls. But still the girl grows up, having learnt to look at everything from the woman's standpoint, not from the larger standpoint of humanity. She never loses the consciousness of sex; it colours all her ideas; and probably in this fact lies the solution of the mystery that men are so often utterly baffled when they try to understand women.

Other Articles.

Mr. B. Burford Rawlings writes on "Doctors in Hospitals." The object of his article is to protest against the idea that doctors in hospitals really give their time for nothing, and he enumerates the professional advantages which the medical staffs of our hospitals enjoy. Mr. R. G. Elwes writes on "Company Law Reform." The Rev. W. J. Scott contributes an "Advanced View of the Church Crisis," in which he treats Mr. Walsh's book with a good deal of contempt. Miss Goodrich Freer has a paper on Browning, the musician, in which she remarks that Browning was one of the very few men who might have asked themselves in early life, "Shall I become a poet, an artist, or a musician?"

The New Liberal Review.

The "New Liberal Review" continues to improve. This month it has no symposium, but it has in compensation a considerable number of distinguished names and several excellent articles.

More Warnings About the Navy.

Mr. G. Halliday writes on the "Unpreparedness of the Navy for War," his article being directed against the methods of the Cabinet Defence Committee. He shows that the Belleville boiler was condemned in Germany and America, while adopted in England.

The French Shore.

Mr. H. W. Wilson writes on "The Peril of the French Shore." He is dead against giving up Gambia to France, and says that a money compensation of £500,000 would be ample. The only alternative is either arbitration—to which neither France nor Newfoundland would agree—or what Mr. Wilson calls an "unproclaimed war." This new international instrument Mr. Wilson describes in the following proposals:—

The French should be called upon to demolish every building on the shore not used for drying fish and not built of planks. The Bait Act would be strictly enforced, and in enforcing it the home Government might well aid Newfoundland by the loan of half-a-dozen cruisers, to be manned from the Newfoundland fishing-folk. At the same time, it would be wise to place a bounty 10 per cent. above that paid by France on British-cured cod caught by Newfoundlanders. This may not appeal to Free Traders, but its cost would be insignificant compared with that of a European war. Such a bounty would be a weapon of the most effective kind, and would speedily lead to an outcry in France among the armateurs and fishermen for a sensible compromise with England. We should also insist, under our treaty rights, upon the granting of an exequatur to a British Consul at St. Pierre.

Imperial Liberalism.

Dr. Heber Hart writes on "The Imperial Liberal Council." He is quite sure that the decay of the Liberal Party is to be explained by its lack of what he calls "enlarged patriotism." The advocates of "widened" Liberalism could be silent no longer. Dr. Hart is quite satisfied with the reception given to Liberal Imperialism, but the way in which he describes that reception will not recommend itself, we should say, even to his own party. "Led by the 'Times,'" is his description of his harvest of favourable press notices. However, if the "Times" is content with the new party, the new party will not be quite content with the "Times":—

It seems almost superfluous to say that there is no danger of insufficient difference between a Conservative Imperialist and a Liberal Imperialist. Nor is the divergence by any means limited to home affairs. Even in the pre-eminently Imperial question of Federation, any Liberal called upon to formulate a scheme intended to be permanent would almost necessarily treat the House of Lords in a way that no Conservative would be expected to favour.

Other Articles.

There are two poems in this number. The first is a tribute to the Queen by "Carmen Sylva." The other is by Mr. George Meredith, and would require more study than the longest of his novels. Mr. Walter Raymond writes "In Praise of April." Mr. Stephen Gwynn has an article entitled "A Family of Poets." Altogether the number is a very good one.

The Westminster Review.

The "Westminster Review" for April contains articles of considerable interest, which space forbids us to quote at length.

Prussia in Poland.

Mr. H. W. Wolff's "Polish Danger in Prussia" is one of these. It is a very interesting survey of Prusso-Polish relations at the present time. Mr. Wolff says that there is much less community of feeling between the Prussians and Poles than between the Poles and Russians. He describes the methods of the Prussian Colonising Commission, and how it has failed in face of the strong Polish national movement. The Pan-Polish movement has been a great success. Mr. Wolff concludes his article as follows:—

It can occasion no wonder if Poles feel as if, in spite of the present hopelessness of rebellion, thanks to this perverse policy, their star were once more rising, and the White Eagle promised a new lease of life.

Vatican v. Quirinal.

Mr. G. Dalla Vecchia describes that "Roman Quarrel." He is convinced that the Italian people are entirely on the side of the King in the struggle with the Vatican. He gives the following incidents to show how little the Vatican order in regard to the late King was regarded by the people:

The condemnation of Queen Margherita's prayer has given occasion for many strong demonstrations. A small dramatic scene took place in Tuscany. The

priest forbade the congregation to recite the prayer. The faithful left the church at once, and reassembled in an open field, where there was a cross, and solemnly recited the forbidden prayer. Afterwards they sent a telegram to the afflicted Queen, to inform her of what had happened. As a further proof of great discrepancies in the Church, and of how little the political authorities of the Vatican represent the feeling of Italian Catholics, I have to mention that three days after the insane publication in the "Osservatore Romano," in hundreds of churches and cathedrals of Italy a solemn service took place for the late King, which services were not tolerated but either ordered or willingly granted by the ecclesiastical authorities.

New Humanitarianism.

From an article on "The New Humanitarianism," by Mr. Thomas Stanley, we quote the following conclusion:—

Over-indulgence in the malevolent affections is indeed one great source of crime. Banish vindictiveness from the world, and crimes of violence would at once be reduced by at least one-half—the remainder being chiefly committed for the sake of gain; and a legislator who encourages vindictiveness probably does more harm than any single criminal. He sows crime broadcast all over the country.

Mr. Mark Drayton writes on "The Abolition of Capital Punishment," of which he is a fervent advocate. The following are some of his suggestions as to the reformation of criminals:—

Trades should be more generally taught in our gaols, in order that prisoners, when released from confinement, may not be without a means of livelihood. Such efforts might be largely extended, and could not fail to produce some diminution in crime. Premeditated and unpremeditated offences should have different degrees of punishment. Sir E. Du Cane says that after six years the deterrent effects of penal servitude diminish, the prisoner having become used to his position. We might have two years' imprisonment as the minimum and twenty-five as the maximum for all but the most heinous crimes. There ought, however, to be less solitary confinement, for habits of unhealthy self-brooding thrive in solitude, and gradually enfeeble a man's mind.

The Italian Magazines.

English readers of the "Nuova Antologia" (March 1st) will turn at once to reviews of two recent English books—of "Eleanor," by Professor C. Segrè, and of Dr. Conan Doyle's "Great Boer War," by the distinguished military writer General Luchino dal Verme, whose lucid articles on the campaign have been frequently noticed in this column. Concerning "Eleanor," Professor Segre pays Mrs. Humphry Ward many compliments as regards the charm of her narrative, her style, her conscientious effort after impartiality; but when he asks himself whether she has really penetrated the spirit of contemporary Italy, he regretfully admits that she has not. Mainsty's quixotic attitude towards the problem of Church and State he regards as in no way corresponding to any Italian point of view, and the whole episode of Fr. Benecke's excommunication he clearly considers grotesque, both in conception and treatment. General Luchino dal Verme praises Conan Doyle for his knowledge of facts and his lively descriptive powers, while regretting the tone of rapturous admiration for British feats of arms that he has deemed it necessary to maintain throughout. The General believes we have exaggerated both the superiority of cavalry over infantry, and the roughness of the Boer country, in order to explain our defeats, and he holds that the frequency of our surrenders does indicate a want of staying power in the British soldier. He recalls, with pardonable pride, that at Dogali 500 Italians allowed themselves to be cut to pieces by the Abyssinians, not one escaping, rather than surrender, and this although it was well known the Abyssinians treated their prisoners well. As for Dr. Doyle's scheme of army reform, the General declines to discuss it seriously. The mid-March number contains a full and enthusiastic account of the sculptor Rodin, with admirable illustrations of his work, and an exceedingly interesting description, also illustrated, by Prince Odescalchi of the recently discovered frescoes in a villa near Pompeii, which throw an entirely new light on the art of painting, as understood by the Greeks.

The "Civilta Cattolica" (March 16) is very scornful concerning the suggestion, recently brought forward by an Italian Senator, that voting in parliamentary elections should be made compulsory on all electors under a heavy penalty. Such a law would certainly place pious Catholics in a very difficult position, although, as the "Civilta" points out, they could still evade their responsibilities by placing blank papers in the ballot-box.

To "Flegrea," the well-known radical deputy, Napoleone Colajanni, is contributing a series of articles on Inferior and Superior Races, in which he energetically combats the recently-asserted supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"Cosmos Catholicus" blossoms out in the March number into a gay new cover, and while maintaining the excellence of its illustrations, appears to have taken on a less strictly ecclesiastical complexion. It is certainly one of the most readable of the lighter Italian magazines.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Blackwood's Magazine" for April opens with a marvellously picturesque account of the fighting of Spion Kop, written by an officer who took part in it, but who does not give his name. There is a very interesting anonymous article on "Some Editors and Others," from which I quote the following description of the "Times'" most famous editor:—

Delane was marked out by gifts and destiny to fill the editorial chair of the first of European journals.

Probably he never wrote a line for his paper, but he played on its manifold keys with the touch of an accomplished operator. An unexpected piece of news might come in at the eleventh hour, and forthwith he struck the note that was to guide him through future developments, with the decision that seemed inspiration. His brother-in-law, Mowbray Morris, used to say that had he hesitated he would probably have been lost. At the same time, he steered a dexterous course, and was careful not to commit himself irretrievably. The burden of the weighty charge had been thrown upon youthful shoulders. He was always the intimate friend of John Blackwood, for so many years the ruling spirit of this magazine, and of whom more hereafter. They were living together in lodgings between St. James' Square and Pall Mall, when one afternoon Delane burst in on his companion with the announcement, "By G—d! John, what do you think? I am editor of the 'Times.'" Asked afterwards whether he did not tremble at the sudden responsibility, he said, "Not a bit of it. What I complain of in you young fellows is that you always shrink from responsibility."

Mr. Hamish Stuart writes on "The Football Nations." He regards the comparative success of Ireland and Wales in Rugby, as opposed to Association football as due to racial causes, Rugby requiring more impetuosity and less science than Association. There is an anonymous article on "Russia's Aims," of which the writer professes to know everything. He bases some of his apprehensions on a book by Mr. B. T. Lebedev, which contains a plan for invading India, and which has no authority whatever in Russia. The writer adds:—

It will probably be somewhat annoying to the Russian military authorities to know that these plans for the invasion of British India have been translated into English, and published in the journal of our Royal United Service Institution.

Considering that Mr. Lebedev's book was published openly in Russia two years ago, it is difficult to see how the Russian military authorities could be frightened by the divulgence of these terrible schemes.

The Revue des Revues.

The March numbers of M. Finot's magazine are above the average—even his average. The long and important symposium on "Marriage and Divorce" is separately noticed.

Petroleum as a Remedy Against Malaria.

Dr. L. Caze contributes a highly interesting article on this subject. Millions of men fall victims every year to malaria; and if they do not die, it is long before they recover their strength and power of work—if indeed they ever do. Long investigations, demanding an infinity of patience, into mosquitoes and their habits have proved that if mosquitoes can be prevented from biting anyone attacked by malaria, the disease cannot be propagated; and if anyone shelters himself thoroughly at night from mosquitoes, he is never attacked, the malaria-bearing insect never biting during the day. Also, anyone bitten by the mosquito may very well have malaria, though he has never set foot in a malarial region. Dr. Caze hopes that with our present knowledge we may even reclaim the Roman Campagna and the "White Man's Grave" in West Africa. And in this hope he is strengthened by an American mosquito specialist, who advises the abundant use of petroleum in all infected regions. A malarial district in Virginia, which was drained, and all the ponds, marshes, and wells saturated with petroleum, is now quite free from the scourge. The little island of Asinaria, in the Mediterranean, has also been experimenting in the use of petroleum, and with great success.

Other Articles.

M. Labor pleads for a French Scenery Preservation Society, to protect French landscapes and wage ruthless war on disfiguring advertisements. M. Henry de Vaulx tells in detail how he contemplates crossing the Mediterranean in a balloon next summer. Dr. Grand advocates the cause of vegetarianism, especially for children, and, indeed, his article is one of the most convincing that has appeared. M. Almeras gives a graphic account of the early life and desperate struggles of the French dramatic critic Sardou. For one of Sardou's first tasks—the biography of a famous doctor—which cost him a month's patient research, he received thirty francs and a few centimes. He decided that something under ten centimes a day was not worth it, and directed his attention to the theatres. At one time he had no presentable clothes in which to call on editors, and had not a kind and impecunious friend lent him his one decent pair of trousers, there is no knowing what he would have done.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly Review" for April contains several excellent articles, which are noticed elsewhere at some length. There are many other articles of considerable interest. Among these may be mentioned the first instalment of a study by Mr. Sydney Buxton, of Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is followed by a paper written by Mr. J. D. Rees, entitled "The Czar's Friend," in which he summarises Prince Ouchtomsky's opinions upon the present and future of England and Russia in Asia. Mr. Rees says that he shows us ourselves as the Russians see us, and while dissenting strongly from much that the Prince says, he admits that his book will be useful to us in many ways. Mr. Andrew Lang subjects Mr. Fraser's theory of the Crucifixion to a very destructive analysis. Mr. John Manson, in a paper entitled "The Problem of French Monasticism," maintains that the Associations Bill was

justified. It does not prevent new religious associations from being formed, it only insists upon the subordination to the civil power, as the Catholic Church in France is already subordinate to it. The introduction of the Bill, he thinks, is the opening of what bids fair to be a decisive struggle between the civil and the clerical power.

A writer signing himself "Excubitor" discourses at some length upon the methods of "Our Unbusinesslike Admiralty." He admits that the Navy is the finest fighting machine in existence, and that it is efficient and cheap compared with the Army; but there are many holes in the official armour that could easily be repaired. He thinks that if those who hold the levers of the machine would only let it have a fair chance of working at its best and smoothly, it would probably be found that the mistakes and inequalities were mere excrescences.

The literary articles include two Notes by Mr. E. V. Lucas upon Charles Lamb, and Emile Verhaeren's paper upon French poetry of to-day.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

In the "Ladies' Home Journal," Mr. William Perrine tells the story of Rebecca Gratz, the beautiful Jewess, in his series of stories of beautiful women. It was said that Sir Walter Scott was inspired to the creation of his "Rebecca" in "Ivanhoe" through the story of this woman's life. The estate of Rebecca Gratz' family was in Kentucky. Indeed, the Mammoth Cave was a part of the property. The young Jewess was a prominent figure among the belles of the American watering-places. She was a friend of Washington Irving, and Miss Gratz' friend, Mathilda Hoffman, was the betrothed of the author of "The Alhambra." Mathilda Hoffman died, and Irving never married. It is said that even at eighty Rebecca Gratz was still beautiful. Mr. Perrine says that probably no other Jewish woman has been more admired by both Jew and Gentile than Miss Gratz, for she combined with her physical beauty a tranquil and restful nature, which gave her something of an angelic aspect. Miss Gratz, too, lived the life of a celibate because her religion stood between her and her love. In her wide benevolence and the pursuit of educational improvement she did not distinguish between Jew and Gentile.

The World's Work.

In the April "World's Work" are capital sketches of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

Mr. Thomas S. Denison gives an account of a curious institution in Budapest, "The Telephone Newspaper," a device by which the day's news is told, as it occurs, to 6,200 subscribers, sitting in their homes. There is a regular programme, lasting from 10.30 a.m. to 10.30 p.m., and the repertoire includes Sunday-night concerts. A complete programme is tacked to the wall above each subscriber's receiver, and a glance at this tells just what may be expected at any hour, the programmes being the same, except for Sundays and holidays. Quotations, reports from the Reichsrath, and political news come from 11.45 to 12, and general news comes all day at intervals. At stated periods there is a brief resume for those who missed the first news. This telephone newspaper actually takes advertisements, the charge being one florin for twelve seconds. Each subscriber pays eighteen florins per year. Mr. Denison says the enterprise is a distinct success, both from the subscriber's and the proprietor's point of view.

Mr. Sydney Brooks, in writing on "The Political Status of Italy," calls attention to the great improvement in Italy of to-day over the Italy of thirty years ago. A quarter of a billion dollars a year is being added to the national wealth, the savings-banks increase annually in deposits five millions, and a startling industrial expansion has come in the last few years.

Cornhill.

The April number is full of readable matter, though not offering much that can be cited here. Mr. Arthur Morrison's workman's family budget is noticed elsewhere, as also Mr. Shand's anecdotes of the old Scottish judges.

Dr. Fitchett tells the story of the siege of Cawnpore with characteristic vividness. He heavily blames General Sir Hugh Wheeler for abandoning the defensible enclosure of the magazine to the rebels, and taking up an utterly exposed position in the plain. He would fain have the heroes of that most valiant fight immortalised in some new Homer's verse.

Mr. W. J. Fletcher sketches the first sea-battle between England and revolutionary France, in which the British Nymphe fought and captured the French Cleopatre on June 18, 1793, exactly twenty-two years before the battle of Waterloo.

Lady Broome entertainingly recalls the visits paid her by people in difficulties during her colonial days; and F. G. Aflalo gives vivid glimpses of the country and capitals of the new Commonwealth in his Australian memories.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

By W. T. Stead.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"So might I, striving morn till eve,
Some purpose in my life fulfil,
And ere I pass away some work achieve
To live and move when I am still.

"I ask not, with that work combined,
My name shall down the ages move,
But that my toil some end may find,
That men may see and God approve."
—A favourite quotation of the Bishop.

Dr. Creighton died just before the Queen, and the appointment of his successor was the first piece of patronage which fell to the lot of the new Sovereign. It was supposed by some that Edward VII., however seriously he took himself in other departments of State, would not concern himself mightily about the choice of the chief pastor of the London diocese. But as Sir George Arthur, who writes on the subject of the Crown and the Church in the April number of the "Fortnightly Review," will be glad to know, his Majesty showed no disposition to abate one jot the keen interest which, as a "godly Prince," he was bound by his high office to take in the choice of an efficient prelate to fill Dr. Creighton's chair. The Queen, as Canon Liddon used comically to complain, jealously preserved her right to distribute ecclesiastical patronage, and used it chiefly for the purpose of promoting clergymen whose domesticities appealed to her motherly imagination. His Majesty approaches the subject from another point of view. He does not regard the fat things of the Church as premiums to be distributed as rewards of virtue to clerics with large families; but he is none the less determined that the Crown shall have its say in the choice of bishops. When the time came for the appointment of the new bishop, both King and Prime Minister were in happy agreement as to the propriety of offering the Bishopric of London to the Bishop of Winchester, a very admirable and saintly man, who was brought very conspicuously before the country in connection with the death and burial of the late Queen. Unfortunately, Dr. Randall Davidson does not add to his many moral and intellectual virtues the physical grace of robust health. London would have killed him in twelve months, and he declined to receive the crown of martyrdom even when it was presented to him by the King and Lord Salisbury.

The Choice of the New Bishop.

On receiving his refusal, the King and his Prime Minister found themselves unable to agree upon the next person to whom the offer should be made. Each of them had his own favourite. Such, at least, is the story which is current in well-informed quarters, although, of course, no such State secrets are ever officially divulged. Lord Salisbury, whose interest in the Church and its administrators had been much deeper and of older growth than that of his Sovereign, insisted that the Bishop of Newcastle, Dr. Jacobs, formerly of Portsmouth, was the best man on whom to thrust the onerous burden of the London diocese. The King, on the other hand, would none of him. His candidate was the Bishop of Rochester. Dr. Talbot has already administered one half of London with great satisfaction to everybody. Like the Bishop of Winchester, he is a man of saintly character, and the only objection to him is that there is no one to speak ill of him in the whole of London. It is not for profane outsiders to pry into the mysteries of bishop-making, nor are any reports extant as to the conversation between the King and his First Minister when they met to make the final decision. It is not quite clear whether Lord Salisbury gave way, and whether the offer was really made to the Bishop of Rochester, and altogether declined on the score of health: but there seems to be no doubt about the fact that the King absolutely refused to accept Lord Salisbury's nomination of Dr. Jacobs. One story goes that as the King refused to have Dr. Jacobs, Lord Salisbury was equally obdurate in rejecting the King's own nominee: but whatever the real truth may be, the public only knows the result that the man ultimately chosen to sit in Dr. Creighton's chair was not one of the three who were first named for the post. The King and his Prime Minister being unable to agree upon the first choice of either, appear to have arrived at a compromise by the selection of Dr. Winnington-Ingram, the Bishop of Stepney, to be the next Bishop of London.

A Bachelor Bishop.

However the lofty disposers of this piece of patronage finally arrived at their conclusion, there is general agreement that they made a very good choice. Dr. Winnington-Ingram is young enough to bear a good deal of killing. He is only forty-three. He is, unfortunately, unmarried, through no fault of his own, which is a disadvantage for the conservation of energy and preservation of life. No doubt celibate Bishops, to say nothing of the celibate Pope, have often lived to a good old age; but it is better for a Bishop of London to be married than single. The cares of administering such a diocese as that of London are apt to become too absorbing, and the Bishop is in continual danger of becoming too much of a mere ecclesiastic, a kind of consecrated head clerk, so much absorbed in his clerical work that he ceases to be human. The fact that there is no Mrs. Winnington-Ingram is the only drawback that even the most censorious have yet discovered to his qualifications for being regarded as an ideal claimant for the vacant see.

Mr. Kensit's Protest.

Mr. Kensit, it is true, is not satisfied. This valiant defender of the Protestantism of the Anglican Church looks askance at the new appointment. He says:—

The Protestant Party will look upon him as a most dangerous man, as during the time he has been Suffragan Bishop of East London he has done all in his power to help on the Romanising movement. The most extreme men in the East End of London have been helped and supported by him. I should call it a most deplorable appointment. He will do nothing whatever to stop the Romanising movement. He has patronised St. Augustine's, Stepney, where Mass and Confessional and Masses for the Dead are practised, and given them every encouragement—

which is no doubt very terrible.

In 1899, preaching at St. Paul's, the Bishop set forth his views upon the subject of confession in terms which, to the ordinary lay, to say nothing of the Liberal Nonconformist mind, seem reasonable enough. He set his face as a flint against any attempt to compel people to go to confession, or to impose the confessional as an indispensable part of the machinery of salvation. He pointed out the grievous abuses to which compulsory confession opens the door, but while thus placing himself in line with Mr. Kensit and his friends, he then proceeded to explain that, while he was dead against compulsory confession, he was equally dead against any attempt to suppress permissive confession. So long as, firstly, the penitent sought his confessor solely of his own free will; secondly, so long as confession was carried on under strict safeguards; thirdly, that it was allowed to anyone who desired it—that is to say, that it was not withheld or denied as a kind of spiritual grace that was within the option of the clergy—he did not see why the Church should run amuck against the practice of voluntary permissive confession. It is this attitude which excites the wrath of Mr. Kensit, to whom all confession is an accursed thing, and who, in his sacred zeal against the abuses of the compulsory confessional, fails to realise what a great need there is in the human heart of having some sympathising friend to whom you can pour out your difficulties and your troubles.

The Case for a Permissive Confessional.

Of course no one need take any stock in the paraphernalia of absolution, the imaginary importance of which is solely due to a total misconception of the truth which underlies the doctrine. No man, priest or bishop, has power on earth to forgive sins, and every man has a right to proclaim to every other fellow-sinner the divine forgiveness of sins which are truly repented of. That the pronouncement of absolution is reserved in sacerdotal churches to the priest, and is only given by him after due formalities have been had and observed, is merely to heighten the force of the suggestion. It is exactly equivalent to what we see in hypnotic trance. In order to give effect to a suggestion, the operator throws his subject into a mesmeric sleep. In that condition the sub-conscious mind is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of suggestion. A hypnotic person will believe implicitly words spoken when in the trance condition, and the impression will survive after he emerges from his sleep. So, in order to heighten the power of suggestion, without absolutely resorting to hypnotism, the sacerdotal churches have usually done all that they could to heighten the authority of the operator. But, in reality, every individual man has as much right to proclaim to the sinner that, if he truly repents, he is freely and fully forgiven, as any priest who ever lived, from Hildebrand downwards. As to discerning whether repentance is genuine, no one, priest or layman, can pronounce other than an outside judgment. No doubt priests who have dealt with thousands of human souls become experts in their craft, and are able to discern better than the raw amateur the evidence of real contrition; but of the thoughts and intents of the heart knoweth no man, save God alone; and hence, while everyone has a right to pronounce absolution if the sinner sincerely repents and turns from his evil ways, no one, save the Divine Judge, can ever be in a position absolutely to pronounce upon the reality and sincerity of the repentance of the penitent.

A Truce to Trivialities.

This, however, by the way, and I feel there is, perhaps, some apology due to my readers for commenting upon what is, after all, so infinite a triviality compared with the serious questions which have to be dealt with by the Bishop of London. In his diocese there are some millions of human beings, sinners every one. Of these millions a very small percentage are sufficiently touched with a sense of their sins to wish to get rid of them. Of this small percentage of sinners who are convicted of sin an infinitesimal fraction imagine they can get some kind of peace for their poor souls by talking the matter over with a fellow-mortal decently habited in black and white. This desire of theirs may be a weakness; it may open the door to abuse; but after all it belongs to the infinitesimalities of the diocese. What a bishop has to do is not to worry himself about the way in which ten or a dozen, or a hundred, or a thousand persons who feel uncomfortable about their sins seek to disembarrass themselves of their burden, but rather to impress upon the teeming millions in whom the sense of sin is not, or who, if they feel they are sinning, are very well content to go on sinning, the conviction that they are all wrong, and that they must right about face if they are to have salvation in this world or the next. A bishop is a fisher of men. Every day he casts his net into the stream, and myriad shoals of fish pass by uncaught. Why, in the name of common sense, should he and his friends waste their time discussing how they would cook the handful which they extricate from the meshes of their net, instead of discussing how to increase its sweep, is one of those mysteries which only occur to fishers of men, and would never perplex the practical and mundane minds of the catchers of real fish.

A Graduate of the East End.

The Bishop of Stepney has graduated in the East End, and, being brought day by day, year in and year out, in contact with the palpitating realities of human life, being familiarised with the incessant wear and tear of nerve and brain which comes from the contemplation of the problem of the dwellers in mean streets, namely, the question as to how to make both ends meet, to provide sufficient food for the body and raiment for clothing the same, to say nothing of securing a rain-proof roof over your head—all these things naturally come to be seen by him in their proper perspective. There will be very little casuistical hair-splitting about theological points in Fulham Palace when the late head of Oxford House, and former Bishop of Stepney, is sitting in the chair of Dr. Creighton. He is a practical man, who has manfully, for years past, dealt with human needs, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. He has never concentrated exclusively upon the soul, but has recognised the claims of its bodily tenement. Not that he is in any sense a materialist bishop; he recognises as much as anyone that it takes a soul to move a body, even to a cleaner stye; but nevertheless he realises to the full the fact that you can rot a soul by compelling it to dwell in a stye. I do not know that he would agree with Mr. Moody in his famous declaration that there was much more need of homes in London than there was of churches; but he has acquired a salutary conviction, in the course of his East End experiences, that the housing question is much more serious, much more important, even from the point of view of the Christian ecclesiastic, than ritual correctitude or the exact pronunciation of theological shibboleths.

The Kind of Man He Is.

There are reports that he is said to have expressed an opinion that it would be well to re-translate the Athanasian Creed, which is a pious opinion upon which the citizens of London, in their absolute indifference, are perfectly willing for him to hold what opinions he chooses. They are much more interested in the attitude which he took up in the recent water-famine and the London County Council election than they are in speculations upon the inscrutable mysteries about which men multiply words with much more rapidity than they widen or deepen their ideas. In a speech he made some time ago, in denunciation of the Water Companies, in support of the reforming project of the London County Council, he said:—

I was visiting a dying girl in a top garret on one of the hottest days in the summer. Everyone was out at work except the sister, who was downstairs attending to the kitchen; the poor girl's lips were parched with thirst, and she was dying fast. I looked round for something to moisten her lips with, but there was no water in the house, and I had myself to go half a mile to where I lived, and fetch some of the water we had stored ourselves from the early morning supply.

The fact that the Bishop was willing to fetch and carry for half a mile through the streets of London, in order to get a drop of water to moisten the lips of a dying girl, stands to his credit, and will be remembered by multitudes of those who care absolutely nothing about his views upon ritual or upon the practice of confession.

A Magnetic Man.

The first requirement for a bishop, after that of physical health, is that he should have a level head, and should see things straight, and not cross-eyed, and in their due perspective. After that comes the need of a temperament that predisposes him to unity. The true Bishop of London should be a peripatetic Eirenicon in gaiters. His mind should naturally incline to points of agreement with his fellow-men, rather than to points of difference. Instead of preaching impossible absurdities concerning a unity based upon apostolic succession or other fetishes of the ecclesiastical nursery, his mind should be as a magnet that attracts round him all the men and women who are in sympathy with the ideal of a Christianised humanity. In so far as he fails to attract anyone because of differences of belief, or of party, or of class, to that extent he is an imperfect bishop, and the iron-filings which he ought to have attracted from the dust-heap in which they lay inert will wait the coming of a more magnetic soul.

In Gaiters, but Still Human.

Dr. Winnington-Ingram is a strong Churchman, and a staunch Churchman, and a High Churchman, and, after the manner of men who are made Bishops, he attaches considerable importance to his Churchmanship. To the majority of those who constitute his diocese, the quality of his Churchmanship is comparatively indifferent. What they are interested in is the humanity of the man. Up to the present moment, it may fairly be said that he has given every proof of possessing qualities which are needed in his high office—that is to say, although he will be a man in gaiters, he is still a man, and is likely to be an essentially human bishop. He told me the other day that he had received letters of congratulation upon his appointment from General Booth, of the Salvation Army, from the Jewish Rabbi, from the Greek Archimandrite, from Cardinal Vaughan, and from an indefinite number of Nonconformist ministers, with whom he had been for years past on the most friendly and fraternal terms. He is a practical man, who sees the immensity of the work that needs to be done, and how very few there are who are willing to do a hand's turn towards getting the task accomplished. Hence there has never been, on his part, any disposition to exalt his Churchmanship into a kind of false god, the worship of which so often stands in the way of that service of humanity for which the Church was created.

A Park Preacher.

Looking over the record of his activities in the East End, we see the same note of active, persistent, restless energy running through it all. He is one of the few bishops who have taken an active part in park preaching. Victoria Park is a great free rostrum of propagandists of all kinds. Sunday after Sunday used to find him holding forth, cheek by jowl, with itinerant spouters of Atheism, Socialism, and all the theories which have sufficient hold upon the mind of men to drive them to stand up in the Park, and hold forth to their fellows, in the hope that they may, by the foolishness of preaching, convert some to their own way of thinking. The Bishop was thoroughly at home in this democratic open-air forum. He is possessed of a ready wit and a good sense of humour, a fine carrying voice, and a sympathetic earnestness which made him always popular with his heterogeneous congregation. He was President of the Christian Evidence Society of East London. The following are some of the subjects upon which he spoke in the East End Park: the difference between the English and Roman Church; the difference between Christianity and secularism; the popular objections to Christianity; the history of hospitals; St. Paul in history; is Christianity a dying creed? some mistakes about the Bible; what workingmen owe to Jesus Christ and Mahometanism. These open-air services usually began on the 1st May. His preaching did him a world of good.

"Many men who have come to East London full of doubts about God, and theoretical uncertainty about the revelation by Christ have," he says, "worked off their doubts by the simple process of working for their fellow-creatures. The Gospel, which seems so far away when looked at from an arm-chair at Oxford, was a different thing altogether when seen in action; and the sight of a brother's face looking back in gratitude and sympathy gave a new reality and clearness to faith in the unseen God which had almost vanished from their life."

You could not very well imagine his predecessor, Dr. Creighton, student, scholar, and statesman, although somewhat of a cynical turn, holding forth in this fashion; but Bishop Winnington-Ingram not only took to it as a duck takes to water, but enjoyed it thoroughly.

His Americanism.

There is somewhat in his manner more American than English. Nothing strikes an Englishman more on his first visit to America than the kind of hail-fellow-well-met spirit which prevails among all classes. The millionaire director of a railway or a factory will gossip familiarly with his day labourers without any detriment to the severity of the discipline which is enforced in his establishment. It is extraordinary, at Washington, to sit in a Cabinet Minister's office, and to find it invaded by an endless succession of nonentities who will sit down and talk to the great man as if they were his colleagues in the Cabinet, without any apparent resentment on the part of the Minister in question. How they get through their work often

puzzles me, but they do it somehow. Now, Bishop Ingram has somewhat of the American manner of address. When he meets his reclaimed hooligans, or parish workers, or old friends, it is all the same. It is "old friend," "dear boy," "old fellow," with his hands on their shoulders, almost as if he were going to put his arm round their neck. Certainly no man, up to the present moment, has developed less of that arrogant "side" which is the bane and curse of English manners. It will be curious to see how long this excessive abandon of manner and free and easy style of deportment will last after its owner migrates to Fulham Palace.

A Hard Worker.

He has had a rush-about, racketing life since he first came to London. "Punch" happily paraphrased a passage in a speech of his on one occasion, in which he had described the straits to which he was put to get through his work. "Punch's" verses were entitled "The Lay of a Suffering Bishop." They ran as follows:—

From morning till evening, from evening to night,
I preach and I organise, lecture and write;
And all over London my gaitered legs fly—
Was ever a Bishop so busy as I?

When writing my sermons, the best of my work 'll
Be done in the trains on the underground circle;
I can write one complete, with a fine peroration,
Between Charing Cross and the Mansion House Station.

For luncheon I swallow a sandwich of ham,
As I rush up the steps of a Whitechapel tram;
Or with excellent appetite I will discuss
A halfpenny bun on a Waterloo 'bus.

No table is snowy with damask for me;
My cloth is the apron that covers my knee;
No manservants serve and no kitchenmaids dish up
The frugal repasts of this Suffragan Bishop."

The Bishop is said to have enquired whether or not he could avoid taking up his abode in Fulham Palace. He may learn to rejoice in the failure of his desire. Saturday afternoon garden parties in the grounds of Fulham Palace, where men of all classes and all creeds could meet, were begun by his predecessor. If he continues this pleasant innovation, it might conduce much to the efficiency of his Episcopate.

As might be expected, Dr. Winnington-Ingram has never found time to put on much flesh. He is spare, not to say lean, well knit, and well proportioned, and his intense vitality has kept him immune from all the infections and diseases of the poor among whom he has worked. He told me that during the thirteen years he had been hard at work in the East End, he had never suffered any malady worse than a cold. He is a splendid example of the mens sana in corpore sano, and has kept himself from morbid brooding over the miseries of humanity by regular and vigorous athleticism.

His Zeal for Morality.

Dr. Winnington-Ingram is not an ascetic, but he has always set his face as a flint against those fleshly lusts which war against the soul. His testimony against the corruption which is sapping the foundations of English society, and which poisons the natural and healthy and friendly relations of the sexes, is very strong. Two years ago he preached an admirable sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral on the corruption of the world through lust. He has not confined his energies to preaching. He is an active member of the Alliance for the Promotion of Public Morality. This zeal for pure living tends to increase the vehemence of his desire to see the housing question dealt with in such a thoroughgoing fashion as to render it possible for every man and woman to have at least a chance of living a decent life, a chance which can hardly be said to exist where whole families are pigged together within the four walls of a slum stye.

A Humaniser, Not a Romaniser.

The Bishop, although a man of great geniality and a bon camarade, is, nevertheless, a great believer in discipline. He does not like brawling in church, and Mr. Kensit's plan of campaign has naturally never appealed much to his sympathies. But that is more for the manner of it than for the object of it, for nothing could be further from the truth than to describe Dr. Winnington-Ingram as a Romaniser. The correct word for him is not Romaniser, but humaniser, and in his anxiety to humanise he is not likely to be very tolerant of all those who would cripple humanising agencies merely because on this side or on that they lean in the direction either of excessive ritual or inordinate plainness. To him the soul of the thing is the important matter, and the essence of a work is whether or not it will tend to facilitate the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven in the midst of his diocese.

Not His Own Suffragan.

It is interesting to speculate what may be the expectation of life of a Bishop of London. The diocese killed Bishop Creighton, but it failed even to make a mark upon the tough and wiry frame of Dr. Temple, who, after his London episcopate, could still find ample vital energy to discharge the duties of a Primate. Suicide is one of the standing temptations of a Bishop of London, not suicide by the ordinary method of poison or the revolver, but suicide by the slow but not less effective process of overtasking strength, and of attempting to do too much work on too little sleep. Bishop Winnington-Ingram is fully aware of the insidious nature of this temptation, and he begins his episcopal career with the best of resolutions. He does not intend, as he said publicly, to be his own suffragan. Canon Liddon used constantly to deplore the tendency to convert Bishops into great, overgrown clerks, who spend their day from morning till night writing letters and discharging the routine of the office. They have no time left to be bishops. Bishop Winnington-Ingram intends to have time. If Bishop Winnington-Ingram can stick to his salutary resolutions, he may live long enough to leave his mark on London.

In 1899 it was announced that the Bishop was engaged to be married to Lady Ulrica Duncombe, the daughter of the Earl of Faversham. They were to be married at Faster, but the marriage was never celebrated, and the Bishop remains celibate to this day.

In concluding this welcome of the Bishop to the new sphere of labour, I cannot more appropriately end this article than by recalling a famous incident in Scripture history. When Joshua was weighed down with the responsibility of the leadership of Israel, which had come upon him on the death of Moses, the people said unto him:—

All that thou commandest us we will do, and whithersoever thou sendest us, we will go. According as we hearken unto Moses in all things, so will we hearken unto thee: only the Lord thy God be with thee, as He was with Moses.

And the word of the Lord came unto Joshua, saying: Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

WITH THE NAVAL CONTINGENT IN CHINA.

By One of Its Officers.

When every British Consul in China was calling for gunboats to show our flag and protect Europeans from the Boxers, Mr. Chamberlain turned with confidence to Australia for a helping hand. We are near China, we had gunboats, and our countrymen were in danger. The reply was naturally the despatch of all that we possess, or control, that could be of use. Imperial ships on the station were first away. Naval brigades, who had long enviously watched their military brothers embarking for active service for South Africa, saw their opportunity and seized it. True that New South Wales and Victoria were in the quaint position of having naval forces, but no ships; but that was a trifle. White troops were urgently needed, and, lately, naval brigades had done passable service as such. South Australia offered that unorthodox creation—a colonial ship of war—which their Lordships, after some demur, accepted.

Thus it happened that many of us Australians got our first impressions of China, and these, with the inferences we drew therefrom, may be of interest to Australian readers.

Europe in the East.

Our first impression, on arrival at Hong Kong, was not a pleasant one. We learned we were a day late for the fair. Pekin had been relieved, and we were told that "things were quietening down," but there were still possibilities, and on these we buoyed our hopes. Our next impression was a really pleasant one—the cordial treatment we received from "the Service." "The Service," be it understood, means, of course, the Navy—from the Commodore in command at Hong Kong downwards. Everybody welcomed us as if we, too, were part of "the Service." Clubs and messes were thrown open to officers, and the reading-rooms and canteens to our men. Still better, we were to have the best chance of any active work, and our orders soon came for the Gulf of Pechili, where all the fighting had been, and might be again.

It is difficult to give all one's impressions of Hong Kong. Difficult to believe that the high, tree-clad island, with that teeming, busy town at its base, was, in 1840, a barren island, with a small fishing and pirating population. The nation of shopkeepers have left their mark here, indeed! A splendid land-locked harbour, crowded with junks and shipping, steamers constantly coming in and leaving, steam launches darting across the harbour, tugs towing, literally, bunches of junk lighters, transports of all nations carrying troops and stores to the front. Ships-of-war of many nations—of whom the Germans were most in evidence, next to our own—were awaiting the arrival of the Generalissimo Waldersee; but beyond all, what struck the Australian eye was the teeming, floating population. Lighters, sculled by two long stern sweeps, manned by ten or a dozen men per sweep—man power was cheap. A family of a dozen, clean, sleek, and well cared for (especially the children), in a boat smaller than a Portsmouth wherry, was always a subject of wonder and amusement to our men. A lady working the steer oar, with a baby slung on her back, and at the same time attending to the cooking of the family breakfast, and to the wants of the usual gradation of children from babyhood upwards, yet ever ready, with a swift stroke of her steering oar, to place her boat alongside, and pick up a fare, was an exhibition of floating domesticity and business combined that never failed to elicit genuine admiration.

The Chinaman at Home.

The Chinkey at home and afloat rose considerably in Australian estimation. "By gum, them Chinkeys is better'n I thought they was," was a commonly heard remark—admiration, however, that was qualified on shore, where the teeming, ever-working crowd is a sight that depresses. There are no draft animals, because the human is cheaper; and the sight of men as horses drawing carts of all kinds, a dozen in a string, trotting with 'rickshaws, and carrying chairs, is a lowering one. One longed for a sight of the land where a lazy man, holding up a gum-tree, with folded arms, smoking a pipe, "looking for work," is not an uncommon sight; at least he is a man, and not one of a mass of animal strugglers. Streets were crowded with a busy, hurrying swarm; houses, to the Australian eye, seemed packed with human beings; the shops had rows of Chinamen attendants where in Australia one would be enough. In the hotels were a dozen white-garmented "boys" to every table. Mankind in every department of life seemed multiplied by ten or twenty. It was like looking at the world through one of the old-fashioned cut-glass chandelier ornaments that multiplied everything a dozen-fold. At the Peak—the summit of Mount Victoria—are summer residences, huge hotels, barracks, immense buildings. Stone in great baulks of several hundreds of pounds in weight, sand, bricks, timber, all building material for these great buildings, had been carried to the summit on the shoulders of men and women. Yet all seemed well fed and contented, and we were told that Hong Kong, under British rule, was a paradise to these ever-busy workers compared with the average Chinese city. It was governed, indeed; not even a bottle of milk could be sold on board without the examiner's seal as a certificate.

A Typhoon.

Hong Kong without a typhoon would be Vesuvius without an eruption—a clear fraud on the tourist. The ordinary voyager, seeing such a secure land-locked harbour, wonders that such a fuss should be made over a mere wind-storm. How could harm come to great ships in a mere pond two to five miles across, surrounded by protecting mountains? Yet the biggest steamers get up steam and await its coming with no little anxiety. The British authorities, with that queer way of theirs of flying in the face of Providence, and the methods it decrees for keeping down a too redundant population, has built a shelter dock for all the sampans and smaller craft. The scene in the harbour when the vigilant observatory signals that the dreaded typhoon centre is near, is a lively and amusing one. It must be seen to be appreciated. All are scurrying

for the refuge. Powerful steam launches rush down among the small junks, lighters, and sampans, and return with a string of ten or a dozen in tow. The water-police are busy, and there is no rest till the ground, or, rather, the water, is cleared for His Majesty the typhoon. The rising wind is already blowing in strong, spray-lifting squalls; steamers and others making for a better berth; launches tugging away at a mass of junks, lighters, and sampans; all hands—male, female, and children—are shrieking and chattering. Silence is not a Chinese forte, and each and all pay a tribute of respect to the great King Storm, who every now and again numbers his victims by the hundred. This time, however, the storm centre passed far south, and a strong gale, with the heavy squalls of the outer circumference, were the worst we saw. The China coast is a sturdy coast for weather, and we were glad to make Shanghai, or, rather, the mouth of the Yangtse.

Near the southern entrance are many high islands, rising to several hundred feet, through which we passed —rough, rugged, poor-looking islands; yet their sides were marvellously terraced, and agriculture under extraordinary difficulties seemed to be successfully carried on. That such land should be tilled or used at all was a forcible evidence of the value of land. Once in the yellow, muddy Yangtse, all is flat as a plate. "That," said our pilot, a man of humour, pointing to a mere mud ridge, with a fringe of low, bushy timber, rising to a height of, perhaps, twenty feet, "that is our mountains." The southern mouth, up which we steamed, is itself a huge, wide river, with muddy, yellow-brown water, and the northern is as great. Where it receives the Woosung River, some fifty miles from the sea, was anchored a squadron of heavy-draught ships—English, German, and French battleships—and these, with the addition of Dutch, American, and Japanese, were the flagships of lighter cruisers moored on either bank of the river at Shanghai.

A curious place, indeed, is Shanghai. A great European city on Chinese territory, and nominally under the rule of a Taotai. A European settlement in which were English, French, American, German, and other towns, each under its own municipal laws. The English and the American seemed the best built, most substantial and thriving. The question naturally suggested itself why all our dealings with China could not have been on the same happy principles. Trade, and the open door, had here its strongest argument in a great, flourishing city, a great trade centre, and seemingly the most friendly relations. European earth-hunger for Chinese provinces, unfortunately, had had the opposite effect, and to it Boxerism owes its rise.

A Chinese River.

The trade of the Yangtse is an oft-heard phrase. To appreciate its meaning, we must see Shanghai, that flat city on the banks of the narrow Woosung River, sixty miles from the seaboard. Half a dozen Sydneys or Melbournes would not more than equal it. The port of 1,000 miles of river, through the most populous provinces in the world—80 per cent. of it British trade, and founded and developed by the English—yet it seemed we claimed no greater share in the ruling and arrangement of affairs, or possessed greater interest, than Austria or Italy; and that, it seemed to Europe, was the measure of our concern. Germany was here, again, the pushing and striving Power, and German desires and intentions to "collar" the Yangtse were constantly spoken of. On all sides we heard of their purchasing this or that line of steamers, and how this or that old English firm had sold out their rights and their fleet to our pushing German "cousins." One wondered, then, whether their funds were inexhaustible. We know now. A German loan for £15,300,000 has just been floated, and at a price that Australia would never accept. There must be an end to the subsidising of trade ventures. Besides the lines of ocean traders along the "Bunds" punctuated by war-ships of all flags, there were gigantic three-decked, beam-engined, stern-wheel steamers of the old Mississippi type passing daily, crammed with Chinese passengers from the up-river ports, and the clank of hammers and riveting tools building vessels in the docks. In one of these was the game little German gunboat Iltis, undergoing repairs after her severe mauling in the attack on the Taku forts. Our own craft, the Algerine and Fame, and another, had warily shifted their berths in the river immediately after dark on the night when the Taku forts opened on the combined gunboat fleet. The Chinese had laid their guns carefully at sundown for their night attack, and unluckily found the Russian and German at home. It was said that but for a difference in tide level between aiming at sundown and firing some hours later, they must have been sunk. To move after dark was a very wise precaution.

On shore at Shanghai were regiments of our Indian troops, including a splendid regiment of cavalry—the patriotic contribution to our forces from the Maharajah of Jodpore, a semi-independent Indian Prince. Fine fellows, with good, intellectual faces, splendidly turned out and horsed, all keen to see the Russian, and "how he could fight." Curiosity to see the much-talked-of man over the border being, perhaps, the strongest influence that prompted their volunteering.

Quite the most curious sight we saw, and one that, however wisely ordered, was a repellent one, were the numbers of missionaries and their wives in Chinese dress—pigtails and all. Their ladies did not hobble on deformed feet; but, short of this, the dress was strictly Chinese. Of course it is quite right that they should assume the garb of the land, and discard a costume that would attract attention and mobbing, still, it is difficult for the ordinary Englishman to avoid or control a feeling of disgust at the sight of a fellow-countryman in such a masquerade. "Stooping to conquer," perhaps; but we have an old-fashioned prejudice for those who stand fearlessly erect and conquer.

"Jack" as Diplomatist.

To all our eager questions, "What is going to be done?" "It is impossible to say," was the usual answer. How correct was the answer we know, for who can say to-day what will be done?

Shanghai was now calm and safe, but it had its time of stress and anxiety. It was doubtful whether we had been wise in relieving the anxiety by landing a brigade of Indian troops, for the French at once followed suit. The landing of troops at once alters the character of tenure, and there are always difficulties in reverting from tenure, by right of existing force, to tenure by treaty. Tension and anxiety had, however, been extreme, and upon the senior naval officer in the Yangtse depended the safe conduct of affairs and the lives of a large European community. It is not at all unusual for large and weighty issues to be confided to the "savvey" of an English naval captain. Neither is it unusual for the work entrusted to them to be thoroughly well carried out. It is, however, doubtful whether Admiralties' Foreign Office luck was ever "better in" than when it gave them Captain A. C. Clark, of the Undaunted, as their "man on the spot." There could not exist a more reassur-

ing person than this quiet-spoken, courteous naval officer, quite undisturbed by the weightiest responsibility, who arranged matters in a pleasant, but quite decided, way, and a serene confidence that had a considerable nerve-relieving effect on the European community. When things looked ugly, and the Chinese forts at the entrance of the W'oosung (they bar the approach to Shanghai) showed signs of preparation, then in an easy, absent-minded way, Captain Clark screwed the Undaunted over the W'oosung bar, and anchored himself in a commanding position in rear of those forts. To the rear they are weak and vulnerable, and half an hour or two of average gunnery practice would have made them a negligible quantity.

Once Captain Clark's calm tried the nerves of the Shanghai community beyond their working strain. One day three or four great Chinese cruisers arrived, and proposed to place themselves under Captain Clark's protection till the troubles ceased. Chinese, with the education and enlightenment necessary to cruiser captains, could see only too plainly how hopeless were their chances against the fleets of England alone, much less of all Europe. How better could their vessels be preserved for China than by their temporary surrender to the Power whose good name stands immeasurably highest, and whose fleet is best able to carry out any promise of protection? Captain Clark, in the quietest and most absent-minded way, might have been confidently relied upon to take effective pledges for their good behaviour—their teeth would have been quietly drawn. Shanghai, however, saw only four great Chinese cruisers, two of them perhaps the most finished specimens of their type afloat, and called lustily for their departure: and so it had to be. They retired behind the shelter of those immense fortresses a day or so's steam up the Yangtse, said to be of prodigious power, and certainly mounting about the heaviest guns that are made.

That Shanghai escaped the general anti-foreign eruption is largely due to the aid and support which the officer holding the naval command in the river during those months of extreme anxiety in July and August rendered. Panic and loss of nerve might have had the worst results. Assuredly they would have encouraged attack. But the cruiser goes home, and is paid off. For the captain the Shanghai incident is closed His satisfaction is that he has had a ticklish job to pull through, and accomplished it creditably to his Service. Curious that in the end it so frequently happens that when the whole situation depends upon the common-sense, nerve, and "savvey" of a young naval officer, it is a national satisfaction to think that he rarely proves unworthy of the trust.

A Famous Ship.

Wei-hai-wei has a fairly well-protected harbour. On one side is the mainland, and on the other the curve of the bay is three-fourths closed by the island of Wei-hai-wei. The town is of the usual close-packed, grey-roofed, narrow-laned Chinese order. On the west, or harbour, side, and extending up the gradual slope of the face, transports and store-ships and ships-of-war were here, but the most interesting sight to us all was our leviathan cruiser Tertible, recently from South Africa. A few of us lost no time in getting a good view of her, and of the famous guns that have made their name, or rather the name of the inventor of their clever and rapidly improvised mountings. A couple of them we saw just as they had returned from service, very properly kept in their hard-won, much-battered campaigning condition. What they had gone through in hard trekking over rocky roads and dragging up kopjes was fairly evident, and a certificate of the excellent design of their rough-looking mountings. Probably to have brought these mountings into use in the ordinary way in peace time, not less than a year or two of ordnance Committees, Boards, and Commissions, Experimental and Service trials would have been required. To take his guns from their pivot mountings on board, and adapt them for siege work, for armoured train, field artillery and ox waggons, was, for Captain Percy Scott, a matter of a few days. It is only too common to hear that credit given to a chief has been really due to his subordinates. It was satisfactory to hear on all sides on board that in this instance such had not been the case, and the success of the work and origin of design were Captain Percy Scott's. The historic mountings were not, indeed, a solitary instance of his ingenuity. He seems to have a passion for clever and practical improvements in all things, and the problem of mounting heavy naval guns for field service fell most fortunately to a mind long accustomed to solving difficulties, and extemporising methods of adapting apparently unsuitable appliances to carry out the end in view. Resourcefulness and a determination never to be "jammed" or "stuck up," however long the odds against them, or insufficient the means, are qualities developed by naval training. Captain Scott is a conspicuous example of their highest attainments.

An Ocean of Shipping.

It is an easy day's steam to Taku roads outside the Peiho river from Wei-hai-Wei. That great gathering, a veritable ocean of shipping, was indeed an impressive sight, the more so that in the haze the low, flat land—never distinct—is almost invisible. They might have been a huge Armada at sea. Besides our own, there were no less than seven Admirals, each with his fleet of battle-ships and cruisers, gunboats, etc. Then there were troops from all the European Powers, with their transports and store-ships. It was a floating city of shipping, and "Where the dickens does the English Admiral live?" is naturally the question one asks oneself on arrival. There are no streets and numbers, and arrivals and departures daily change the shape of the mass covering some ten or twelve square miles. No handy policeman to direct one. Fortunately, British ships-of-war are unmistakable, and the grand old Cross of St. George flying at the Centurion's masthead was soon made out.

"Shan-hai-qwan" was in everybody's mouth. Shan-hai-qwan, a wondrous strong place, was to be captured and used as an alternative base for the supply of the allied troops at Tientsin and Pekin when the Peiho should freeze over and be closed to us, and we heard of councils of war to arrange a combined attack. The forts are an immense system of earthworks, where the Great Wall of China descends from the mountains, and passes over some six or seven miles of undulating country to the sea. They were garrisoned by a Chinese army of 6,000 men. Their guns, we heard, were of the latest pattern, and of great power. Here, surely, would be some fine "divarshun"! But the British Admiral went and spoilt it all.

What the "Pgmy" Did.

A tiny gunboat, the Pigmy, with Sir Walter Hilyer, an old and experienced consular officer, went up and explained the entertainment proposed for the General, and suggested that he should evacuate the forts, which he did. To be "at home" to seven admirals

and fourteen battle-ships was surely more than could be expected of any honest fellow of a Tartar general; and in the usual fashion—looting, as they retired—the Chinese army retreated over the Range. Lieutenant-Commander John Green, with eighteen men available to hold these enormous possessions, had a large order indeed. It was a very decided risk to chance the little Pigmy on this mission, but it succeeded, and success was largely due to the perfect sangfroid of Sir Walter Hilyer, Colonel Powell, and Captain Green, who landed in that airy manner in the enemy's stronghold. How Chinese valour could resist the temptation of exhibiting itself in its own peculiar way, and blowing the gunboat to matchwood, is difficult to explain. After the mission had landed it was a nervous moment for those on board, when two heavy guns uncovered and were trained on the Pigmy. It was said that a very important member of the Admiral's staff wished to go up in the Pigmy—"it would be useful to see the bay"—but he was not permitted. The estimate held of the risk may thus be fairly gauged.

There was good reason for incurring the risk. The Russians were hurrying back from Pekin along the railway, the possession of which has since caused so much friction. They were anxious to be first at Shan-hai-qwan, as they act on the fine old maxim of "What is yours is (as an ally) ours, but what is mine is my own." It was very desirable that such an important and strong strategical position should not come into exclusive Russian possession. The venturing the pawn Pigmy was a risky move, but amply justified. That great ship returned at her greatest speed with the news, leaving her eighteen men, under Lieut. Briggs, to hold the forts, railway station and workshops, and that very night up came the Russians, some 5,000 strong, who at once insisted on entering into possession. Here was a pretty to-do! A very pretty situation, truly! It was undesirable to disclose the fact that only eighteen bluejackets held the place. The Generalissimo "of the Allies" had ordered the railway, station, and forts to be held till further orders, and till they came nobody could be admitted; also it would be unwise to approach our sentries in the dark. They had been cautioned to be on the qui vive for Chinese-looting soldiers, and might fire. There was a tight situation, and some little heat, resulting in a court of enquiry; but Lieut. Briggs and his eighteen Pigmies successfully held the forts till the acquisition was ruled an allied possession—the main object in view.

Russian chagrin was considerably aggravated by the fact that but for an unfortunate accident they would have been the first in the field. This accident on the line they paid us the high compliment of ascribing to our crafty ingenuity. Our talents, it is needless to say, do not lie in that direction, but the accident was a sufficiently curious one. The report came up the line that "the foreigners were returning." Traffic on the line had been suspended since the Boxers had passed over and scarified the land. "The foreigners are returning" was interpreted to mean the English staff of engineers and others to work the line again. At once all their old Chinese employes emerged from wherever they had been lying low; a train was made up, and away they hurried down to meet their old friends and employers. The meeting was sudden. They collided with a Russian advancing train, and the general wreck and confusion delayed the Russians for nearly two days. We did not do it, but our Russian friends firmly believed that we did. Putting aside the cold-bloodedness of the performance, we never did anything half so clever.

The Forts.

What a scurrying off of ships from Taku there was directly it was known that Shan-hai-qwan had been evacuated! All the Powers with troops to land sent them off. Cruisers went off at speed, and despatched parties to "peg out claims" on forts and buildings for quarters for troops. "This place was a Chinkey solitude, a week ago," remarked a naval officer on the beach at Shan-hai-qwan; "it's like Ramsgate on a holiday, to-day." Can you imagine Ramsgate beach on which live boxes of soldiers of all kinds and descriptions had been suddenly conjured to life? The work of disembarkation was proceeding with feverish haste. Immediately after landing, the work of billeting troops in the forts and neighbouring cantonments, the dragging of their supplies and stores on the beach, was being carried out. Every available boat or lighter was hard at work plying from ship to shore. The weather was delightfully smooth, and many of us made the mistake of thinking that would be its normal condition. The scene afloat and on the beach was everywhere a lively and bright one.

A word or two on the forts themselves, and how they appeared to us on close inspection, may not be out of place. We are not learned in the cult of forts and fortifications, but those who were on the spot speak in the highest praise of the way the forts had been designed and laid out. One or two clever arrangements of redoubts particularly struck us, and the forts were all in communication with one another by deep covered ways. Originally they had been designed to keep the Russians or Japanese back, and we were told that the brave Von Haneken (who nearly lost his life when a couple of Chinese troopships were sunk by the Japanese in the early stages of the war) was their designer. We knew enough of fortification to wonder why groves of trees had been planted so near the forts—a clear range of fire for the defence being one of the first rules of fortification. What more evident than that attacking forces should rush to these groves for cover, and re-form for attack? The puzzle was solved a day or two later. These inviting-looking belts of timber were all mined, and attacking troops would probably find in them their last refuge. The most probable landing-places were also similarly attended to, and for days formidable land mines were unearthed in the most unlooked-for places. One was found in the very centre of the Indian cavalry camp. Fortunately they were all fitted for electric discharge, and the severance of all wires round the fort—first measure after our possession—rendered them harmless.

The Allies.

The Tartar city of Shan-hai-qwan, some five miles from the beach, was surrounded by an immense wall, and each of its gates was guarded by a detachment of allied troops. Only officers were permitted to enter; and those of us who had thought parts of Hong Kong were squalid and evil-smelling, now understood that it was, indeed, a model of cleanliness when compared with Shan-hai-qwan in its native state. The population, at first sullen and morose—as was only to be expected—soon regained its cheerfulness and activity, and readily brought in supplies for the Allies. To land troops on a beach in fine weather is an easy task. To land supplies for several months for large forces, when the weather is anything but smooth, is something quite different. The Gulf of Pechili is stormy. The beach is exposed, and work was interrupted for certainly four days out of the seven by heavy surf. We had here an excellent opportunity for studying the

capabilities of various nationalities to overcome such difficulties. The palm, I think, must be given to the Japs. Everything that they did seemed exactly to suit the work in hand. True, they were near their own base, and working in a country and a climate to which they were well used, but, for all that, I think nothing could exceed the celerity and smoothness with which they carried out all their operations. Our Indian force was the largest there, and our stock of supplies necessarily the heaviest to land. For some time there was anxiety as to whether provisions and stores could be landed in sufficient quantities before the rapidly advancing winter.

It was curious to see great gangs of Chinese coolies busily engaged in landing stores to supply their invaders. It was still more curious to see these same coolies, when their day's work was over, conducted by an escort of Sikh soldiers back to their homes in Shan-hai-qwan. "Why this escort?" we asked an Indian officer. "Well, you see," he said, "they have to pass through the lines of our allies, and they don't feel that the pence in their pockets are particularly safe."

Evil Methods.

It is not difficult to understand that our people did not like their associates, and were much disgusted with war as it seemed to be carried on in these parts. For a hundred years in India we have been trying to teach our Indian fellow-subjects how war—if it must come—should be waged by a Christian Power, and with such success that the Afridis, in our last great frontier war, sent their women into Peshawur for safety; and here we had to show ourselves as working hand in hand with those who waged war after the earliest Oriental fashion. It was certainly a good object-lesson to our Indians, and in one respect their curiosity as to the Russians, and how they would fight, has been satisfied; and when they return to their homes on the Indian frontier, they would be able to tell their friends what kind of men lived over the border.

International rivalries are, of course, keen, and to work smoothly and without unpleasantness has been a severe test to commanding officers. The famous railway there and elsewhere was a bone of contention. The railway stations at Shan-hai-qwan and Chinwuntoo—twelve miles nearer Pekin on the railway line—were gay with the Christmas trees and flags. An order from the Generalissimo that the line should be surrendered to Russia caused the disappearance of all flags but the Russian and our own. On protest against our surrender having been made by the British representative at Pekin, until a settlement of the protest should be made, our flag remained. It would seem that this was too much for the Russian guard at Chinwuntoo. One fine morning the Union Jack at the end of our sentry's beat was pulled down and kicked away. When the officer commanding our guard came up to re-hoist it, he was met by a line of levelled Russian muskets, and told to advance at his peril Naturally this very flagrant insult could not be allowed to pass, and an apology and the re-hoisting of our flag followed in due course. As a matter of course, this was not done without some demur and delay, and doubtless, from a Russian point of view, the incident succeeded, their policy apparently being to raise their prestige at our expense, particularly in the eyes of the Chinese.

The Russians.

Russia, indeed, made a curious ally. No better sample of lukewarmness (to give it a mild term) could be instanced than the part she played when means were devised for landing supplies at Shan-hai-qwan. A committee of the Allies decided that a jetty should be built; and this, being the heaviest job, naturally fell to British shoulders. The material in plenty to build this jetty, it was stated, was at the railway stores at Niewchwang. It was a short day's steaming to Niewchwang, and a vessel was despatched to bring it down. It was a bootless errand. Niewchwang was in Russian possession—temporarily, of course, as a treaty port. The Russians said that all stores there were under their protection and trust, and that while under their care they felt such a strong sense of responsibility that nothing should be touched. These stores, it may be well to parenthesise, were the property of the Shan-hai-qwan, Pekin, and Tientsin railway. We have since learnt that these stores, together with the contents of the workshops at Shan-hai-qwan, have been absorbed by Russia. The validity of the excuse for denying such aid to the Allies can now be accurately gauged.

A very funny thing happened, as showing the extraordinary contradictory condition of things in China, when there is war, and yet no war. Soon after the possession of Shan-hai-qwan by the Allies, when the bay was covered with the fleets and transports of its enemies, a Chinese Government steamer arrived—one in the service of the Imperial Chinese Customs. The object of her visit was a curious one indeed. It was to select a site and erect a lighthouse for the convenience of the shipping using the port. "That is nothing," a German officer remarked to us when we were discussing this very curious "act of war." "When I arrived in Shanghai, as I supposed to make war in China, the first person to come on board was a Chinese Health Officer, to enquire if we were all quite well, and he didn't even place us in quarantine!"

Australia in the East.

These, perhaps, are events and opinions long since well ventilated in the press, and scarcely come under the heading of impressions. One point, however, that continually struck us was the creep north, unto the farthest parts, of Australians. At every port or place, Australians came to see us. They came as missionaries, as officers in British or Indian regiments, as employes in the Customs, or in business life. The great importance of Australia as a base of supply to the East is daily becoming more manifest. In the Gulf of Pechili we had frozen meat and mutton from Australia, bales and cargoes of Australian forage were unloading for the front, and cold-storage companies are formed in Hong Kong and other Eastern ports for the keeping and supply of Australian produce.

The voyage from Thursday Island to the northernmost Philippine is one of exceptional smoothness, and this alone is a most favourable condition to the growth of a great Australian trade. On the other hand, all the European Powers that are to-day "pegging out claims" in the East will on our part call for measures of protection for the great business that will undoubtedly grow up between the Australian colonies and Eastern Asia. This however, cannot come before a satisfactory disentanglement of the seemingly hopeless embroglio in the East has been accomplished; and who can say when that will be?

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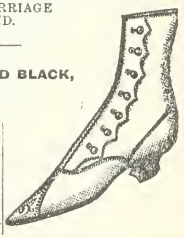

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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

By "Australian."

The Federal Tariff.

With splendour befitting an historic occasion, the first Parliament of the Commonwealth has opened. So far, little more than formal business has been touched on, but the time for brilliant functions and glittering pageants is past, and both sides are now arranged for the fight. In the Government, as at present constituted, there is a fair amount of public confidence. Names like Barton, Deakin, Turner, and Kingston command confidence in the Commonwealth as easily as they do in any individual State. Lyne and Forrest are not unknown quantities to the public, yet the first-named batch is considered sufficiently strong to keep the anti-Federalists in order, and preserve, with the aid of Fysh, Drake, and O'Connor, unanimity of action, which is essential to all federal movements. The first session will be a busy one. The nationalisation of the Post and Telegraph systems, Federal Defence, Public Service, the capital, the Federal High Court, the Interstate Commission, and the tariff are all matters which will probably engage immediate attention. In this article it is proposed to deal chiefly with the last-named, as being, at the moment, the most urgent and far-reaching.

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It is provided in the Constitution Act (1) That all the revenue of the Commonwealth shall form one consolidated revenue fund; (2) that such revenue shall be divided into two parts—one for the Commonwealth and one for the States; (3) that the part of the Commonwealth shall not exceed one-fourth of the aggregate collected; (4) that immediately on uniform duties being imposed, free trade between the States must be observed; (5) that any goods imported into one State before the imposition of the uniform tariff shall, if they pass to another, be liable to any duty chargeable under the Commonwealth tariff, less any duty paid on their first importation, this to remain in force for two years after the imposition of the Federal tariff; and (6) that uniform Customs duties shall be imposed within two years of the establishment of the Commonwealth. In addition, the Ministry has pledged itself to bring in uniform customs and excise duties on the same date.

Such are the provisions most intimately connected with the trade and commerce of the States, and though they are perfectly clear, controversies on various points are numerous, all more or less due to insufficient study of our most important measure. The traders' interests lie in two directions. First: How can profit be made out of any tariff changes? Second: How can loss be guarded against?

The first question is a difficult one to answer, as far as Victoria is concerned. Its tariff, at the moment, is a high one, producing, comparatively, small revenue. That considerable reductions will be necessary goes without saying, and the opportunities for profiting are therefore materially reduced. The free list, at the moment, is a small one, and but few new duties can be looked for. As regards guarding against possible losses, the course to be taken is clear—viz., carry but a light stock of all highly dutiable goods.

From the foregoing it will be seen that it is possible to divide the existing Victorian imports into three distinct headings (1) high duties—likely to be reduced; (2) moderate duties, and (3) free goods. The moderate duties are those likely to be fully maintained. Free goods are those which, if necessary, the Federal Government may tax. Our division of the imports is as follows:—

High Duties

Which will probably be reduced. All duties of 30 per cent. and over.

Very many important lines come under this heading, the duties in some cases "supporting" local industries; but, for all that, a good reduction must be anticipated. Duties of 35 per cent. are, it is generally believed, to be dropped to the 25 per cent. maximum, which should certainly provide adequate protection for any of the industries established in Victoria or other States.

Moderate Duties

Likely to be retained.

Under this heading duties, ranging between 10 and 25 per cent. can be classed. Some of the 25 per cents. may be slightly reduced—some special lines, we believe, will be freed altogether, but, generally, duties existing in Victoria at the rates mentioned are not likely to be altered very much. There are several headings

coming under 5 per cent. duties which may be slightly advanced. Duties such as 15 per cent. on silks and other "luxuries" appear liable to be advanced.

Free Goods.

Under this heading the imports into this State are not very extensive. Yet there are several headings on which profits could probably be made by the imposition of new duties. The chief of these are as follows:—

At present free:—Chemicals; bicycle parts; cocoa, raw; coffee, raw; cotton goods; linen goods; plate and window glass; haberdashery; grindery; hardware and ironmongery; metals and metal ware; machinery; imitation leather; kerosene; turpentine; paper; silks (part free); tapioca; whiting; tin plates; safety matches; oils (part free).

The above list contains the chief lines at present free of duty in Victoria which are largely imported into the Commonwealth, and which may therefore be considered liable to new duties.

Chemicals, at present free, are fairly numerous, and some good buying has been noticeable in the local market of sulphur, bicarbonate of soda, caustic soda, cream of tartar, tartaric acid, etc., but all this activity is more or less speculative. What has to be considered is the revenue which can be raised, and for this reason many of the minor heads of chemicals will not be touched, chiefly because the cost of collecting the duties would scarcely justify their imposition. Drag net clauses will, of course, be possible, and chemicals may be taken in in this matter, but no heavy duty is likely to be imposed.

Raw coffee and raw cocoa have gone free in Victoria, as a considerable quantity is ground there. Speculation on both these heads has been noticeable, but the probability of a heavy duty is a remote one, though if 3d. per lb. on tea, why not 3d. per lb. on raw coffee?

The old cry of the "workman's clothes" will assuredly be raised if a duty on cotton goods be suggested. We ship our wool from Victoria and other States to Europe, and calmly tax it to the tune of 35 per cent. when it comes back in the manufactured state. That is, we pay freight home and freight back, and 35 per cent. on its manufactured value, or, in other words, allow the local manufacturer something very close up to 50 per cent. protection. Yet we have allowed cotton goods in free for years, though they compete freely with our own woollen goods, and are often "substituted" fraudulently for woollens. If a common-sense view is brought to bear on this point, we have not the slightest doubt that a reduction in the duties on woollen goods, and an imposition of 15 to 20 per cent. on cottons, will follow.

On hardware, ironmongery, metals, etc., it is not expected that duties will be imposed, unless there is difficulty in raising the £8,600,000 required by the Commonwealth.

Imitation leather is a line which is admitted free into Victoria. Under the Federal tariff this is not at all likely to continue to enter without restriction, to compete with the local true article.

Kerosene is a line which comes in free as the "poor man's illuminant." As a matter of fact, far more kerosene is used by the middle or rich classes than by the poor man. Kerosene is a very cheap line, and a duty of 1d. or 2d. per gallon would not increase the cost of illuminating or heating to any very great extent. The imports are something like 2,000,000 cases of 8 gallons each per annum, and if in want of revenue this is one of the most likely lines to be taken.

Turpentine comes in free at the present moment, but we are inclined to think that this and lines of mineral lubricating oils will be subjected to a duty.

The foregoing are the principal lines upon which new duties can be placed. They are not numerous as in other States, but there is a moderate opportunity for those

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who care for hazards and speculation to attempt to increase ordinary trading profits.

An increase is expected in the Victorian spirit duties, and during the past month there has been an enormous run on nearly every line. This movement we are inclined to regard as premature, for, though the tariff may be expected at an early date, there is no necessity for an immediate rush. The present States' tariffs are as follows:—

(No allowance for underproof.)
Victoria .. .. .. 12s. per gallon.
Tasmania .. .. .. 15s. per gallon.
Western Australia 16s. per gallon

(Underproof allowed to 16.5 per cent.)
N.S.W. .. .. .. 14s. per gallon.

(Underproof allowed to full extent.)
Queensland .. .. 14s. per gallon.
South Australia .. 15s. per gallon.

Take the average of the above duties, and 14s. appears to be about the present Australian impost on spirits, which would just about fit the Commonwealth requirements. This would mean a rise of 2s. in the Victorian duty.

On the underproof question there is a considerable difference of opinion among politicians, but a decided feeling among merchants that there should be no such allowance made. If we want a watered spirit, then it is far better to expend money in local labour in watering, bottling, case-making, and packing, than to spend it elsewhere, and we believe that the first Federal Minister of Customs is fully seized with the advantages of abolishing the underproof allowances. If an underproof is allowed it will be certainly limited to 16.5 per cent. In this event, 14s. per gallon, with a 16.5 per cent. allowance, would be reduced to 11s. 8d. on case spirits—an amount scarcely high enough for the revenue required.

The Class of Duties.

One of the great drawbacks to Victoria's tariff is the number of fixed duties. No more unfair duty was ever invented than the fixed duty. On the cheap article, which is used by the poor man, it often works out over 100 per cent. ad valorem. On the high-class article, used by the rich, it is sometimes less than 10 per cent. ad valorem. In some cases, it is admitted, fixed duties are necessary, as, for instance, on spirits, tea, sugar, oils, and a few other articles; but, generally speaking, they are extremely unsatisfactory. In the case of the Commonwealth, the framers of the tariff will not be confronted, as they are in the individual States, with the objections to altering existing duties, and we may therefore expect that the Federal tariff will be composed chiefly of ad valorem duties, which are the easiest to collect, and more satisfactory to importers and consumers.

Time of Imposition of the Tariff.

There is a fair amount of formal work to be got through by the Federal Parliament prior to the tariff being touched; but there is not the slightest objection to the duties being declared early in June. If the Ministry has taken into account public opinion, it will certainly bring in the first Federal tariff at as early a date as possible.

In the foregoing the Federal tariff has been dealt with solely from a Victorian standpoint. Last month we referred to the difficulties traders in New South Wales were likely to experience from "gorging" too freely from the opportunities offered by that State's present Free Trade policy. This has been borne out by accounts from Sydney, which state that, with the greater part of their resources locked up in merchandise, the smaller fry are already in difficulty in meeting their bills. What their condition will be if the tariff be delayed three months, one hardly cares to think.

BALANCE SHEET OF THE COLONIAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA Ltd.

THE SIXTEENTH REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS
OF
THE COLONIAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED.

To be Presented to the Shareholders at the Sixteenth Ordinary General Meeting, to be Held at the Bank, 126 Elizabeth Street, at Noon on Tuesday, 30th April, 1901.

REPORT.

The directors beg to submit to the shareholders their sixteenth report, with a balance-sheet and statement of profit and loss for the half-year ended the 31st March, 1901, duly audited.

After providing for expenses of management, interest accrued on deposits, rebate on bills current, tax on note circulation, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, the net profit, including the balance brought forward from last half year, amounted to £16,663 19s. 6d., which the directors propose to apportion as follows, viz.:—

Dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on preference shares	£7,601 2 0
To reserve fund	5,000 0 0
Balance carried forward	4,062 17 6
	£16,663 19 6

The business of the bank shows a material improvement for the half-year, and, in view of the increased profits, the directors recommend an increase in the dividend on the preference shares from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. per annum; and also that the sum of £5,000 be transferred to the reserve fund, which will then amount to £20,000.

The directors paid off the sixth instalment of the deferred deposit receipts, payable from 1904-1905, during the half-year, leaving a balance of £123,990 17s. 1d. outstanding.

During the half-year branches have been opened at Loch and Cobden.

The dividend will be payable at the head office on and after the 1st prox., and at the branches on receipt of advice.

The Sixteenth Ordinary General Meeting of shareholders will be held at the head office of the company, 126 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, on Tuesday, the 30th day of April, 1901 at noon.

By order of the board,

Melbourne, 18th April, 1901.

SELBY PAXTON, General Manager.

Dr. BALANCE SHEET FOR THE HALF-YEAR ENDING 31st MARCH, 1901. Cr.

To Capital Paid-up viz.:—				By Coin, Bullion, and Cash at	
31,184 preference shares paid in cash to £9 15s.	£304,044 0 0			Bankers	£485,525 15 6
77,278 ordinary shares paid in cash to £1 10s. per share, £115,917; less calls due and in arrear, £2,012 5s.—£113,904 15s.; calls paid in advance, £12,592 10s.	126,497 5 0			,, Victoria Government Inscribed stock, Metropolitan Board of Works and Municipal Debentures, at cost	13,919 16 7
		£430,541 5 0		,, Bills and Remittances in transitu	109,819 0 8
,, Reserve Fund		20,000 0 0		,, Notes of other Banks ...	527 0 0
,, Profit and Loss		11,663 19 6		,, Balances due from other Banks	20,939 9 1
,, Notes in Circulation		122,538 0 0		,, Stamps	716 3 1
,, Bills in Circulation		120,318 12 10			£631,497 4 11
,, Government Deposits—				,, Real Estate, consisting of—	
Not bearing interest £36,607 15s. 2d.; bearing Interest, £368,419 19s. 5d.	405,027 14 7			Bank premises at cost to New Bank ...	191,718 2 2
,, Other Deposits—				Other Real Estate at valuation	78,975 6 1
Rebate and interest accrued —Not bearing Interest, £819,063 0s. 11d.; bearing Interest—New Deposits, £1,236,242 19s. 3d. ...	2,055 306 0 2			,, Bills Discounted and other Advances, exclusive of provision for Bad or Doubful Debts	2,367,505 6 8
Bearing Interest—				,, Shares in other Companies at valuation ...	17,792 9 4
Deferred deposits ...	123,990 17 1			,, Chattel Property at valuation	1,898 0 0
		2,584,324 11 10		,, Liabilities of Customers and others in respect of Contingent Liabilities, as per Contra ...	34,688 5 6
,, Contingent Liabilities as per Contra ...		34,688 5 6			
		£3,324,074 14 8			£3,324,074 14 8

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

To current expenses (including salaries, rents, repairs, stationery, &c.)	£22,225 0 0	By Balance brought forward	£2,946 5 1
,, Bank note tax	1,197 5 3	,, Gross profits for the half-year, after allowing for interest accrued on deposits, rebate on bills current, and making provision for bad and doubtful debts	37,039 19 8
,, Transfer to Reserve Fund	5,000 0 0		
,, Balance	11,663 19 6		
	£39 986 4 9		£39 986 4 9

RESERVE FUND ACCOUNT.

To Balance	£20,000 0 0	By Balance brought forward	£15,000 0 0
		,, Transfer from profit and loss	5,000 0 0
	£20,000 0 0		£20,000 0 0

NOTE.—The customary Auditors' Report and the Directors' Statement, to comply with the "Companies' Act, 1896," appear in the Official Report.

SELBY PAXTON, General Manager.

THE

CITY MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1879.

HEAD OFFICE: HUNTER, BLIGH AND CASTLEREAGH STS., SYDNEY.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

The Most Liberal and Progressive Life Office in Australia.

GEO. CROWLEY, Manager.

I.O.F.

Registered under the "Companies Act 1890" as a Company having secured Assets in Victoria.
It has also deposits, as required by law, in Great Britain, U.S.A., Canada, and other parts of Australasia

Examples Premium Rates.

The premiums, which may be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, or annually, at the option and convenience of the policy-holder, on a policy of £100, are as follows:—

Age.	Monthly Premiums.	Age.	Monthly Premiums.
18 ..	1 7	46 ..	3 6
20 ..	1 8	50 ..	4 1
30 ..	2 5	54 ..	8 2

I.O.F. Policies (premiums as above) secure

(1) Assurance payable at death;
(2) Payment to the member on Total Permanent Disability of half the sum assured, with
(3) Other half paid to heirs on death of the member, and
(4) Exemption from premium paying after such disability;
(5) Termination of premium paying, in any event, at 70 years of age, and
(6) A member disabled wholly on account of Old Age has the right to receive, so long as thus disabled, a tenth of the sum assured, annually, till exhausted (in case of earlier death any balance is paid to the heirs) with
(7) The option of converting this benefit into the "Old Age Pension and Burial Benefit."

Men and women, between the ages of 18 and 54, both inclusive, are accepted on equal terms.

Prospectus on Application.

The late Queensland Loan.

Last month we voiced in this column the general feelings of financiers in Victoria regarding the late Queensland loan, and also commented upon the manner in which the issue was made. The Brisbane "Courier" stands aghast at our temerity in daring to suggest that the Queensland Treasurer adopted a very reprehensible system, first in applying the funds of the Savings Banks to the issue, and, second, in not opening all tenders publicly. Private opening of tenders and half-and-half statements regarding the "success" of the issue, as made by the Queensland authorities, always excite suspicion. If the Brisbane "Courier's" authority will take the trouble to turn back to the date of the announcement of the "success" of the issue in his own columns, he will find it stated that the largest single tender was £100,000. Yet he now declares that the Savings Bank put in for £300,000, all of which they obtained. The two statements do not agree, and the difference bears out our previous statement that the manner of conducting this issue was not such as calculated to improve the credit of the sister State, for the prosperity of which we devoutly wish.

The latest announcement is that two-thirds of the loan were allotted to the public, and that the majority of the successful tenderers "were from the southern States." This is extremely vague, but better than the first declaration. We are told, for instance, in the telegrams from Queensland, that £60,000 went from Melbourne at ridiculously low prices, and that our remarks are the outcome of disappointed "bear" tenderers' feelings. The amount tendered from Adelaide, we learn on the best authority, was small, therefore Sydney must have taken the bulk of the £600,000 allotted. Yet in Sydney they also want to know "How was it done?" and, until the Queensland authorities learn that in future it is by far the best system to open the tenders for a public loan in public, and to publish a full list of the successful tenderers, there will always be antagonism shown to such issues.

The London Bank of Australia Ltd.

This institution had a fairly profitable year during 1900, the gross profits, less charges, amounting to £106,154, against £130,696 for the previous year. The reduction is scarcely due to smaller earnings, being most probably the outcome of greater provision for writing down assets. The interest paid on transferable deposit receipts at 4½ per cent. amounts to £91,335, against £115,640 in the previous year, the heavy prepayments made accounting for the reduction. The net profit for the year is £14,819, and after adding £10,173 brought forward, there is a balance available for distributing of £24,992. A dividend for eighteen months, to the end of 1898, is paid on the cumulative 5½ per cent. preference shares, which brings the preference dividend only two years in arrear. With another heavy reduction in deposit receipts outstanding, the bank should be able to make up this leeway in the next twelve months, and open the way for dividends to ordinary shareholders.

The Union Bank of Australia Ltd.

A strong buying movement in the shares of this institution is mentioned, both in London and the colonies, indicating the probability of the dividend being again increased. The present market price is £39 10s. The last dividend was 7 per cent., and the amount paid up is £25. With an increase in the dividend to 8 per cent., they should be worth over £43.

The Bank of Australasia Ltd.

The balance-sheet of this highly prosperous institution we referred to in our last issue. Since that date the chairman's speech at the London meeting is to hand, from which we extract the following interest-

THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1835).

Paid-up Capital...	£1,600,000
Reserve Fund (of which £500,000 is invested in 2¾ per cent. Consols at 95, the remainder being used in the business of the bank)	925,000
Reserve Liability of Proprietors under the Charter	1,600,000
	£4,125,000

SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Directors of the Bank of Australasia, with the Accounts for the Half-Year to 15th October, 1900, presented to the Proprietors at the Annual General Meeting, held on Thursday, 28th March, 1901, at one o'clock.

The Directors submit to the proprietors the Balance-sheet as at 15th October last, with the Profit Account for the half-year to that date. After providing for rebate on bills current, for British and colonial rates and taxes, and for all bad and doubtful debts, the net profit for the half-year, including some recoveries from old accounts, amounted to £151,465 17s. 5d.

From this sum, increased by £12,575 2s. 5d. brought forward from the previous half-year, the Directors have appropriated £50,000 to the Reserve Fund, and £20,000 in reduction of the cost of bank premises, leaving a net disposable balance of £94,040 19s. 10d., of which the Dividend declared will absorb £80,000, and there will then remain £14,040 19s. 10d. to be carried forward to next account.

The season has been fairly satisfactory, though in some districts, and particularly in most parts of Queensland, the disastrous drought still continues. The price of wool, which has again fallen to a very low level, materially retards the improvement in the pastoral industry, upon which the prosperity of the colonies so much depends.

The Dividend declared is at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, or £2 per share for the half-year, and will be payable, free of income tax, in London and in the colonies on the 29th March.

4 Threadneedle-street, London, 18th March, 1901.

LICHFIELD, Chairman.

PROFIT ACCOUNT, from April 16, 1900, to October 15, 1900.

Undivided Profit, April 16, 1900				£84,575 2 5
Less Dividend, October, 1900				72,000 0 0
				£12,575 2 5
Profit for the half-year to October, 15, 1900, after deducting Rebate on Bills Current at balance date (£10,607 1s. 7d.), and making provision for all bad and doubtful debts		£279,938 13 1		
Less—				
I. Charges of Management—				
Colonial—				
Salaries and Allowances to the Colonial Staff, including the Superintendent's Department, and 150 Branches and Agencies	£78,462 6 8			
General Expenses, including Rent, Repairs, Stationery, Travelling, &c.	22,343 5 9			
London—				
Salaries	7,985 5 4			
General Expenses	3,094 7 9			
	£111,885 5 6			
II. Rates and Taxes—				
Colonial £10,140 7 5				
London 6,447 7 9				
	16,587 15 2			
		128,473 0 8		151,465 17 5
Total amount of unappropriated profit				£164,040 19 10
From which deduct—				
For transfer to Reserve Fund			£50,000 0 0	
For reduction in cost of bank premises			20,000 0 0	
				70,000 0 0
Leaving available for Dividend				£94,040 19 10

BALANCE SHEET, October 15, 1900.

Dr. LIABILITIES.			Cr. ASSETS.		
Circulation		£482,985 0 0	Specie, bullion, and cash balances		£3,144,841 19 11
Deposits		13,050,331 19 7	Loans at call and at short notice		1,202,500 0 0
Bills payable and other liabilities		2,718,365 9 4	British Government Securities...		977,196 3 3
		£16,852,182 8 11	India and Colonial Governments' Securities ...		402,824 13 5
					£5,734,362 16 7
Capital	£1,600,000 0 0		Bills receivable, advances on securities, and other assets		13,325,667 11 2
Reserve Fund	925,000 0 0		Bank premises in Australia, New Zealand, and London		411,193 1 0
(Of which £500,000 is invested in 2¾ per cent. Consols at 95, the remainder being used in the business of the Bank.)					
Profit Account, undivided balance	94,040 19 10				
		2,619,040 19 10			
		£19,471,223 8 9			£19,471,223 8 9

F. H. BLOGG, Accountant.

R. W. JEANS, Manager.

We have examined the cash and securities in London, and the London books, and have verified the transfers from the several branches in the colonies, and we beg to report that, in our opinion, the foregoing as a full and fair balance-sheet of the bank, and that it exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the bank's affairs as shown by the books.

London, 11th March, 1901.

WELTON, JONES & CO., Auditors.

COMMONWEALTH LIFE ASSURANCE TRUST.

Board of Reference:
THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE TURNER, P.C.
HON. A. J. PEACOCK, M.L.A.
EDWARD TRENCHARD, ESQ.

Solicitors:
DAVIES AND CAMPBELL.

Bankers:
NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED.

Trustees:
THE TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND AGENCY COMPANY LIMITED.

THE TRUST SECURES:—

Life assurance upon most advantageous terms.
A five per cent simple interest investment to all members who do not survive the closing of the trust in twenty years.
A fund for the advancement of the members of a family.
A handsome cash division at the end of the trust period.
A solid investment.
A really negotiable security.

THE TRUST is formed by the members insuring their lives, or those of their nominees, under a Special Table, IIR 20, in the NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION of AUSTRALASIA LIMITED, and transferring these policies to the Trust, which terminates in twenty years. At the end of that time the existing members have the Accumulated Funds divided between them, and their Policies, upon which there are no further premiums to pay, transferred to them; meantime those members, or their nominees, who do not survive the twenty years, have repaid to them all premiums paid, with 5 per cent. simple interest added.

For prospectus and all particulars apply to
HOWDEN & COMPANY PROPRIETARY LIMITED,
98 Elizabeth-street (The Block), Melbourne.

ASSURANCE UNDER THE TRUST LIMITED to £500,000.

UNION INSURANCE SOCIETY OF CANTON LTD.

(MARINE).
ESTABLISHED 1835.

Subscribed Capital	**$2,500,000**
Paid-up	**$500,000**
Reserve Fund	**$1,425,000**
Accumulated Funds	**$5,115,956**

Including £235,189 Sterling, Invested in London and Melbourne.

This Society offers special inducements and facilities for Marine Insurances, and has made a name for prompt and liberal settlements of all claims.

Bonus is paid annually out of profits to contributors of business, and for the last six years has averaged twenty-three per cent.

LOCAL COMMITTEE:
E. FANNING, ESQ. JAS. GRICE, ESQ. GEO. FAIRBAIRN, ESQ.

BROKEN HILL CHAMBERS, 31 QUEEN ST., MELBOURNE
J. THOS. WOODS, Acting Agent.

Sydney and Brisbane: Messrs. Gibbs, Bright and Co.
Adelaide: Messrs. Nankivell and Co.

ing statement:—"This much I can say with confidence—that, during my experience of the bank, which now extends over thirteen years, we have never been in such a good position." As a matter of fact, the "Asia" never previously earned such profits as it has earned during the past three half-years, and certainly its position was never as strong.

Insurance News and Notes.

Mr. B. Goldsmith, general manager for Australia of the Union Insurance Society of Canton, notifies us that he has received a cable from the head office, announcing that an interim bonus of 20 per cent. has been declared to contributors of business for the year 1900. This will be payable here in June next. The recent amalgamation of the Victorian business of this company with that of the China Traders Co., whereby the mean bonus declared by the two companies to contributors of business will not affect the above declaration, as the new arrangement only operates from January 1, 1901.

* * * * *

There was a "George Washington" social held at an American church recently, at which the invited guests were to consist of those persons only who could not tell a lie. It was not much of a success. The only guests who turned up were two life assurance agents.

* * * * *

The fifty-second annual meeting of the Australian Mutual Provident Society is to be held in Sydney on May 22. Two directors, Hon. Sir J. P. Abbott, K.C.M.G., and Joseph Abbott, Esq., retire on this occasion, and are eligible for re-election. The following are also candidates:—Gerald Ross Campbell, Esq., and J. C. L. Fitzpatrick, Esq. The occasion has brought forth a proposition by Mr. David Elder of a better scheme of representation of policy-holders in States other than New South Wales. He proposes that, in addition to the present board of seven directors, there be six extraordinary directors, one for each State, to be elected by the members resident in such States. The present system practically leaves the voting solely in the hands of the New South Wales members, inasmuch as the candidates are all local, and, therefore, their abilities are well known to them. In the other States little or nothing is known of the quali-

LAND MORTGAGE BANK OF VICTORIA LIMITED.

REGISTERED OFFICE:
481 BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE.

DIRECTORS:
WM. LYNCH, ESQ., CHAIRMAN. HON J. M. PRATT, M.L.C.
J JOHNSTON SMART, ESQ.

ADVANCES OBTAINABLE at Current Rates on approved freehold securities either by way of fixed loans or on the cash credit system.
In the former case the borrower has the option of reducing the principal at any interest due date, and is thenceforth only chargeable with interest on the balance; and in the latter case interest is charged on the amount used; or in other words, on the daily balance.

JOHN F. MUIR, Manager.

Forms and particulars on application.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

RESULTS TAKEN FROM THE FIFTY-SECOND REPORT.

NEW POLICIES—16,820 completed, assuring **£4,224,106**
Being the largest New Business transacted by the Society.

POLICIES IN FORCE—161,554, assuring **£47,706,765**
Exclusive of Bonus Additions amounting to **£9,235,203**

ANNUAL INCOME from Premiums and Interest is now **£2,344,824**

THE FUNDS OF THE SOCIETY now amount to **£17,029,845**
Having increased by £955,104 during the year.

DEATH AND MATURED CLAIMS paid since establishment **£11,362,711**

CASH PROFIT.—The amount of Profit available for Division amongst the Members, after making exceptional reserves, is **£537,895**

This is £31,712 in excess of the surplus divided for 1899, and is equal to over 35 per cent. of the Premiums received during the year. It will provide Reversionary Bonuses amounting to **£1,000,000**

EXPENSES.—The percentage of expenses to total receipts was only **9.07.**

VALUATION.—The standards of valuation are more severe than those employed by any other Office transacting business in the colonies.

EXISTING BUSINESS ON THE VICTORIA BRANCH Register, 45,881 policies assuring **£12,176,752**

Directors of the Victoria Branch:

SENATOR SIR W. A. ZEAL, K.C.M.G., Chairman. JAMES GRICE, Esq., J.P., Deputy-Chairman.
THE HON. A. DEAKIN, M.H.R. JOHN COOKE, Esq. WM. H. MILLER, Esq.
W. J. WALKER, Resident Secretary.

Victoria Branch Office: 459 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE

fications of the candidates, and, consequently, members do not vote intelligently, and, knowing that, refrain from voting at all.

* * * * *

A fire, involving enormous loss, occurred in Jacksonville, one of the chief cities in the State of Florida, America, early this month. The fire originated through a defectively-insulated electric wire falling on a shredding machine in a fibre factory, and igniting the inflammable material. A strong gale was blowing, and the flames swept nearly the entire city, destroying an area two miles in length. Twenty acres, covered by private residences, were burnt, as well as all the churches, the two chief hotels, and the principal business houses. The damage is estimated at £3,000,000.

* * * * *

The report of the directors of the Phoenix Assurance Company, for the year ended Dec. 31, 1900, states that the premiums received during the year, less re-insurances, amount to £1,268,974. The expenses and losses (paid and outstanding) amount to £1,213,049. The result of the year's working, including interest, provision for outstanding risk, and balance brought forward from the last account, and allowing for interim dividend, leaves a balance at the credit of profit and loss of £184,185, out of which the directors propose to declare the usual dividend of 23s. per share, to be paid on the 30th prox. This, with the interim dividend of 12s. per share, paid on October 31 last, makes the total of 35s. per share for the year. The funds of the office on December 31 were:—Capital paid up, £268,880; reserve for outstanding risk, £507,590; investment reserve, £42,390; general reserve fund, £573,790; balance at credit of profit and loss account, £184,135—£1,576,835.

* * * * *

Since 1888 there have been no fewer than fifty-two wrecks in Victorian waters. 1889 was the worst year, with nine disasters, and in 1899 there was an absolute immunity from marine mishaps, but the average for the period referred to works out at four per annum. A return compiled by Mr. J. G. M'Kie, secretary to the Marine Board of Victoria for the last five years, shows the following total wrecks:—

1896.—April 6, Cacique, yacht. October 10, Bogong, steamship.

1897.—January 12, County Antrim, barque.

1898.—February 28, Perseverance, steamship. March 14, Glengarry, ketch. August 4, Secret, ketch.

1900.—March 25, Glenelg, steamship. May 9, Sierra Nevada, ship. May 9, Magnat, barque.

1901.—March 21, Federal, steamship. March 21, Louisa Lamont, topsail schooner.

* * * * *

Of 3,385 fires which occurred in London during 1900 (says Commander Wells, in his annual report), 1,156 originated from "unknown" causes. Lights thrown down caused 268 outbreaks, sparks from fire-grates were responsible for 190 outbreaks, and candles caused 173. Children playing with lucifers caused 116 outbreaks; 115 fires were caused by defective flues, and 98 fires were caused by the escape of gas. The foolhardy habit of seeking to trace these escapes with a

DIRECTORY

OF THE

Stock Exchange of Adelaide

SILVER & ESPIE
(Members Stock Exchange of Adelaide).
SHAREBROKERS, 13 to 18 PIRIE CHAMBERS, ADELAIDE,
and 7 and 8 ELBURN CHAMBERS, KALGOORLIE.

S. C. WARD, Member Stock Exchange of Adelaide
EDWARD WARD.
S. C. WARD & CO.,
STOCK AND SHAREBROKERS
12 PIRIE STREET, ADELAIDE.
Commission Business Only.

DAVIES & HAMER,
SHAREBROKERS
(Member Stock Exchange of Adelaide)
KING WILLIAM STREET ADELAIDE

WILLIAM BRINDAL
(Member Stock Exchange of Adelaide.
STOCK AND SHAREBROKER
29. 29a ROYAL EXCHANGE, Telephone 629
KING WILLIAM STREET, ADELAIDE.

FOREIGN STAMPS.

Our Superior A A Series of Packets, All Post Free:—

	S. D.		S. D.
1,000 (all different)	27 6	250 (all different)	2 6
500 "	9 6	200 "	1 9
400 "	5 6	120 "	1 0
300 "	3 6	60 "	0 6

We have called attention to the large sale of our Foreign Stamp Packets (13,500) last year. This month a young man, writing from a large town of New Zealand, says—"Your Packet is splendid! I have got two Agents for you; directly they saw my packet they said 'Yes'" A lady, from Canterbury, N.Z., says —"They are the best value I have ever got for the money; I enclose half-sovereign for further order." A doctor (Sale, Victoria) writes—"Received the stamps; very satisfactory."

STRONG WORDS!

BLANK ALBUMS.—Our "COMMONWEALTH BLANK ALBUMS" are neatly printed with squares for placing stamps in. The pages needed for any country can be allowed at will, as names of countries require to be written or printed in by hand. New issues and surplus stamps can always be provided for by **Loose Sheets** (Four Pages), each sheet containing 168 printed spaces for stamps at **6d. per doz.** **Bound Albums—4,400 Spaces, 1s. 2,200, 6d.** Post Free.

Sold out—all African Packets and 50 Asia. None till Easter.

WHOLESALE.—For the sake of encouraging Stamp Collecting in country districts and places we cannot touch ourselves, we are prepared to supply customers with Wholesale Parcels Specially Cheap Quotations on application. A capital chance to commence dealing.

HOSBER FOREIGN STAMP CO.,
27, Armadale St., Armadale, Victoria.

light caused 31 outbreaks. The upsetting of mineral oil lamps caused 157 fires, and the explosion of lamps, 23. Six fires are attributed to incendiarism.

* * * * *

The finding of the Coroner's enquiry into the circumstances surrounding the deaths of the members of the crew of the ill-fated s.s. Federal, who were washed up on the beach, after the wreck, showed that the vessel was sunk or lost off Cape Everard on or about March 21, in a gale; but there was not sufficient evidence to show by what means she disappeared.

* * * * *

On account of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, the first meeting of the 1901 session of the Insurance Institute of Victoria will be held on the 22nd inst. instead of the 8th, when the president, Mr. James Pullar, F.F.A., will deliver his inaugural address.

* * * * *

A gold medal has been awarded by the French Government to Dr. E. J. Marsh, medical director, in recognition of his compilation of medical statistics in the mortality experience of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, in connection with the Paris Exhibition.

The journals of John Wesley, according to Dora M. Jones in "Temple Bar," present him in a much more human light than that in which he is generally shown. His gaiety and the joyous simplicity of his temper are said to recall St. Francis. He was "a great saint, who, save for the urgency of the higher call, might have been a great man of letters."

"The English Catalogue of Books" (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.) is now in its sixty-third year of issue, and has the rare distinction of being as old as the reign of the late Queen. In the catalogue of 1899 we are told that the Spanish-American War affected the production of books both in 1898 and 1899, the number in both years being considerably less than in 1897. The catalogue has in one way a unique position, as it includes the publications of the various societies, and even privately printed books. The present volume includes a complete directory of publishers of all kinds and their addresses.

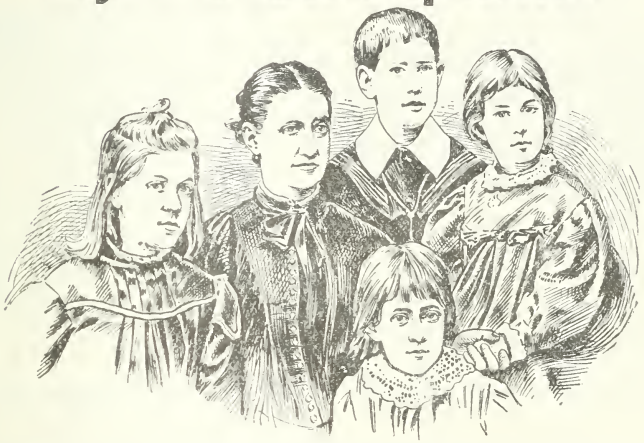
TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave £5,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. 500 N, The Nicholson Institute, Longcott, Gunnersbury, London, W.

A Living Skeleton

Changed into a Healthy and Robust Child.

The trying weather of summer makes children drowsy, lifeless, and without energy. They lose appetite, their blood becomes impure, and they break out in sores.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



Mrs. Emily Air, of Murray Park, Adelaide, So. Australia, very kindly sends us a photograph of herself and family, which we reproduce above, accompanying the same with the following testimonial:

"The trying hot weather of our summer has a very debilitating effect upon children. They run down in health, become drowsy, lose appetite, and break out in sores on the face and head.

"I have invariably found Ayer's Sarsaparilla a perfect remedy for this condition. It purifies the blood, restores the appetite, and tones up the whole system.

"One of my children only twelve month old was transformed from almost a skeleton into a healthy and robust child simply by giving it small doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Do you wonder, then, that people call it

" The World's Greatest Family Medicine "?

It is the greatest family medicine the world ever knew, good for all ages and all conditions. When you take it you get more benefit from your food, your blood becomes richer, your nerves are made stronger, and the whole system becomes filled with new life and vigor.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A Great Medicine for Weak Children.

Take Ayer's Pills with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One aids the other.

For mutual advantage when you write to an advertiser please mention the Review of Reviews.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR **Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in Australia.**

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become Chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS!

Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

CONSUMPTION.

TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED.
A COMPLETE CURE.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne—Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatmen s had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks—Yours gratefully, "J. BLAIR.

"Westminster, Bridge-road, S.E., London."

AGONISING COUGH.—NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.
RELIEVED by ONE DOSE of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. CURED by TWO BOTTLES.

"Dergholm, Victoria.

"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies,' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.

"Yours faithfully, JAMES ASTBURY."

GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION.

HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN CIRCLE.

"The SCIENTIFIC AUSTRALIAN Office, 160 Queen-st., Melbourne.

"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips. This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, accountant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others. We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance. Believe us always to be yours most faithfully,

"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

QUEENSLAND TESTIMONY.

FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"69 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland.

"Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send us 36 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order. We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.

"We are, faithfully yours,

"THOMASON, CHATER & CO., Wholesale Chemists."

We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents.

ASTHMA.

PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED. A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE CURED BY THREE BOTTLES.

Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charlesville, Queensland, writes:—"After suffering from Asthma for seventeen years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the Asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1883 (15 years ago), I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it."

Writing again on the 4th April, 1899, he states:—"I am keeping very well now. Never have the slightest return of the Asthma."

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—P. F. MULLINS, Cowie's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. M'DONALD, Trinky, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSET, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me.—(Mrs) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmaggie, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingegong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. RADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYTER, Bourke, N.S.W."

"Your medicine for Asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but your is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yanko Siding, N.S.W."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELAWNEY, Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca-street, South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozone House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLOD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WHYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria."

"Upon looking through our books we are struck with the steady and rapid increase in the sales of your Bronchitis Cure.—ELLIOTT BROS., Ltd., Wholesale Druggists, Sydney, N.S.W."

Prepared only, and sold wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

Small size, **2s. 6d.**; large, **4s. 6d.** Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Forwarded by post to any address when not obtainable locally.

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TO MARK THE NEW CENTURY!

GRANUMA PRIZES!

200 WATCHES. 200 BRACELETS.

We have been notified by the Proprietors of GRANUMA that they have made a Special Purchase direct from the Manufacturers of 200 Watches, and 200 Gold Bracelets. These handsome prizes they have instructed us to distribute among the consumers of GRANUMA, as follows:—

To each of the first 400 persons sending in 40 large, or 80 small, Trade Marks (two small Trade Marks to equal one large), a Watch or Gold Bracelet, as desired, will be posted free to any address in Australia. Persons who may be unable to collect the number required to secure a Watch or Bracelet will receive 1s. per dozen for the Large and 6d. per dozen for the Small Trade Marks collected.

The GRANUMA Competitions formerly have given valuable prizes to three persons only, and in order that the many, and not the few, may benefit by this distribution, 400 VALUABLE PRIZES will be awarded.

The alteration made by the Proprietors of GRANUMA has our approval, and as an extra advantage, on our own behalf, the consumers of that admirable beverage KOFE KOL may include the Trade Marks with those of GRANUMA, each 1lb. to count as a large and each ½lb. to count as a small GRANUMA Trade Mark.

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Anything you have or can buy from the Jeweller. We are willing to stand or fall by your judgment in the Repairing of these Articles, or in Manufacturing

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